

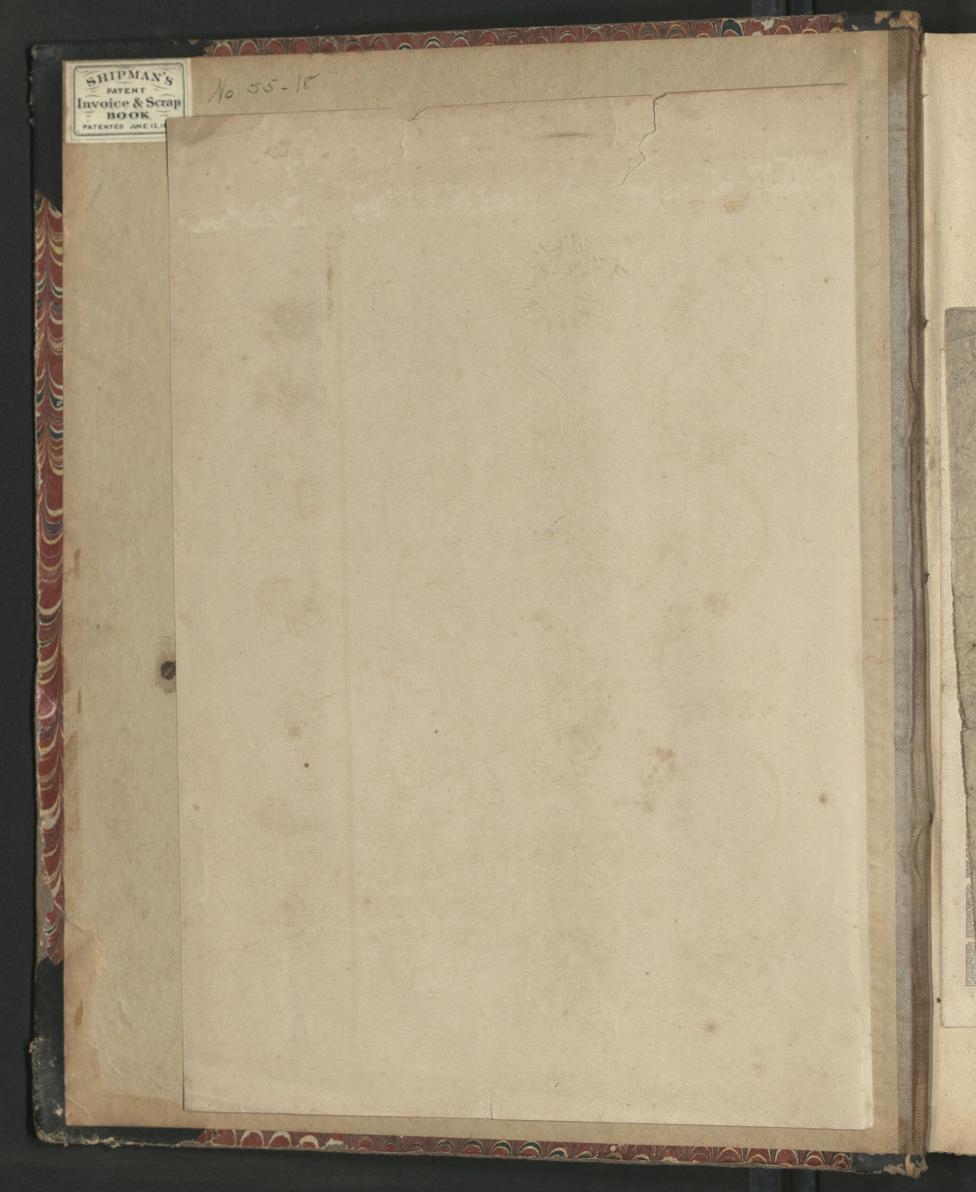


No. 55-18

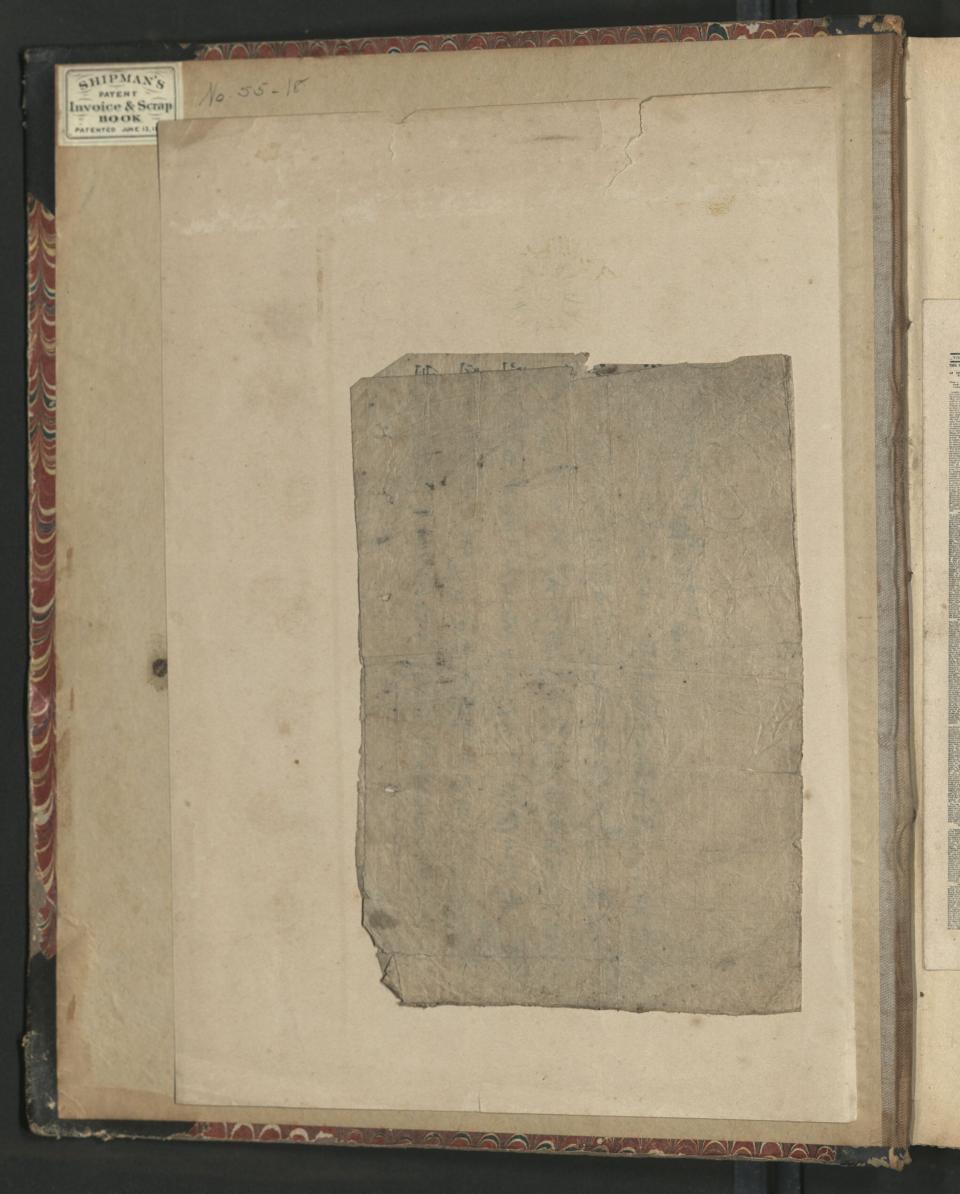
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FOUR DESIGNS FOR DECORATIVE BORDERS. BY LUCK COMINS





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San Francisco Chronicle.

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SHIPMAN'S No. 55-18 PATENT Invoice & Scrap воок PATENTED JUNE 13. HATS! JOS. FIGEL MALT SITAW Hals,
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FOR BALE.

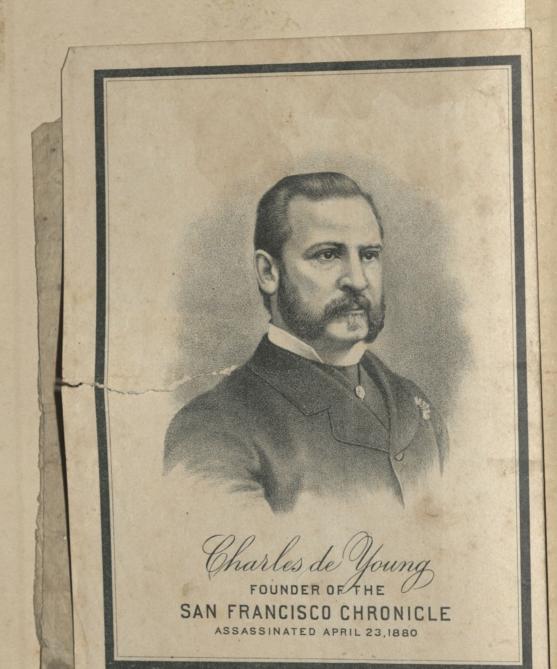
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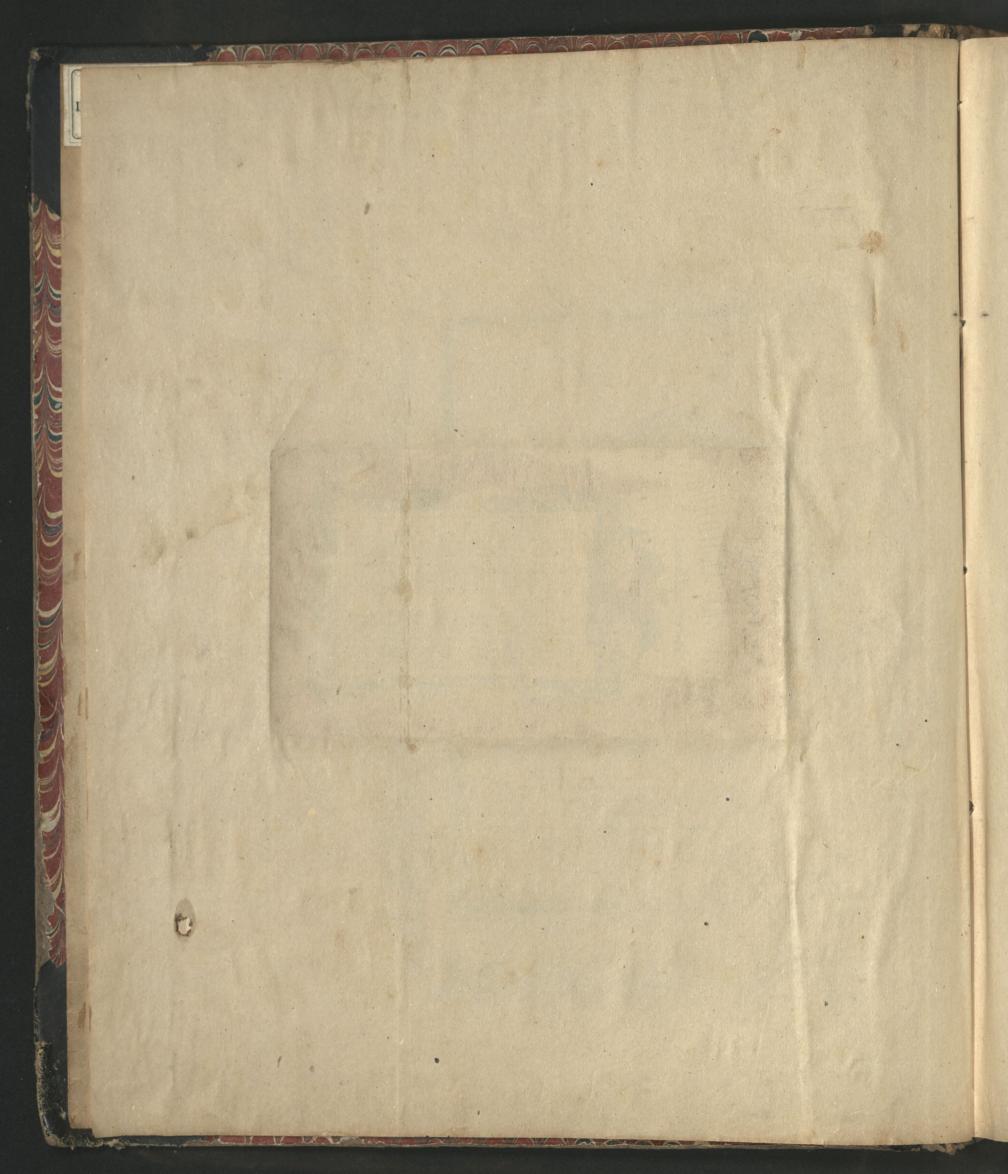




No. 55-18







We re-publish by request the list of fires on Nantucket, as compiled for our issue of March 4, 1876, by Mr. Timothy S. Chase.

1736.—Friends' Meeting House, just west of the Elihu Coleman farm house, now own-ed by the Hosier brothers. Totally consum-

ed. Loss, \$400. 1759.—Light house on Brant Point. 1762.—Peter Barnard's house. Loss,

1765.—Mill. Loss, \$500. 1769.—Several buildings on South Wharf. Loss, \$11,000.

oss, \$11,000.

Buildings on Brant Point. Loss, \$1000.

1774.—Enoch Gardner's barn. Loss, \$100. 1779.—Two barns. Loss, \$300. 1782.—Light house at Brant Point. Loss,

1786 .- Light house at Great Point. Loss,

Nicholas Meader's house at Sesacacha.

Loss, \$100. 1799.—Isaac Folger's shop. Loss, \$1500. 1802.—Nathan Beebe's bake house. Loss,

1810.-George Russell's shop. Loss,

1811.-Matthew Myrick's rope-walk. Loss,

1812.—Samuel Swain's house at Philip's

un. Loss, \$200. Several buildings at South Wharf. Loss,

1814.—George Myrick's farm house. Loss, \$300. 1816.-Light house at Great Point. Loss,

1820.-Jethro Dunham's house on Tuck-

ernuck. Loss, 8400. 1822.—January 5th.—Building of Daniel

Jones.

November 30th.—Latham Gardner's house. 1823.—Thomas & Henry Starbuck's shop.

Loss, \$100.

March 15th—House of Seth Russell.

November 25th.—Store of Henry Star-

1825.—May5th.—House of Edward Clark. 1827.—House of Jedidah Lawrence, cor-ner of Main and Howard streets, slightly

ner of Main and Howard streets, slightly damaged in the basement.

1828.—December.—Paint shop of Thomas Smith, corner of Water and Cambridge streets, damaged about \$1000.

1830.—Januar 30th.—An alarm of fire in the evening, caused by the burning out of a chimney. Mr. William Dunham was instantly killed b being caught between an engine and a post in front of the house now occupied by Mr George W. Burdick.

1831.—December.—An alarm of fire caused by the burning out of the chimney of the

ed by the burning out of the chimney of the house of Abijal Gardner.

1832.—Isaac Coffin's barn on Charter street, totally estroyed. Loss, \$900.

1833.—May 7h.—The house of Seth Pinkham, at Siascoset, was burned.

1834.—January 20th.—The store attached to the dwelling house of Mrs. Elizabeth Chase, where he Coffin School house now stands, was bally damaged. Loss to store and goods, about \$1000.

The carpeter's shop of Mr. John R. Maey, on Asi street, was burned during the summer of the same year. Loss, about

1835.—July 28th.—The cooper's shop of Mr. Charles C. Morris, head of Pearl street, was slightly tamaged on the roof. Loss, about \$100.

1836 .- January 2d .- The house of James Athearn, Jr., Centre street, was slightly damaged in the basement.

May 10th.—Washington House, kept by

Elisha Starbick, the house of Francis F. Hussey, the large three story building on the corner of Main and Union streets, and the building of Francis F. Hussey, on Union street, were destroyed; the buildings cov-ering the land east of the store now occupied by Mr. Asa C. Jones to the land of Dr. J. B. King, on Union street. The loss was estimated at \$15,000.

November 4th, An alarm of fire from

tar parcels burning on Brant Point.
1837.—March 1831.—The house of N.

Ames was slightly injured.
October 8th.—The house of Edward B.
Hussey, Centre street, was totally destroy-

December 7th.—The house of Joseph P.

Sylvia, on the Hensdale farm, was totally

1838.—June 2d.—A fire broke out about 11 o'clock at night, in the lower end of the rope-walk of Joseph James, situated between Union and Washington streets, totally consuming that building, the candle factoconsuming that building, the candle factories of Daniel Jones, Philip H. Folger, Valentine Hussey, Matthew Crosby, James Athearn, and the dwellings of Harvey Crocker, James N. Bassett, Walter Folger, Jr., Thomas D. Morris, Samuel Dunham, Charles F. Gardner, William Hodges, Samuel Armes Labor Crosby Physics Crosby nel Ames, Jabez Cushman, Jesse Crosby, the store of Gilbert Coffin, blacksmith shops of John Meader, Reuel Rawson, the shops of John Meader, Reuel Rawson, the boatbuilders shops of Thomas G. Barnard, Leonard Fisher, the twine factory of Reuben R. Bunker, cooper's shop of John Elkins, and in fact everything between Union street and the harbor; a locality which at that time was covered with oil factories and oil sheds. Those who are now living, whose memory reaches back to that night, will never forget the sight of the blazing oil that covered the waters of the harbor south of Commercial wharf; nor the long on that covered the waters of the harbor south of Commercial wharf; nor the long tiers of fron hoops left standing in the place of the sheds stored with thousands of barrels of oil. So intense was the heat that no charred remains of anything were left; but the whole district was burnt as bare as the there bear. but the whole district was burnt as bare as the shore beach. There were over one hundred sufferers by this fire, and the loss was estimated at from \$150,000 to \$300,000.

June 25th.—Blacksmith's shop occupied by Richard Swain. Partially destroyed.

November 21st.—Alarm of fire.

1839.—March 20th.—Cromwell Barnard's barn, and five other buildings rear of the block on Orange street.

1840.—January 12th.—James Sandsbury's house at Newtown.

house at Newtown.

January 31st.—The shop of Henry Gardner, south part of the town. Slightly in-

October 17th .- Dwelling house on Union

October 19th.—Caudle factory of James
Athearn, Liberty street. Damaged slightly.
1841.—January 5th.—Alarm caused by the
burning out of a chimney.

Oct. 12th.-Small building belonging to Mrs. Eunice Lawrence, New Mill street. Total loss

1842.—January 29th.—Building in south part of the town called Guinea, occupied as a dance hall. Totally destroyed, but no

loss to the community.

February 7th.—Cooper's shop of Coffin &

Gardner, near the head of South wharf.
Damage trifling.
February 22d.—Lawrence & Cobb's dry
goods store, where the shop of Thomas B.
Paddack now stands. Damage slight.
1844.—February 21st.—Burning of the

Asylum at Quaise. The buildings were totally destroyed, and seven of the inmates perished in the flames.

April.—The farm house of Charles A.

Burgess. 1846.—July 13th.—About 11 o'clock this evening, commenced what has since been known as the "Great Fire." It originated in the hat store of William H. Geary, where the tailor shop of G. F. Barreau now stands, and spreading up and down, burned all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Orange street and the Straight and South wharves. Crossing Main street where the Citizens' Room is now located, it spread in all directions, consuming every thing east of Centre street between Main and Broad streets, the buildings on the west side of Centre street between the house of Mrs. Upham and Quince street. Crossing Broad street, it burned the fine Episcopal Church, and all the buildings on the north side between that and the harbor, as also all the buildings on the east side of North Water street, as far north as the new cottage of George K. Long, and several houses on the west side. Between three and four hundred buildings were burned, and property to the amount of nearly \$1,000,000 destroyed. Had the efforts to save

the Methodist Church proved unavailing, the probability is that the whole northwest section of the town would have been burn-

July 15th .- An alarm of fire, caused by sparks falling on the roof of a dwelling house on Union street.

December 12th.—Paint shop of John S. homas, on Federal street. Damage about Thomas, on Federal street. \$1000 to building and stock.

1847.—January 9th.—An alarm caused by the burning of tar barrels on Brant Point. February 19th.—Henry Coffin's barn, Lib-erty street. Total loss. 1848.—February 28th.—Burning out of

chimneys in Miriam Prince's house, New Dollar Lane.

March 28th.-House of Thomas C. Hamblen, North shore. Partially destroyed.
September 7th.—The house of William
Hadwen, now occupied by Joseph S. Bar-

nay. Damage very slight.

1849.—May 1st.—Levi Starbuck's barn,
Fair street. Damage slight.

May 2d.—Jonathan Mooers's house, rear of

the house of the late James Codd, Orange, street. Damage slight.

May 10th.—Benjamin Ray's house, Pine

street. Damage slight. Newbegins house, west of the town. Partially destroyed.

July 18th.—Mitchell & Coffin's caudle fac-

Very slight.

November 24th.—Peleg Macy's building, head of South wharf. Damage small.

1850.—April 14th.—Barn of Charles H. Dunham, head of Old North wharf. Damage small. ige slight.

May 14th.—Shed rear of Reuben Meader's

house, Orange street.

May 28th.—House of Zenas Coleman,

Pearl street. Damage small.

June 20th.—Tin shop of Christopher C.

Hussey, Federal street. Building and stock

damaged by fire and water about \$500. 1851.—January 25th.—Alarm from burning tar barrels.

June 3d .-- House of Daniel Moulton, head

of Pearl street. Slight.

November 14th.—Cigar store of William M. Russell, Main street, next east of the house now owned by Mrs. Sarah M. Hal-

December 4th .-- Porch of Dennis Mullen's

house, near South beach.

1852.—July 8th.—West Grammar School-

house, west of the town. Totally destroyed. 1853.—May 31st.—A barn near the house of Thomas Barnard, 2d, head of Lily street, caused by some small boys setting fire to

1854.-July 5th.-Charles Starbuck's barn,

Squam. Total loss. 1855.—May 13th.—Hezekiah Paddack's paint shop, Candle street. Damage about

June 3d .- House of Justin Lawrence, Gay street. Slightly injured.
September 5th.—Alarm caused by a black-

smith setting tires.

1856.—February 19th.—Alarm caused by the moon shining in at the windows of the Fair street M. E. Church.

February 26th.—Frederick Arthur's barn, rear of his house, corner of Orange street and Plumb Lane. Slight damage.

1858.—October 11th.—Collection of soot taking fire in the chimney of South Gram-

mar Schoolhouse. 1859.—June 30th.—Dwelling house occu-pied by George Barrett, head of Main street. Totally consumed.

July 16th.—Cooper's shop of Freeman Parker. Slight.

August 23d .- Alarm caused by burning out a chimney.
September 20th.—Burning of the shoe

store of A. D. Towle, Centre Street Block. Store badly damaged, and the goods of George R. Folger, who occupied the adjoin-

ing building, greatly injured by smoke.

October 12th.—Seth Clark house, corner of Union and Flores streets. Totally de-

October 28th.—Burning of ship Planter, on the railway at Brant Point.

1860.-February 13th.-False alarm. February 17th.-Alarm from burning out

of a chimney.

March 5th.—Incendiary fire in the barn of Isaiah Nickerson. Put out without damage.

March 9th.—Burning of a small building

west of the town. Incendiary.

March 12th.—David Folger's cooper's shop. Loss between \$3000 and \$4000. In-

March 16th.—Burning of John Winn's barn on Grove Lane, west of the town. In-

cendiary. Totally destroyed.

April 3d.—Building belonging to Joseph Starbuck. Incendiary. Damage trifling.

May 17th.—Alarm caused by the burning of some stubble near the Asylum.

July 29th.—Burning of beach grass, north-

west of the town. September 25th .- Alarm caused by the

ringing of the bell at an unusual hour. September 27th.—Burning of the Constant Randall house, west of the town. Incendi-

November 1st.—Burning of the barn on the farm of Charles C. Folger, just west of the town. Totally destroyed, together with hay, farming implements, a horse and several cows. Incendiary.

eral cows. Incendiary.

December 3d.—House of David G. Hussey.

Damage slight.

1861.—May 18th.—Alarm; cause unknown. September 29th.—Barn belonging to Shubacl Clark, rear of his house on Pearl street.

December 16th.—Burning out of a chim-

1862.—January 31st.—Burning of a barn belonging to Allen Smith, in his lot just south of the town.

March 25th.—Barn belonging to Wesley Berry, south part of the town. September 5th.—Burning of the barns of

George Creasy and George Coffin, between York and Dover streets. Totally destroyed. September 18th.—House rear of Union street, belonging to John Williams. Totally destroyed.

October 7th.—Burning of house on New street, belonging to Margaret Lewis. Partially destroyed.

tially destroyed.
October 14th.—Alarm from unknown

1863.—February 6th.—Thomas Coffin's house, corner of Milk and Vestal streets.

Damage slight.

March 14th.—Burning of a house in the south part of the town, occupied by Julia Totally consumed.

March 18th.—False alarm.

March 20th.—Partial burning of a building on Broad street, now occupied by Dr. F. A. Ellis.

March 28th.—Burning of a portion of the

March 29th.—False alarm. August 27th.—Alarm. Cause unknown. September 5th.—Burning out of a chim-

October 17th .- Alarm. Cause unknown. 1864.—August.—Barn of Henry I. De-friez. Slightly injured.

1865.—April 9th.—Alarm from burning of stubble west of the town.

April 10th .- Alarm from burning out of a

chimney.
April 19th.—Burning of beach grass, northwest of the town.

November 6th.—House belonging to Cyrus Cooper, southwest part of the town.

Slightly injured. November 12th.—House of Shubael Clark, Pearl street. Badly injured.

1866.—January 30th—Alarm of fire, caused by the burning of a bed in William Husy's house, Quince street.
March 28th.—Farm house of William T.

Swain, on what was known as the Albert C. Folger farm.

October 24th.—Henry P. Olin's boot and shoe store corner of Main and Orange

November 9th.—Alarm from burning beds at house of Reuben M. Coffin, Liberty

1867.—October 15th.—Alarm from burning corn stalks on the farm of George C.

November 10th. - Burning of George Clark's stable, with horses and carriages, water mill of Steamboat Company, &c.

November 16th.—Dwelling house on the farm formerly owned by David Joy Starbuck, in Squam.

1868 .- March 7th .- House of Mr. Paul, at

1868.—March 7th.—House of Mr. Paul, at Siasconset. Slightly injured.
1870.—April 6th.—Try works on Commercial Wharf. Trifling damage.
April 17th.—Barn of John Winn, Grove Lane. Totally consumed.
1871.—January 13th.—House of Martin Terry, south part of the town. A total loss.

July 9th.—Barn on the estate of Uriah Gardner, northwest part of town. Entirely consumed.

1872.—February 22d.—Building of Benjamin W. Chase, rear of his house on Pearl

April 12th .- Barn of John M. Gardner,

April 24th.—House corner of Pleasant and Summer streets, occupied by Thomas W. Barrally. Slightly damaged.

1873 .- August 3d. - Shoe factory of Mitchell & Hayden, just west of the town, entirely consumed, together with stock, machinery, &c. Loss estimated at \$18,000.

&c. Loss estimated at \$18,000.

1874.—March 7th.—Alarm from bonfire at the head of Miacomet pond.

August 31st.—Try works of D. W. & R.

E. Burgess, at their farm at Shimmo.

1875.—January 15th.—Alarm of fire from the North Church Vestry.

October 2d.—Paul Clisby's barn, at Shimmo.

Tatal loss

Total loss. 1876.—January 16th.—Dwelling house of the late Gilbert Coffin, corner of Main and Winter streets. Damage estimated about

Ship Building on Brant Point.

The present generation of Nantucketers are prone to talk more about the promised, railroad that is yet to be built, than about the old marine railway at Brant Point, but occasionally we hear the subject discussed, questions being asked by young people about the building of ships here, and an appeal to some elderly person to tell whatever he may happen to remember concerning the subject.

The youths of to-day, who look upon the bare, barren waste of beach sand between North Beach street and Brant Point lighthouse, can scarcely realize that forty years ago quite a spirited business was carried on there in the way of repairing old ships, and even now and then building new ones. The marine railway was indeed seldom unoccupied for any length of time, and it was no unusual occurrence within our own memory, for vessels to be waiting for each other, one off the ways and another on. Besides the buildings for purposes connected with the business, there were in the near vicinity several dwelling houses tenanted usually by families of men who worked there; and a wharf or pier extending into the harbor at the east of the settlement where the water deepened quickly, affording facilities for any goodsized coasting vessels to load or discharge cargo. At times large gangs of workmen were employed on the Point, and the place presented an appearance of active industry, bustle and thrift, which now seems strange enough to recall.

Of course it was necessary to import all the material, all kinds of wood and metal, for building a ship here, but even this did not deter our enterprising men, who had a strong feeling of local pride and seemed determined to build, and indeed to do almost everything else even in the face of the greatest difficulties. We cannot tell how many small vessels have been built here at various times, but those are yet living who can remember when the ship Rose was built and launched in November, 1802, and sailed on her first China voyage in 1803. This ship made several voyages, but was finally captured by a British cruiser during the war and carried as a prize into Mauritius.

We include in our own personal reminiscences the building of four ships and two large schooners. The ship Charles Carroll was launched here in 1832; the Lexington and Nantucket, both under construction at the same time, in 1836, and the Joseph Starbuck in 1838. All these were fine, wellbuilt ships, and did excellent service in the whaling times. It is a little remarkable that the Joseph Starbuck, after making a successful voyage was, when starting on a second, wrecked upon our own shores,

and finished her career a few miles from the spot where she was built and launched. This happened in 1842. The Charles Carroll was sold in California soon after the gold fever broke out; the Lexington continued in the business until 1862, when she was lost at Strong's Island in the Pacific Ocean; and the Nantucket was shipwrecked upon the island of Naushon, while coming from a voyage in 1859.

In 1840 the old ship Ganges was so completely rebuilt at Brant Point yard, that she was virtually a new ship, very little of the old wood being left. Her keel was sawed in two and lengthened several feet, making her a larger vessel than before. But the last job of any magnitude on the railway was the rebuilding of the Planter, which ship was never again launched, having been entirely destroyed by fire while she lay on the stocks, in October, 1859. But the railway was still in operation on a smaller scale several years aftertion on a smaller scale several years afterward.

Our reminiscences are somewhat incomplete, and we have been obliged to rely almost entirely upon our own memory for the facts given. But some of our elderly the facts given. readers may furnish more in addition, which will be of great interest to those curious in such matters.

Speaking of steamer Mary & Helen, at Honolulu, April 8, which steamed through the Strait of Magellan, and was reported as the first whaler that ever made that passage, the Provincetown Adaocate says:-"This is a mistake. Capt. Harvey Sparks, of Provincetown, made the passage in schooner Mary E. Nason, in December, 1868. This is certainly the first whaler and probably the first sailing vessel that ever made the passage."

The Boston Post adds: We are inclined to think some of the "oldest inhabitants" of New Bedford and Nantucket can tell of a homeward bound whaleship which, many years ago (before 1868,) came through the Strait of Magellan-from the west to east -and made a quick run of it, too. As to merchant sailing vessels, the writer of this paragraph passed through the Strait-from east to west-about July, 1849, or 1850, in the brig Sea Eagle, and there were several other sailing vessels which also passed through the Strait the same Summer. The Provincetown Advocate, in speaking of the first sailing vessel to pass through the Strait, must certainly have lost sight of the historical fact that the old Portuguese navigator Magellan, from whom the passage takes its name, passed through it with sailing vessels A. D. 1519, or three hundred and sixty-one years ago. Since that date, scores of vessels have made the passage, though it is true that whalers have generally preferred the outside route round Cape Horn.
The steamer certainly has a great advan-

tage over sailing-ships on such a voyage, as she might avoid some of the difficulties of anchoring and getting under way again, in case of meeting contrary or baffling winds while in the Strait. We are not certain whether any Nantucket whaler has ever made the passage through, but shall be glad to hear from any of our old sea-

men who can enlighten us on that point.
Since writing the above, we have learned that the ship Spartan, Capt. Cromwell Morselander, of this port, passed through on the passage west, in 1847; and the ship Washington, Capt. William Clark, of Hudson, went through on the passage out, in 1832, anchoring at night.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880.

THE WAY OF IT.

This is the way of it, wide world over;
One is beloved, and one is the lover;
One gives, and the other receives.
One lavishes all in a wild emotion,
One hopes, and the other believes.
One lies awake in the night to weep,
And the other drifts into a sweet sound sleep.
One soul is aflame with a godlike passion,
One pays with love in an idler's fashion;
One speaks, and the other hears.
One sobs, "I love you," and wet eyes show it,
And one laughs lightly and says, "I know it."
With smiles for the other's tears.
One lives for the other and nothing beside.
And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over;

And the other lease wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over;
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
And the other learns to forget.
For what is the use of endless sorrow?
Though the sun goes down, it will rise tomorrow,
And life is not over yet.
On! I know this truth, if I know no other.
That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother.
—Elia Wheeler Wilcox.



'SCONSET, NANTUCKET.



OLD MILL, NANTUCKET.





THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET.

FORSAKEN.

The sky is cheerless with clouds of gloom;
The boughs are bare and the leaves are shed;
The rushes sway to the surging tune
Of a stream whose music is dull and dead,
And never a gleam of sun o'erhead,
And never a blade of grass left green;
And crystal jewels all strewn and spread
Where thousand flushes of bloom have been.

The birds are singing no song of joy;
The ivy covers an empty nest;
Will chill of the winter's breath destroy
The light of summer within my breast?
For comes the touch of a doubt unblest,
And it breaks the calm of a tender dream,
And the crystal cold of its hand has prest
My hope from a hope that "might have been."

My hope from a hope that might be of swaying rushes and shivering birds!
O stream that has never a song to sing!
O fickle swallows who heard his words,
Half whispered here in the silver spring!
My sighs with you to the south may bring
The old, old story of trust be rayed;
For here I weep, while on wayward wing
You flit and flutter through sun and shade.

I see you fly where my love has flown;
I see you follow the shimmering track
Of a sun-light spread on a sea sun-strown
With rays that never may lead him back;
For few and fickle are vows that lack
The truth that lives in the far, far north;
O love, O life, that you might come back,
If only to tell me what love is worth!

If only to tell me what love is worth.

Is it worth a summer of bliss divine,
Or a thousand kisses in haze of night,
Or a thousand vows that proclaim you mine,
Or a wrong that never can be set right?
Is it worth the shedding of tears that blight
Those eyes whose luster you loved so well?
Is it worth the loss of a life's delight,
To love too little—or love too well?

To love too little—or love too too.

O sorrowful eyes all dark and dim,
That look at me from an amber cloud—
A cloud that was burnished gold to him,
Who touched it once with a touch so proud!
O face that has gathered the winter's chill
On lips and brow that to him were vowed!
I would you could follow him where he will,
Or—sink to rest in the summer's shroud!
—London Society

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby,
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the blackbirds whistled
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still—
Snatching at shine and shadow,
That danced on the lattice sill.
His eyes were wide as blue-bells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses
We'll measure the boy again.
Ah me! In a darkened chamber,

Mell measure the boy again.

Ah mel In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured our boy, to-day,
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side, together,
In the hush of a long repose.

In from the dainty willow.

In the hush of a long repose.

Up, from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below.
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the hight of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

Marriages.

In this town, 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Ransom, William D. Appleton to Mrs. Mary E. Mendell, all of this town.

In Oakland, California, 20th ult., by Rev. L. Hamilton, J. K. Barton, of Carson City, Nevada, to Mrs. Emma F. Swain, of Oakland, formerly of this town.

INCONSTANT.

Inconstant! O my God!
Inconstant when a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstasy.

Inconstant! when to feel
That thou hast loved me—wilt love to the last—
Is joy enough to steal
All fear from life—the future and the past!

Inconstant! when to sleep

And dream that thou art near me is to learn

So much of heaven. I weep

Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah, too true;
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crown
Through which I pass, as to the skies above
The fickle summer's cloud;
But not to thee—O, not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
On earth besides, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine may be a lie;

But true as God's own truth,

But, true as God's own truth,
My steadfast heart turns backward, evermore,
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a baren shore.

Whose golden tide beats such a baren shore.

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between our lives
In its cold shadow, grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give
All other joys, the sweetest and the best,
For one short hour to live
Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark.

But life is not all dark—
The sunlight goldens many a hidden slope;
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

I yet shall be possessed
Of woman's need — my small world set apart —
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing through my heart.
By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife —
Perhaps even more—that He
Hath chastened the best glory from my life.

Put second to this love

But sacred to this love
One small, sweet chamber of my heart shall be;
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to life and thee.

And sometimes, when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
All its lily heart—will it be wrong

If, for an instant, wild

With precious pain, I put the truth aside,

And dream it is thy child

That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy heart, if it should ever seem
To be my own instead,
O, darling, hold it closer for the dream.

O, darling, hold it closer for the Grand God will forgive the sin,

If sin it is. Our lives are swept so dry,

So cold, so passion clean,

Thank Him death comes at last—and so good-bye.

—Mexican Trade Journal.

LOVE IN ABSENCE

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

Midst all the turmoil of the busy day,
And in the peaceful stillness of the night
Recurs thy dear, fond name; when'er I pray
Yearn I to see thy loving face so bright.
All in a mist, whene'er thou art not here,
Looms in the distance, phantom-like, thy face;
I can in fancy, darling, feel thee near—
Can feel thy power and ever soothing grace.
Ever in my heart an echoing sound
Yields up a tune to Love's untiring hand;
O'er my lone spirit love-born joys abound,
Unclouded by a shadow is Love's land.
Nor pen, nor voice, my love can ever tell:
God knoweth how I love! Darling, farewell!
O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and grieved thee sore;
I remember all that I said,
And now thou will hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.
Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-gelds and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
And the end I could not know;
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
Whom I did not love a-near?

Whom I did not love a-near?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain,
With the faded bents o'erspread;

We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;

We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said:

But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

THE SUNLIGHT OF LOVE.

"It was not the vine leaves or the moonlight that made the bird give melody to night. The secret of its music was the presence of the one beloved."—Bulwer.

Bright hours, bright earthly hours!

O! like a fairy dream
In Eden's loveliest bowers

To this fond heart ye seem!

Gay shines the Summier sun
From cloudless azure sky;

Lovelier, when day is done,
Stars brilliant gleam on high.

Stars brilliant gleam on high.

Sweetly life glides away,
Filled with the clouded joy;
Hope twines a chaplet gay
Time never can destroy.

Soft, gently murmuring breeze—
Bright flowers and wood-bird's voice—
Not these; oh no! not these
Make this light heart rejoice!

Make this light heart rejoice;
Thou, whom my soul adores,
Dearest and eyer blest;
Thy love, like sunlight, pours
In this wild throbbing breast,
O! dark were all on earth,
Wert thou not eyer near;
The merriest halls of earth
Ne'er could my spirit cheer,

Ne'er could my spirit cheer.

Thou only worshipped one
Makest the fond heart sing;
Moonlight nor cloudless sun
Ne'er could sweet music bring.
The heart-lute echoes gay
E'en to thy lightest tone;
List to the merry lay,
Ever my own, my own!
Oakland.

[F. L. B.

Bu Char

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Mother, Home and Heaven.

The sounds that fall on mortal ear,"
As dew drops pure at even.
That soothe the breast or start the tear,
Are mo her, home and heaven.

A mother—sweetest name on earth,
We lisp it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.

A home—that paradise below,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow
By calm, sequestered bowers.

And heaven—that port of endless peace, The haven of the soul. When life's corroding cares shall cease, Like sweeping waves to roll.

Oh, weep not then, though crael time The chain of love has riven; To every link, in yonder clime, Reunion shall be given.

Oh, fall they not on mortal ear,
As dew drops pure at even.
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
A mother, home and heaven!

NO HELLA

[We republish the following lines by request, some rror in the copy as first printed having been correct-d.—ED. CALL.]

No bell for the taker of human life, Who revels in bloodshed and scenes of strife? Who knows no law but his untamed will, And seeks but to work his fellows iil?

No hell for the heartless financier Whose gold is wet with the widow's tear, And the blood that flowed in a crimson tide From the ghastly wounds of the suicide?

No heil for him who betrays his trust, and sells his country for yellow dust? Who makes vile laws to oppress the poor, and drive the wolf to the toller's door?

No hell to burn with a deathless flame The slanderer's tongue, that dooms to shame Aike defenceless youth and age. And blots for aye life's fairest page? No hell for the slayer, traitor, thief, The vile seducer? Can unbelief See crime its ranks of victims swell And doubt the existence of a heil?

Must vice ever flourish in gilded state, And virtue in rags on its presence wait? Will never a day of reckoning come, When, abject and trembling, with pale lips dumb,

They'll stand in the presence of One who knows. And win deal with them as they dealt with those-Who, as each comes forth as flis great command, will justice mete with impartial hand?

No hell? Discard the flattering fallacy,
Strive so to live that when death comes, eternity
For thee shall hold no terrors, and thy feet
Gan fearlessly go forth the dim Unknown to meet,
MRS. H. A. DEMING.

IWRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY CALL.]
AN ANSWER TO "NO HELL."

ces hell, at some far distant day, eep the slayer's passion from full sway? oes punishment in time to come, take the slanderer's tongue stand dumb? rimes discovered and repented here to forgiven. Why, then, should the fine season his plottings for gold, so bruth that sin nor shame bedims its light? hat matters to him the widow's tear—er strungles for bread that is bought so de stand dumb? ted here ould the financier touter smart?
ie human aim;
nd earthly fame,
test glory
story.
of a future hell?
her creed,

San Francisco, March 26, 1878,

NAOMI

WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year? Tis but a wave of life's dark rolling stream, Which is so quickly gone that we Account it but a dream; Tis but a simple tarnest throb of Time's old iron heart, As tireless and as strong as when It first with life did start.

What is a year? Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel;
Or but a page upon the book
Which time must shortly seal,
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er—
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown,
As rushing onward o'er the earth
We hear his weary moan.
"Tis like the bubble of the wave,
Of dew upon the lawn—
As transient as the mist of morn
Beneath the Summer sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
of life's oft changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on
With hills and valleys green;
The Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,
The Autumn with a tear,
Then comes old Winter—death and all
Must find its level here.

POETRY AND POETS.

Butler was fortunate, for a time, in having Charles II. to admire his "Hudibras." That monarch carried one in his pocket; hence his success, though the work has great merit. Yet, does merit sell a work in one case out of twenty? Butler, after all, was left to starve; for, according to Dennis, the author of "Hu-

Samuel Boyse, author of "The Deity," a poem, was a fag author, and, at one time employed by Mr. Ogle to translate some of Chaucer's Tales into modern English, which he did with great spirit, at the rate of three pence per line for his trouble. Poor Boyse wore a blanket because he was destitute of breeches; and was, at last, found famished to death with a pen in his hand.

Collins, the elegant poet, moaned and raved amidst the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, and died insane in consequence of literary disappointment; however, there was a pretty monument erected to his memory.

Poor Chatterton, one of the greatest geniuses of any age, who destroyed himself through want, (though insanity would be the better term, since it was in the family,) still left wherewithal, by the aid of friends, to preserve his sister from want and poverty in her latter years, and enabled her also to leave her only child sufficiently provided for, according to her rank in life. This act of justice came late, as it usually does.

Henry Carey, author and composer of "God Save the King," was reduced to such abject poverty, that, in a fit of desperation, October 4, 1743, he laid violent hands upon bineals.

Corneille suffered all the horrors of poverty. This great poet used to say, his poetry went away with his teeth. Some will think that they ought to disappear at the same time, as one would not give employment to the

There is no doing without a patron. Of thurchill's "Rosciad," which had so great a un afterwards, ten copies were sold in the first five days; in four days more six copies were sold; but, when Garrick found him-self praised in it, he set it afloat, and Church-

ll reaped a large harvest.

Dante had not the good fortune to please his patron at Verona. The great Candella Scala gave him to understand that he was weary of him, and told him one day, it is a wonderful thing that such a one, who is a find the himself and make himself. ool, should please us all, and make himself lool, should please us all, and make himself beloved by everybody, while you, who are accounted a wise man, cannot do it. "This is not to be a wondered at," said Dante; "you would not admire such a thing, if you knew how much the conformity of characters knits." men together."

Falconer's deaf and dnmb sister, notwithwas, not many years since, and, perhaps, still is, the tenant of an hospital, says some modern writer, we believe, D'Israeli.

Savage was in continual distress, independ-

ent of an unnatural mother's persecution; he soldhis "Wanderer" for ten pounds.

Spenser lived in misery and depression. It is thought Lord Burleigh withheld the bounty

Queen Elizabeth intended for Spenser. But be is more clearly stigmatized in these re-markable lines, where the misery of depen-

dence on court favor is painted in fine colors :

dence on court favor is painted in fine color.

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone." MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE.

These lines exasperated still more the inel egant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the observation of Mr. Hughes, that even the sighs of a miserable man are sometimes resented as an affront by him that is the occasion of them.

Christopher Smart, the translator of "Horace," and no mean poet, died in the rules of the King's Bench. Poor Smart, when at Pem-broke College, wore a path upon one of the paved walks.

Thomson's first part of his "Seasons"—Winter—lay like waste paper at the book-seller's, till a gentleman of taste, Mr. Michell, promultill a gentleman of taste, Mr. Michell, promulgated its merits in the best circles, and then all was right. Thomson got from Andrew Millar, in 1729, one hundred and thirty-seven pounds ten shillings for "Sophonisba," a tragedy, and "Spring," a poem. For the rest of the "Seasons," and some other pieces, one hundred and five pounds of John Millar; which were again sold to Millar, nine years afterwards, for one hundred and five pounds. When Millar died, his executors sold the When Millar died, his executors sold the whole copyright to the trade for five hundred

whole copyright to the trade for five hundred and five pounds.
Gray, the poet, speaks thus of Thomson:
"He has lately published a poem, called the 'Castle of Indolence,' in which there are some good stanzas." "In an ordinary critic, possessed of one-hundredth part of his sensibility and taste, such total indifference to the beauties of this exquisite performance would be utterly impossible."—Slewart's Philos, Essays. Philos. Essays.

A CONTRAST.—Near the end of his days the licentious Byron wrote the following lines:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief Are mine ale

Near the end of his days, Paul, the aged, wrote to a young minister whom he greatly loved as follows: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept my faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life, which the tighteons. Indeed, shall give the tighteons. the lighteous Judge shall give me at that day." Is there not a difference between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not? All experience, as well as conscience,

WARNINGS.

BY CONSTANCE BRUCE. Ir thou wouldst see thy dreams, like flowers faded, Drifting adown life's cold and sullen tide— With not one faintest breath of perfume laded-

With not one gleam the darkness to divide—
If thou wouldst stand and watch them darkly floating

Downward, still downward to Death's sullen stream,

And with clasped hands loud call for their return-If thou wouldst do all this-then dream.

If thou wouldst see thy hopes like snow-flakes melting
Before life's blasting Real and its True-

Would feel each day thy future growing drearer, And vainly strive to pierce the dim sky's hue-If thou canst wander in a darkness dreary,

Alone, unaided, in the night-time grope Without one murmur or rebellious question-If thou canst do all this-then hope.

If thou wouldst see thine idols, fondly cherished, Turning before thy wondering eyes to clay; And when thou knowest them fully to have perished,

To bow before their empty shrines and pray-To pray for patience and submission, And yet receive no answer from above, And then take up life's burden and go onward,

With heart still calm and brave-then thou mayst love. But if, with each lost dream, thy heart is saddened,

And turns upon itself again for peace: If every hope that fades makes life seem darker, While yet the soul's wild longings never cease:

If, when thine earthly idols leave thee lonely,

Thou canst not careless through this desert rove,

Nor in the world find aught of joy or pleasure, Then thou shouldst never dream, or hope, or love.

Halcyon Days.

I had a dream of other days,
In golden luxury shone the wheat,
In tangled greenness shook the maize;
The squirrels ran with nimble feet,
And in and out among the trees
The hang bird darted like a flame,
The cathird piped her melodies,
Purloining every warbler's fame;
And then I heard the triumphal song,
"'Tis morning, and the days are long."

They scattered roses, strewed the palms,
And shouted down the pleasant vales;
I heard a thousand happy psalms,
And laughing, wore a thousand tales
Of mimic revelry and joy;
They mocking well the worldly great—
Each tanfaced girl and barefoot boy,
Dear shapers of my early fate—
And then again the Æolian song,
""Tis morning, and the days are long."

Far winding past the storied town,
The river ran through bosky groves,
Its floods we sailed our vessels down,
Full-freighted with a myriad loves;
Our souls went floating to the gales,
With scarlet leaves and shreds of bark,
We named them cutters, schooners, sails,
And watched them fade in shadowy dark;
Then down the water flowed the song,
"Tis morning, and the days are long."

O morning, when the days are long,
And youth and innoceace are wed,
And every grove is full of song,
And every grove is full of song,
And every pathway void o' dread!
Whe rightly eines its rightful praise,
Or rightly dreams is o'er again,
When cold and narrow are the days,
And shrunken all the hopes of men,
He shall reawaken with his song,
"Tis morning, when the days were long."

There palpitations wild and sweet.
The thrills of many an old delight,
And dimpled hands that lightly meet,
And hearts that tremble to unite,
Arise upon the rosy morn,
Pass down the lovely vales and stand,
A picture of a memory born,
The mirage of a lotus land—
A land where once we trolled the song,
"Tis morning, and the days are long."

— B. S. Parker.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

BY MARY J. WINES.

A CRUMBLING ruin, gray and grim,
Just in the edge of forest dim;
And darker still the shadows fall,
Where stands the ancient banquet hall:—
In days of old the minstrel sang,
And loud the harp's wild music rang,
Of love, and war, and peace and praise,
Till walls re-echoed with the lays.

The baron, in his stately pride,
Walked with his young and beauteous bride.
Or watched with jealous thought and glance,
The ardor of each whirling dance,
When gallant swains with homage rare
Would proudly lead the bride so fair,
So gay, and joyous, light of heart,
With native grace devoid of art.

The stately baron sought to make His bride of regal pride partake:— She once a village maiden, he The line of noble ancestry, With nature haughty, stern and cold, Without a charm except his gold; Which glittering in the maiden's eyes, Had won for him the beauteous prize.

She with a heart all warm and gay,
Soon found her path a troubled way,
And learned to look with dread, and scorn,
Upon her husband nobly born:
While he in jealous wrath would rave,
With threats of vengeance, dire and grave,
Till suddenly in youth's bright bloom,
They bore her to the ghastly tomb.

The baron left his castle halls,
Where now the deadly shadow falls;
And soon the fearful tale was told,
Of spectres walking free and bold;
That one fair lady robed in white,
Would wring her hands in grief each night,
And east from out her golden hair,
The radiant gems that sparkle there.

Still stands the ruin, grim and gray, With crumbling walls of dark decay; The banquet hall deserted, bare, For seldom man will venture there. Yet still the strains of harp and song, Roll through the midnight hours along, Where goblins now their revels hold. So goes the tale since days of old.

Henry A. Chase, R. W. Deputy Grand Arch of the United Ancient Order of Druids, is stopping at the New York Exchange. He is very well pleased with his visit, and, as his health has been greatly benefitted by his trip, he says he will probably remain a few days longer than he expected to when he left San Francisco. Heisa "typo," having been with Messrs. J. S. Winterburn & Co., for about fifteen years.

There is no Death.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore.

There is no dea'h! The dust we tread Shall change beneuth the summer showers To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away; They only wait through wintry hours The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread! He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate, He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones Made glad these scenes of sm and strife, Sings now an everlasting song Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright, Or heart too pure for taint or vice; He bears it to that world of light, To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless Universe Is life—there are no dead.

The Parting Day.

Some busy hands have brought to light, And laid beneath my eye, The dress I were that afternoon You came to say good-by.

About it still there seems to cling Some fragrance unexpressed, The ghostly odor of the rose I wore upon my breast.

And, subtler than all flower scent, The sacred garment holds The memory of that parting day Close hidden in its folds.

The rose is dead, and you are gone,
But to the dress I wore
The rose's smell, the thought of you,
Are wed forevermore.

That day you came to say good-by
(A month ago—it seems a year!)
How calm I was! I met your eye,
And in my own you saw no tear.

You heard me laugh, and talk, and jest, And lightlygrieve that you should go; You saw the rose upon my breast, But not the breaking heart below.

And when you came and took my hand, It scarcely fluttered in your hold; Alas, you did not understand. For you were blind, and I was cold.

And now you cannot see my tears, And now you cannot hear my cry.
A month ago? Nay, years and years
Have aged my heart since that good-by

"SLEEPING IN OHUECH."

[One of our preachers mentioned seeing six hundred people asleep at one time while in church.]

O'er their devoted heads,
While the law thundered,
Snugly and heedlessly
Snored the six hundred,
Great was the preacher's theme,
Screwed on was all the steam,
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream
Or the six hundred. Of the six hundred.

of the six hundred.
Terrors to right of them,
Terrors to left of them,
Terrors in front of them—
Hell itself plundered
Of its most awful things
Weak-minded preacher flings—
Kindly he spoke, and well,
All on deaf ears it fell,
Vain was his londest yell
Voiley'd and thundered;
For, caring—the truth to tell—
Neither for heaven nor hell
Snored the six hundred.

Still with redoubled zeal, still with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel—
Making the pulpit reel,
Shaken and thundered—
Called them the church's foes—
Threatened with hand and heel—
Faintly the answer rose
(Proof of their sweet repose)
From the united nose
Of the six hundred. Their Origin, History and Curiosities.

The First Will Ever Registered in English -Shakespeare's Last Testament-The Curious Will of Philip Pembroke-The Law of Testamentary Capacity-Form and Requisite

Sumner Whitney & Co., of this city, have lately published an interesting little volume, by John Proflatt, entitled "Curiosities and Law of Wills." In view of the late coxtest over the Blumenberg will and the numerous questions which arose in that connection, the book is especially acceptable at this time. Jurists do not agree as to the full extent of a man's interest in and control of the property he acquires. Though it is claimed full extent of a man's interest in and control of the property he acquired. Though it is claimed that the right of disposal is a necessary accom-paniment to the possession of property, it must be admitted that while such a right at aches to ownership while living, it is a different thing be admitted that while such a right at aches to ownership while living, it is a different thing when one coases to live, for then naturally one coases to have dominion; and if it is admitted that he has a natural right to dispose of his goods for a short time after death it is a pertinent question: What is to hinder his doing so for millions of years? It is not a natural, inherent right of the individual to dispose of his property after decease; it is no more than a right given by positive law; a right founded on convenience and concession. In the early stages of society when families and not individuals were recognized by the governments as entitled to meintenance, no such thing as the will was known. Upon the death of the individual, his goods were made a part of the family store, and were usually turned over to his children. It took a very long time before an individual was allowed, after his denth, to dispose of his property outside of his own family: and whenever the attempt was made the will was set aside as "inofficious" by the Romans, for reasons much similar to those advanced to-day for the same purrose. The will is unquestionably of Roman origin, and the Roman influence and dominion in Greet Britain early introduced that custom, among others, to the early Britons. King Alfred who died 900 A. D. left a will dividing his personal effects, and providing for the saying of masses for his soul. The wells of that time were drawn up in Latin, and this function was performed by the clergy, who thereby had an opportunity to secure large pickings for the church and hemselves.

THE FIRST WILL EVER REGISTERED

In English was that of Lady Alice West, who died in 1895 A. D. She begins thus, in the old fashioned style: "In Dei Nomine, Amen. On Thursday, that is to say the XV moneth of Jul intrease, that is to say see Av mouth of Jhu clist, a thousand and thre hundred and four seers and fitteener ! Alice West, lady of Hynton Martel, in hoo! estat of my bodie and in good many de bynge, make my testament in the manner as his folweth hereafter.

Then follows the text of the instrument:
"In the begynning. I bequethe my soule to God
Almighty and to his moder Seynt Marie and to
all the seyntis in hevene and my bodis to be
buried in creecharche in the priorie of the
chanones in Hampischire by the News Forest
where my anneestres leggeth."

Executed on the 25th of March, 1616, is preserved in Doctors Commons verbatim as it was Executed on the 25th of March, 1616, is preserved in Dectors Commons verbatim as it was written, and is prized as a unique and interesting document relating to the poet. Each sheet is signed by the poet, the last signature. "By me, William Shakospeare." being the most distinct. These three autographs, with two appended to deeds of his property in London are the only ones of undoubted authenticity now extant. The will begins in the old way, the testator affirming his soundness of mind and commending his body to Jesus Christ. Some of the items, however, are somewhat remarkable. He gives all his clothes to his sister Joan, as follows: "I gave and bequeath unto my said sister Joue XX pounds and all my wearing Apparell to be paied and delivered within one yeare after my deceas, and I doe will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances in Stratford wheren she dwelleth for her natural lief under the yearlie rent of xlid" (12 pence). It is wife fared rather poorly, her only bequest being: "I gave unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture." As she was entitled, however, to dower out of his estate, Shakospeare may not have deemed it necessary to make any further bequest to her than his second best bed as a special mark of affection. The most humorous and my other ways peculiar will on record is that of Sr Philip Pembroke, who died in the midst of the political turmoils of the seventeepth century. Some of the bequests are as follows:

"Hom—I give my body, for it is plain I cannot keep it, as the chirurgeons are tearing it to pieces. Bory me therefore: I hold lands and churches enough for that. Above all put not my hody beneath the church pouch, for I am after all a man of birth, and I wound not that I should be interred wire lose of the bequests are so follows:

"Hom—I give my body, for it is plain I cannot keep it, as the chirurgeons are tearing it to pieces. Bory me therefore: I hold lands and churches enough for that. Above all put not my hody beneath the church pouch, for I am after all a man of bir

among all the members of the Council of State.
With regard to them
1 HAVE TEX ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

Sometimes went I with the Peers and sometimes

Sometimes went I with the Peers and sometimes with the Commons. I hope therefore they will not suffer my poor curs to want.

"Item—I give my two best saddle horses to the Earl of Denbigh, whose legs methinks must soon begin to fail him. As rogards my other horses, I bequeath them to Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell takes away his commission he may have some horses to commission he "tem—I bequeath my chapterns to the Earl of Stamford, seeing that he never had one.

"Item—I give nothing to my Lord Saye, and I do make him this legacy willingly because I know he will faithfully distribute it among the poor.

"Item-I bequeath to Thomas May,

WHOSE NOSE I DID BREAK

At a masquerade, five shillings. My intention had been to give him more, but all who have read his History of the Parliament will consider

even this sum is too large.
"Item—Seeing I did menace a certain Henry

"Item—Seeing I did menace a certain Henry Mildmay, but did not thrash him, I do leave the sam of fifty pounds sterling to the Jacquey that shall pay into him my debt.

"Item—I have given to the author of the libel on women entitled "News of the Exchange," threepenes to invent a yet more scurrilous mode of maligning; but seeing that he insulteth and slandereth I knew not how many honest persons, I commit the office of paying to him who undertaketh the arrears of Henry Mildmay.

"Item—I bequeath to Lieutenant General Cromwell one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept one of his own.

"Item—I give up the ghost."

NUNCUPATIVE WILLS.

Wills are of two great classes, verbal and written. A nuncupative will is the verbal declaration of a person as to the manner of diswritten. A fundinate wat is the verbal declaration of a person as to the manner of disposition of his property after death. These were formerly, when writing was a rare accomplishment, very much in vogue, but as they were found to be liable to great impostures, very severe restrictions were placed upon them except when made by "any soldier in actual military service, or any mariner or seaman being at sea." Persons at the point of death, in extremis, were also, and in many States are still, granted this privilege. In this country, the cases upon the subject of nuncupative wills have been quite numerous since the late civil war. With this exception, the statutes of nearly every civilized State at the present time require that a will of real and personal property must be in writing. A will wholly written by the testator, and signed and dated by him, is called a clographic will, and is in some States deemed valid, without the usual formalities required. The requirements of the New York statutes are probably the strictest of all the States in regard to wills, though those of California differ very little from them.

HOW TO EXECUTE A WILL.

The terms explicitly laid down for the com-plete execution of a will are four in number, and are: 1. There must be a signing of the testator at the end of the will. 2. The signing must take

at the end of the will. 2. The signing must take place in the presence of each of the witnesses, or be acknowledged to have been made in their presence. The testator, at the time of signing, shall declare it to be his last will; and, a. There must be two witnesses who shall sign at the end, at the request of the testator.

There must be a concurrence of all these four requisites to give validity to the act, and the omission of either is fatal. With regard to the testamentary capacity, as far as age is concerned, the general rule throughout the United States is twenty-one. In California, Connecticut and Nevada, however, a male may make a will at the age of eighteen or over, and in Illinois, Maryland and Vermont females are allowed the privilege at that age.

THE DEAY, DUMB AND BLIND.

THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

The DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

The physical incapacity of the deaf and dumb formerly disqualified them from making a will. Of late years, however, the efforts which have been made to educate both them and the blind have changed the aspect of the case, and a late decision of the Surrogate of New York with reference to it is as follows: "The law does not prohibit deaf, dumb and blind persons from making a will. Defects of the senses do not incapacitate if the testator possesses sufficient mind to perform a walld testamentary act. The statute does not require a will to be read to the testator in the presence of witnesses; but it is proper to do so when the testator is blind and cannot read. In such case the evidence must be complete that the testator was in some mode made cognizant of its provisions. This may be established by the subscribing witnesses or by other proof.

Cometh a Blessing.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame;
Not to the carnal minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the greatest good;
Unto the one whose store-house
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted
Cometh the blessing down.

OLD PETER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Oh, what shall I do?" questioned Peter, the tramp,
"My stomach is empty, my garments are damp;
My old heart is heavy with sorrow and woe;
I've no one to care for me, no where to go.
Far up in the steeple the merry bells chime—
They tell all the world 'tis the sweet Christmas-time;
The old folks and young folks in harmony meet,
But what is the Christmas-time, pray, to old Pete?
My last friends went down in the treacherous sea—
My son and my daughter, so dear unto me;
My riches took wings, aye, my silver and gold,
And left me a wanderer out in the cold." And left me a wanderer out in the cold."

Old Peter trudged on through the snow and the sleet,
The frozen tears dropping like had at his feet,
While wintry winds lifted his iron-gray hair,
And bore swiftly upward his half-uttered prayer;
"Dear God, give me shelter to-night, if no crust;
"Dear God, give me shelter to-night, if no crust; For bread on the morrow Thy bounty I'll trust."

Hark! List to that sweet, welcome music so near! The lowing of cattle breaks soit on his ear; A barn with its generous door just ajar, Poor Peter descries by the light of a star, within singing snatches of che nas is coming! the Christmas is near!"



"Yes, come in, and welcome; old man, take your rest," The farmer replied to poor Peter's request.
"God honors your couch, so forget not to pray;
The Son of Man once made His bed in the hay."

Old Peter slept sound, and of bright angels dreamed, Till the sweet Christmas morn on his resting-place beamed; Then woke with a start, for an angel was near— A sweet little cherub, with eyes blue and clear. She laughed till the tears gemmed her sweet baby face; She cried: "Who is here in this musty old place? In hunting for eggs for the pudding to-day, I've found me a grandpa asleep in the hay,"



Old Peter looked up, and the red blush of shame Crept up to his forehead in patches of flame— "Pm only a beggarly tramp, as you see."
"And I," said the cherub, "am Bonnebel Lea.
You've interduced you, and I've interduced me."
"Lee! Lee!" said old Peter; "oh, tell me, I pray,
Your father's first name!" "Papa's coming this way;
He's brought you a roll and a cup of hot tea.



And the two men were locked in a loving error and the two men were locked in a loving error and the sundered had met on the manger. For ocean had cast up the living, not detent. The sweet little prophetess, fair Bonnebel, How happy she was, never mortal could tell; She always declared that her grandpa was born A very old man, on a sweet Christmas morn.

THE HOME FEVER.

[The following poem is said to have been written by a young man who died several years ago in South America, the victim himself of the disease which he so pathetically describes.]

We sat alone in a trellised bower,
And gazed o'er the darkening deep.
While the holy calm of the twilight hour
Came over our thoughts like sleep;
And we dreamt of the banks and the bonny braes
That gladdened our hearts in childhood's days.

We sat in a cool verandah shade,
Where the verdant ti-ti twined
Its fairy net-work around us, and made
A harp for the cool sea-wind,
That came there with its low soft tones at night,
Like a sigh that is telling of past delight.

Sh

BE in all to tre

The wind, with its tale of flowers, had come
From the island groves away.
And the waves, like wanderers returning home,
To the beach came wearily;
For the conch's far home-call, the parrot's cry,
Had told that the Sabbath of night was nigh.

And he, the friend at my side that sat,
Was a boy whose path had gone
Through the flowers and fields of joy—that Fate
Like a mother had smiled upon;
But alas for the time when our hopes take wings
And Mem'ry to Grief like a siren sings!

His home had been on the stormy shore Of Albyn's mountain land— His ear was tuned to the breakers' roar, And he loved the bleak sea-wind— The tempest's din and the howling breeze Were all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had told him tales of sunny lands
That rose o'er Indian seas,
Where gold shone sparkling from river sands,
And strange fruits bent the trees;
They had wiled him away from his father's
hearth,
With its light of peace and its voice of mirth.

And now that gold and gems were near,

He strayed 'neath the tropic sun;
But the voice of promise that thrilled in his ear
At that joyous moment, was gone,
And the hopes he had chased 'mid the wiles of
night
Had melted away like a fire-fly's light.

Oh, I have watched him gazing long
Where the home-bound vessels lay,
Cheating sad thoughts with some old song,
Or brushing his tears away:
Ah, well I knew that that weary bresst
Like the dove of the deluge pined for rest.

There was a "worm i' the bud" whose fold Defied the leech's art, And Consumption's hectic plague-spot told The tale of a broken heart; The boy knew he was dying, but the sleep Of death is bliss to those that live to weep.

He died, but Memory's wizard power
With its ghostly train had come
To the sad heart's refuge, at that last hour,
And he murmured "Home! home! home!"
And his spirit passed in that happy dream,
Like a bird on the track of a bright sunbeam.

Oh! talk of spring to the trampled flower,
Of light to the fallen star,
Of glory to those who in danger's hour
Lie cold on the field of war—
But ye mock the exits sheart when ye tell
Of aught save the home where it pines to dwell,

A Rainy Day.

How tired one grows of a rainy day,

For a rainy day brings back so much;
Old dreams revive that are buried away,
And the past comes back to the sight and
touch.

When the night is short and the day is long. And the rain falls down with ceaseless beat, We tire of our thoughts, as we tire of a song That over and over is played in the street.

When I woke this morning, and heard the splash
Of the rain-drops over the 'tall clms' leaves,
I was carried back, in a lightning flash,
To the dear old home with the sloping

And you and I, in the garet bigh, Were playing again at bide-and-seek; And bright was the lighter your langhing eye, And rich the glow of your rounded cheek.

And again I was nestled in my white bed, Under the caves, and hearing above The feet of the rain-steeds over my head. While I dreamed sweet dreams of you, my

Love, my lover, with eyes of truth—

O beautiful love of the vanished years—
There is no other love like the love of yeath—
I say it over and over with tears.

Wealth, and honor, and fame may come—
They cannot replace what is taken away:
There is no other home like the childhood's

aline the love of May. No

on is bright in the midday skies, th an hour when the sad heart grieves.
With a lonely wail, like a lost child's cry,
For the trundle-bed and the sloping caves,

When, with vague unrest and nameless pain,
We hunger and thirst for a voice and touch
That we never on earth shall know again,
Oh! a rainy day brings back so much.
—Ella Wheeler.

My Playmate.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill, Their song was soft and low; The blossoms in the sweet May wind Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet, The orchard birds sang clear; The sweetest and the saddest day It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers, My playmate left her home, And took with her the laughing spring, The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin, She laid her hands in mine; What more could ask the bashful boy Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May; The constant years told o'er Their seasons with as sweet May morns, But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round Of uneventful years; Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year Her summer roses blow; The dusky children of the sun Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewel hands
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook, The brown nuts on the hill, And still the May-day flowers make sweet The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them, And how the old time seems—. If e er the pines of Ramoth wood Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice; oes she remember mine? and to her is now the boy Who fee her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build For other eyes than ours— That other hands with nuts are tilled, And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the olden time to our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and ferna A sweeter memory blow; And there in spring the veerles sing The song of long ago. And still the pines of Ramoth wood Aromeaning like the sea— The monning of the sea of change Between myself and thee

Be cheerful, not in one position only, but in all; and, however Providence may see fit to treat thee, so let thy light continue to

BEN THE WAIF,

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

A gaunt, ragged urchin was parentless Ben,
With uncover'd head and bare feet,
None there his real ago, but it seem'd about ten,
And his only abode was the street.
As a vagabond wait he was everywhere known—
Mischievous, quick-witted, and bright— Contented by day with a crust and a bone, And a bed in a coal-box at night.

Ben needed refinement and polish, of course, And he was not extensively read— I fear the professors would hardly indorse The college in which he was bred. Fine ethics were not of his studies a part— He had ne'er heard of sacred song—
But a certain instructor down deep in his heart Had taught him the right from the wrong.

So bravely he battled his numberless woes With the meager light which he possessed.

As much like a soldier of honor as those With greater encouragement blessed.

The ill-luck that followed him many a time Had caused him sharp hunger to feel, But still he presented a bold front to crime-He might suffer, but never would steal.

One day, while poor Ben was at play in the street, A rich man drove carelessly by, And the wheels of his vehicle crushed the walf's feet Ere he from the readway could fly.

A curse the proud millionaire hurled at the lad, And then in a brutal tone said, Why should such poor devils exist? I'd be glad
If all the low creatures were dead!"

. Ten years rolled away, and the waif had become A sailor, warm-hearted and brave, He had made the wild, wide-spreading ocean bis home, And rejoiced in a life on the wave.

And rejoiced in a life on the wave.

He was stalwart and strong as a hardy young oak,
To his country and friends he was true,
He would mek at a sad tale or laugh at a joke,
And was leved by both captain and crew.

His ship was the Greyhound—a clipper-built orall— In her he had sailed the world 'round. She was feet as the wind and was trim fore and aft, And every timber was sound. Ben loved the stanch bark, and with face all aglow,
As she flew like a bird o'er the sea,
In storm or in sunshine, "blow high or blow low,"

No mortal was prouder than he. A bright little fellow—a passenger's child— Had captured the hearts of the men;

Had captured the hearts of the men;
His ringlets were golden, his eyes blue and calld.
And he was an idel with Ben.
He would play 'round the deck when the weather was clear,
And shout in his innocent giee,
And sometimes would climb to the rall without fear, To gaze on the turbulent see.

Well, it happened one morning, while Ben was aloc, And the child on the deck was alone, He attempted the feat he had practiced so oft, And into the wild waves was thrown. Ben beard the boy's scream of despair from his perch, And a loud cry of horror he gave,
As he crawled o'er the yard while the ship gave a larch, And boldly plunged into the wave.

Amid the crazed throng that soon crowded the deck An invalid passenger stood; He had flown from his sick bed while scarcely awake, And terror seemed freezing his blood. His tremulous lips with life-crimson were dyed, And frenzy was in his dark eye; With clasped hands upraised, he in agony cried,

A moment of dreadful suspense, but at last The sailor so stalwart and brave, With the precious boy to his bold bosom held fast, Appeared on the crest of a wave.
"Hurrah! He is saved!" breaks from every lip, And then with a hearty accord Three cheers for the hero goes up from the ship, As the rescued are hoisted on board.

"Oh, God! must my darling boy diet"

The invalid father embraces his boy, And hugs him again and again, And then in the midst of his outgushing joy, He turns from the child to thank Ben Ben read the man's countenance o'er and o'er, Then mutter'd, "How strangely we meet! Excuse me, your honor, I've seen you before, You're the man that ran over my feet!

"I was very poor then, a rough boy of the town, With no sheller to cover my head; You didn't, of course, with intent run me down, But you wished all poor devils were dead.

But you wished all poor devils were dead.

If your wish had been granted, your honor, that day!...

And here the tar quietly smiled...

"And I had been placed under hatches to stay, Where now would have been your sweet child?

"I cherish no malice, your honor, oh, no, So give me a shake of your fin!
I've done but a true sailor's duty, I know, And I'm willing to do it again. But the truth is, your henor, now make no mistake, That while on life's ocean we sail

The meanest and poorest landlubber on deck

May be of some use in a gate "

Did Lellers.

Ay, better burn them. What does It avail. Like dea l leaves toss'd before the Autumn gale Will be each written page we cherish thus. When Time's great wind has swept them all

The smiles, loves, tears and hatreds of to-day

Living, we hoard our letters, holding them Sacred and safe as almost sentient things; So strong the yearning tide of grief to stem, ne when doubt creeps in or treason stings;

Parting may smile, such golden bridge between; Change can not come where such stamped faith has been.

Dying, we leave them to our children's care, Our well-prized solace, records of the time when life lay spread before us, rich and fair, And love and hope spoke prophesies sublime; Lore slowly gathered through laborious hears, Wit's playful flames, sweet poetic flowers.

All these to us, to us-and for a while Our love will guard the casket where they lie,
Glancing them over with a tearful smile,
Touching their yellow foldings tender ye
A little while; but Life and Time are strong— Our dearest can not keep such vigils long.

And by and by the cold, bright eyes of youth, Lighting on such old flotsam of the past— The shattered spars of trust and hope and truth On the blank shores of Time's great ocean

Will read and judge with naught of soft behoov

Dissenting, sneering, anything but loving.

So let us burn them all-the tottering words The guided baby fingers wrote us first,
The schoo boy scribble, lives the man affords
To the old eyes that watched, old hands that nursed,

The girl's sweet nonsense, confidence of friends And these, our own, ours only, till the end.

Heap them together; one last fervent kiss, Then let them turn ere we do, into dust, Ashes to ashes. Well and wise it is.
To meet the end that comes, as comes it

And leave no relics to grow gray and rotten, Waiting the certain doom of the forgotten. -Harper's Bazar.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

What legions of "friends" always bless us,
When golden success lights our way!
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good humored and gay.
But oh! when the sun of prosperity
Hath set—then how quickly they frown,
And cry out in tones of severity,
Kick the man! don't you see he is down!

What though when youknew not a sorrow,
Your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends" when they wanted to borrow,
You'd oblige—and ne'er ask them to "pay."
What though not a soul you e'er slighted,
As you meandered about through the town,
Your "friends" became very near-sighted,
And don't seem to see you when down.

When you're "up" you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praise.
When you're down you have greatly defaulted,
And they really "don't fancy your ways."
Your style was "tip top" when you'd money,
So sings every sucker and clown,
But now 'tis exceedingly funny,
Things are altered because you are down.

Oh, give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen man from the dust;
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friend whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's "down."

TWO GIRLS.

All alone in the grand old room,
'Mid silken curtains and splendid gloom,
A girl in her beauty sighs.
The softened light of the chandeliers,
Missing her diamonds, seeks the tears
That stand in her wistful eyes.

All alone by the castle walls,
Where hardly a ray of starlight falls,
A girl is crouching in dread.
She dare not beg of the churlish wight
Gnarding the portal in livery bright,
Even a crust of bread.

A gay cavaller comes riding along,
Carclessly humming an amorous song—
Will he toss her a silver crown?
No; his thoughts are filled with his new love's

face
As he hurries past the familiar place,
And canters on to the town.

"Oh for a morsel of food!" she groans;
"If he but loved me!" the other moans—
She comes from a race of Earls.
The beggar outside is not starving alone—
Father in Heaven, who lovest Thine own,
Pity these hungry girls!

GOD AND HIS FLOWERS.

The flowers of many climates.
That blooms all seasons through
Met in a stately garden
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship The Lord they came to meet; Her box of precious ointment The Rose broke at His feet.

The Passion-Flower His symbols Wore fondly on her breast; She spoke of self-denial As what might please Him best.

The Morning-Glories fragile, Like infants soon to go, Had dainty toy-like trumpets, And praised the Master so.

"His word is like to honey,"
The Clover testified,
"And all who trust Thy promise Shall in Thy love abide."

The Lilies said, "O trust Him, We neither toll nor spin, And yet His house of beauty, See how we enter in!" The King-cup and her kindred, Said, "Let us all be glad; Of His redundant sunshine, Behold how we are clad."

"And let us follow Jesus,"
The Star of Bethlehem said,
And all the band of flowers
Bent down with rev'rent head.

The glad Sunflower answered, And little Daisles bright, And all the cousin Asters, "We follow toward the light!"

"We praise Him for the mountains,"
The Alpine rosies cried;
"We bless Him for the valleys,"
The Violets replied.

"We praise Him," said the Air-plant,
"For breath we never lack;"
"And for the rocks we praise Him,"
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters," The gray Sea-mosses sighed; And all His baptized Lilles "Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And now for the green, cool woodlands, We praise and thanks return," Said Kelmais and Azaleas, And graceful Feathery Fern.

"And for the wealth of gardens And all the gard'ner thinks," Said Roses and Camellas, And all the sweet breath'd Pinks.

"Hosannah in the highest,"
The Baby-Bluets sang;
And little trembling Harebells
With softest music rang.

"The winter hath been bitter;
The sunshine follows storm;
Thanks for His loving kindness
The earth's great heart is warm."

So said the pilgrim May-Flower That cometh after snow, The humblest and the sweetest Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather, The sunshine and the wet," Spoke out the cheerful Panseys, And darling Mignonette.

And then the sun descended, The heavens were all agiow; The little Morning-Glories Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day-Lilles
Their love watch ceased to keep—
"He giveth," said the Popples—
"To His beloved sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,
The soft wind stirred the corn,
When sudden in the garden
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening-Primrose, Her sisters followed fast; With perfumed lips they whispered, "Thank God for night at last."

The Blacksmith's Daughter.

Why do the horses come always at noon.
To be shod at the blacksmith's shop?
At noonday time, when the sun is still,
When the blacksmith is forced against his To rest, and his work to stop?

Just at noon, from his house on the hill,
A girl with a pall comes thence;
Smiles come on her lips, on her cheeks a

Smiles come on her lips, on her cheeks a glow,
As she sees the horses tied in a row,
Along by the blacksmith's fence.
Oh, but the blacksmith's daughter is fair,
And the horses all look at each other,
As much as to say, "Now is n't she sweet?
We know why our masters say that our feet
Are giving them so much bother."

The bell rings one; and the blacksmith cries, "Now, then for work right away!"
But most of them say that it's growing late, And they really think that they'd better wait,
And come on some other day.

OH, blacksmith's daughter, your mother,

Was fair when your father sought her!
You're going in the way that she has trod,
You'll be a wife ere those horses are shod,
Oh, blacksmith's pretty daughter!

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THREE SCORE AND TEN.

THE LITERARY WORLD'S TRIBUTE TO WHITTIER.

Honors to the New England Poet-Offerings from Lougfellow, Bry-ant, Holmes, Bancroft and Others. Boston Herdd.

On the 17th day of this month of De-cember, John Greenleaf Whittier, a poet who, in some respects, is more peculiarly. American than any of his peers, and who certainly has no rival as a melodious expocertainly has no rival as a melodious exponent of New England thought and feeling, will reach his seventieth birthday. It is about ten months since Mr. Longfellow also reached the allotted limit of three score years and ten, and the public then showed their appreciation of the author of "Evangeline" and "Excelsior" and "Hiawatha." This month Mr. Whittier reaches the same point in his life, and while the whole English-speaking people will regard the event with interest, it will be of peculiar importance to those of New England birth. Some of his songs belong, perhaps, liar importance to those of New England birth. Some of his songs belong, perhaps, to the country, but "Snow-bound," "Skip-per Ireson's Ride," "The Tent on the Beach," and poem after poem of those which expressed the deep-rooted sentiment which hesitated at the word "Abolition" and called itself "Anti-Slavery," but did not hesitate when sperifica was called for in not hesitate when sacrifice was called for in

and called test Anti-Slavery, out and not hesitate when sacrifice was called for in the cause of the eppressed—these belong to New England. The Quaker son of Haverhill may be called the Burns of his native land, but he is a Burns without the earthly taint—a Burns in genius and in hoart, yet free from the trammels of fleshly lusts.

The Literary World for December will show what the posts of America think of their brother. We copy from advance sheets the tributes which they have paid him in verse. Besides these there are letters from the venerable Richard H. Dana, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, President Eliot, Colonel Higginson, Francis Parkman and a number of others, all of whom but re-echo in different forms two sentiments—that "as a man he has lived three score years and ten in such a manner that were he to be permitted to live them over again he would walk in the same steps as before," and that he is "a poet, whose truta to Nature has taught others to see and love its stirring to the spirit." The Literary World's tribute is inscribed:

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SEVENTIES,
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SEVENTIES BITCHDAY,
DECEMBER 17, 1877,
THESE PAGES,
ENRICHED WITH THE GENEROUS OFFERINGS OF A
FAW, IN TOKEN OF THE AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM
OF MANY, ARE RESECTIVLEY DEDICATED.

THE THREE SILENCES. Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to
teach.

teach.
These Silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the period silence, that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he
countit
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our
reach.

O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The lile to come, and in whose thought and

word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury, thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!
—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,

A FRIEND'S GREETING.
Snow-bound for earth, but Summer-souled for thee,
Thy natal morning shine:
Hail, Friend and Poet! Give thy hand to me,
And let me read its lines!

For skilled in Fancy's palmistry am I.
When years have set their crown;
When Life gives light to read its secrets by,
And deed explains renown.

So, looking backward from thy seventieth year on service grand and free. The pictures of the spirit Past are clear, And each interprets thee.

I see thee, first, on hills our Aryan sires In Time's lest morning knew, Kindling as priest the lonely altar-fires That from Earth's darkness grew.

Then, wise with secrets of Chaldwan lore.
In high Akkadian fane;
Or pacing slow by Egypt's river shore,
In Thothames glorious reign,

I hear thee, wroth with all iniquities
That Judah's kings betrayed
Preached from Ain-Jid's rock thy God's decrees,
Or Mamre's terelinth akade.

And ah! most pitcous vision of the past, Drawn by thy being's law, I see thee, markyr, in the arena cast Beneath the lion's paw.

Yet, afterwards, how rang thy sword upon The Paynim helm and shield! How shone with Godhey, and at Askalon Thy white plume o'er the field!

Strange contradiction!—where the sand waves spread

The boundless desert sea.

Bedouin spearman found their destined her.

Their dark-eyed chief—in thee!

And thou wert friar in Cluny's saintly cell.

And skald by Norway's foam.

Ere fate of poet fixed thy soul, to dwell

In this New England home.

Here art thou Poet—more than warrior, priest; And here the quiet Years Yield more to us than sa-rifee or feast. Or clash of swords and spears.

The faith that lifts, the courage that sustains,
These thou wert sent to reach:
Hot blood of battle, beating in thy veins,
Is turned to gentle speech.

Not less, but more, than other thou hast striven; Thy victories remain; The scars of ancient hate, long since forgiven, Have lost their power to pain.

Apostle pure of Freedom and of Right,
Thou had'st thy one reward;
Thy prayers were heard, and itshed upon thy
sight
The Coming of the Lord!

Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender songs, Slumbers the blade of truth; But Age's wisdom, crowning thee, prolongs The earer hope of Youth!

Another line upon thy hand I trace All destines above:

Men know thee most as one that loves his race,
And bless thee with their love!

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Whittier! the land that loves thee, she whose child

Whittier! the land that loves thee, she whose child
Thou art—and whose uplifted hands thou long
Hast stayed with song availing life a prayer—She feels a sudden pang, who gave thee birth
And gave to thee lineaments supreme,
Of her own freedom, that she could not make
I hv tissues all immortal, or, if to change,
To bloom through years coeval with her own;
So that no touch of age nor trost of time
Should wither thee, nor forrow thy dear face,
Nor fleek thy hair with silver. Ay, she feels
A double pang that thee, with each new year,
Glad Youth may not revisit, like the Spring
That routs her northern Winter and anew
Melts of the hoars now from her puissant hills.
She could not make thee deathless; no, but thou,
Thou sangest her always in abiding verse,
And hast thy ame immortal—as wear,
Immortal in this Earth that ye wear,
And in this land now fair est and most young
Of all lair lands that yet mut thou growest oid,
Men say; but never the poet's foul
Becomes; only the overing takes on
A reverend sport of forests, ere at last
Thine own spirit of the wooded dell.
A reverend sport forests, ere at last
Thas a thou with us long! youchsafe us long
I have autumnal presence, ere the hues
Slow faing—ere the quaver of thy voice,
The twilight of thine eye, move man to ask
Where hides the chariot—in what sunset vale,
Eeyond thy chosen river, champ the steeds
That wait to be ar the skyward. Since we toe
Would feign thee, in our tenderness, to be
Inviolate, excepted from thy kind,
And that our bard and prophet best-beloved
Shall vanish like that other, him that stood
Undannted in the pleasure-house of kings,
And unto kings and crowned harlots spake
God's truth and jungment. At his sacred fee t Inviolate, excepted from thy kind,
And that our bard and prophet best-beloved
Shall vanish like that other, him that stood
Undaunted in the pleasure-house of kings,
And unto kings and crowned harlots spake
God's truth and indement. At his sacred feet
Far followed all the lesser men of old
Whose lips were touched with fire, and caught
from him
The gitt of prophecy; and thus from thee,
Whitter, the vounger engers—whom thou seest
Fach emulous to be thy staff this day—
What learned they? Righteous anger, burning
scorn

What learned user scrip of the oppressor, love to humankind, of the oppressor, love to humankind, Sweet fealty to country and to home, Peace, stainless purity, high thoughts of heaven, And the clear, natural nusic of thy song.

—ESMUND C, STEDMAN.

THE GOLDEN CALENDAR.

THE GOLDEN CALENDAR.

Count not the years that hearding Time has told, Save by the starry memories in their train; Not by the vacant moons that wax and wane. Nor all the seasons canaging robes unfold; Look on the life whose record is unrolled; Bid thought, word, action, breathe, burn, strive again, Old altars fiame whose ashes scarce are cold, Bid the freed captive clank his colden chain! So will we count thy years, and months and days, Poet whose heart-strings thrill upon thy lyre, Whose kindings spirit lent, like Heels's fire, Is heat to Freedom's finit auroral blaze, But waste no words the loving soul to the, That finds its life in duty, not in praise.

— OLYEB WENDELL HOLMES.

TO THE POET WHITTIER.

From this far realm of Pines I wait thee now A Brother's greeting, Poet, tried and true; So thick the laurels on thy reverend brow We scarce can see the white locks glimmering through.

O, pure of thought! Earnest in heart as pen, The tests of time have left tree undefiled; And o'er the snows of three-score years and ten shines the unsulfied aureole of a child.

—PAUL H. HAYNE.

TEN TIMES SEVEN.

Ten gentle-hearted boys of seven.
Too young and sweet to stray from heaven,
Will—counting up the little men—
Amount to three-score; ears and ten.

Two gracious men of thirty-five, With wits alight and heart alive, Will fill complete the rounded spheres Of seventy strong and manly years.

Nay, Whittier, thou art not old; Thy register a lie hathroid. For lives devote to love and truth Do only multiply their youth.

Thou art ten gentle boys of seven,
white souls too sweet to stray from
Thou art two men of thirty-free,
With wits alight, and hearts alive.

— J. G. HOLLAND.

songs that fill our fleeting days ith music sweet and truth's undying praise

Then count in measures of thy rhyme, And not by any part of time. Thy longthening life; and, since the truth Helds in thy melodies perpetual youth,

Harbor no phantasy of dealine,
but greet to-day the morning shine
As it were but the opening page
As it were but the opening page
Of life that shall be t.ine for many an age!
George Passons Lathers.

"AMONG THE HILLS,"
My eyes beheld the favored hills
And aw them as he sung them.
Yea, more, O, summer day, they met
The poot dear among them!
Sweet hells of song, I heard them chime.
And touched the hand that swung them.

And touched to day upon those hills
The Winter clouds are snowing.
Beneath, within their heart of hearts,
The rills go on, not knowing:
So may our singer's songs flow on,
Whatever winds are blowing.

HIRAM RICH.

Whatever winds are blowned.

SENTIMENT.

I thank thee, friend, for words of cheer,
That made the path of duty clear.
When thou and I were young, and strong.
To wrestle with a mighty wrong.
And now, when lengthening shadows come,
And this world's work is nearly done,
I thank thee for thy genial ray.
That prophesies a brighter day.
When we can work, with strength renewed,
God bless thee, friend, and give thee peace,
Till thy fervent spirit finds release I
And may we meet in world's dar.
Ly Morning and my Evening Star!

He has enlarged his sect, noble though small—
For all who stood, with him, the slave to free;
Who love, with him, the slotherland; and all
Who share his tath in God and Liberty;
Who kindle with the music of his song;
Trust in that Heaven of Love which round
him bends;
All these to his broad human church belong,
And make one Brotherhood of Whittier's
friends. —James Freeman Clarke.

Dear Whittier: When the Muses unto thee Gave, in largess, the power of poesy. They laid no limit to tay minstrelsy: But made thee apt, at thy occasion's need, To defuly use or lute or lyre or reed.

All music's means; out bade thee ever heed These two behests: That, using each at will, Whate'er thy instrument or theme, thou still, By every song, some numan want shouldst till: And that, whate'er reward should lure thy song.

Thou ne'er shouldst be the lanreate of Wrong!

Thou he er shoulds be the latterest of wholes.

So hast thou sung! So was thy matin lay.
Thy noon-tide psalm, the vesper of thy day.
True unto Truth, O blameless bard! alway.
So now thou singest, on the hither shore.
That banks the wave too soon must bear thee
ofer.
To that hair realm thy song has reached before.
So mayst thou sing, until thy last note—dies?
Nay! is translated, through the choral skies,
To mingle with the heavenly harmonies.
To shall thy earliest celestal song.
Thy latest earthly melody prolong!
—Wm. S. SEURTLEFF.

Old friend, dear friend, in Summer days gone by You brought me roses delicate and fair. That blossomed wild in our New bingland air. And they are fragrant still, though dead and dry.

Now, when for us comes Winter on apace, Within the garden of my thought there grows For you a fadeless flower, as sweet a rose As ever Summer wore with youthful grace.

I bring my rose and lay it in your hand; For who am I to utter works of praise, Or add one leat to your proud crown of bays, Woven by all the noblest of the land?

O well-beloved. New England's beart so near!
Her poet and her lover eloquent!
While the wide seas shall wash our continent,
You shall be honored and your name be dear.
—CELIA THANTER.

Two dear, familiar songs that Art has sought,
To set the cauvas singing to the eve,
But whose expression Color has not caught—
Just these the world might ever know thee by.

But sweet Maud Muller and the Bare foot Boy Leave other songs a wealthy fame to share; The broken shackle, Nature's calm and joy, Life's crowding passions—all of these are there.

And thou hast given the pained and erring heart Such words as fit its immost solitude; From Fame Devotion has not lived apart, And men grow strong through seeing Greatness good.

Thou feelest all the moment of the Cross,
The unganged value of a human soul,
And Trust, consenting not to lasting loss,
Lets her large hope in harp-like music roll.

Thyself Apostle of Love, how meet thy name! Still bearing Love's sweet gospel in thy voice. Be measure of thy days and his the same, And some high vision prove the Master's choice.

-CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

THE SONGS OF SEVENTY YEARS. Master! Let stronger lips than these Turn melody to harmony. Poet! Mine tremble as they crave A word alone with thee.

Thy songs melt on the vibrant air,
The wild birds know them, and the wind,
The common light hath claim on them,
The common heart and mind.

And air, and light, and wind shall be Thy fellow-singers, while they say How seventy years of music stir The common pulse to-day.

Hush, sweetest song! Mine ears are deaf To all of ye save only one. Blind are the eyes that turn the leaf Against the Autumn sun.

Oh, e and rain. Fast folded now from shine and rained duller were the dying ears.
That heard the chosen strain.

Stay, solemn chant! "Tis mine to sing Your notes alone below the breath." "Its mine to bless the poet who Can bless the hour of death.

For once a spirit "sighed for home,"
A "longed-for light whereby to see,"
And, "wearied," found the way to them,
O Christian seer, through thee!

Passed—with thy words on paling lips, Passed—with thy courage to depart, Passed—with thy trust within the soul, Thy music in the heart.

Oh, calm above our restlessness, And rich beyond our dreaming, yet In Heaven, I know, one owes to thee A glad and grateful debt.

From it may learn some tenderer art,
May find and take some better way.
Than all our tenderest and best,
To crown thy life to-day.
—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

THE POET OF OUR LOVE.

This is the tribute that I fain would pay
To him whose friendship I have closely shared,
Whose genius marked from early youth, till now
the counts his three-score years and ten complete:

He counts his three-score years and ten complete:
But still erect in form, in mind as bright,
In heart as tender, and in soul as warm
As in mid-life, untouched by lapse of time;
Whom "troops of friends" this day units to crown;
To profier gratuations; to express that high respect and admiration strong,
That deep affection and entwining love,
Which modest worth, and purity of life,
And noble aims, to serve the public weak,
And scathing testimonies brayely borne,
'Gainst popular sins, at less of all repute,
Eo well deserve, so widely have secured.

Poets there are of various mods and gifts, Each striking chords best suited to his ear. And choosing themes concurrent with his taste; But prone too of to deal in phantasies; In amatorial strains of carnal taint, In passionate appeals to warlike deeds, In bacchanalian medleys to be sung Where congregate the maudiin votaries of the accursed demon of the still, Drowning their reason in the poisoned bowl.

of the accursed demon of the still,
Drowning their reason in the poisoned bowl.

How shall we rank the poet of our love?
A hirthright Quaker—one in spirit, too,
Yet Catholic teyond the bounds of rect.
Not his the highest reach of the sublime,
Nor loftiest flight on fancy s airy wings,
Nor istrongest power of genius to conceive,
Invent, portray, with an enchanter's skill,
Nor best attainment in poetic art,
Nor procedence in rhythmic melody.
Yet if excelled in these by famone bards,
Yet if excelled in these by famone bards,
From Homer down to those of our own times,
With nobler claims he stands without his peer
in all that true effection can express,
Or purest love can prompt to gracious acts?
In tenderest sympathy for his suffering race,
Wherever in the wide world needing aid,
All casts and class distinctions giving way.
To the strong ties of human trotherhood;
In carrying comfort unto mourning heaits
Bowed down by sore bereavement, teaching well
The lesson of a higher life beyond,
And a divine compassion over all:
In perfect chasticy of thought and speech,
And, an uplifting moral power to bless
And strengthen frailty through the mner light;
In breathing "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
That so the sword no longer may devour,
And desolating war forevor cease.
But, signally, in this he takes the palm,
As here-bard in Freedom's struggling cause,
When millions in our guity land were held
In chattel servitude, and boucht and sold
Along with cattle in the market-place;
And they who sought by flight to escape their
doom
Were tracked by bloodhounds, seized and carried
back
To added stripes and tortures; none allowed
To give them food or shelter, at the risk
Of flue, imprisonment, or being lynched:
In that dark hour, with Church and State combined
To keep them food or shelter, at the risk
Of flue, imprisonment, or being lynched:
In that dark hour, with Church and State combined

in that dark hour, with Unurch and State combined.
To keep the me in their cheins, and stigmatize as "madmen and fanatics" all who sought Emancipation as their richtful due.
Emancipation as their richtful due.
He manully stood forth, with dauntless front, Zealous in their behalf; in thrilling verse
Rehearsed the dreadful story of their wrongs.
Summoned with trumpet-tones the true and brave
To rally to the rescue* well equipped
With spiritual wgapons for the fight.
And with unwavering faith in Him whose arm Is strong to smite, omn potent to save, read, read his spirit-stirring strains, unmatched For power and pathos, making singgish blood
"unmittuous in the beatings of the heart, Strenghtening the inner man tostand erect, Heedless of private hate and public scorn, In full assurance that the endis near—
Oppression's ignominious defeat
And liberty victorious through the land!

Year the hear lived to see (with recommence)

Yes! he has lived to see (rich recompense!)
The suffering bondsmen from their chains set free;
To hear their grateful songs to beaven accend, with merry chimings of the publee bell. What wrongs they suffer now are done to men And citizens, and not to siaves; and these Must be redressed, and all their rights secured.

From youth to manhood, manhood to old age—
If age at seventy years is counted did—
His is a life to bonor and extol,
Entitling him to take conspicuous rank
Among the benefactors of mankind,
And with the choices poets of all time. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

*In a letter from Mr. Whittier, read at the third decade meeting of the American Ant. Slavery Society in Philadelphia, in 1863, he wrote: "I am not insensible to literary reputation; I love, perhaps too well, the praise and good will of my fellow-men; but I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1853, than on the title-page of any book. Looking over a life marked by many errors and shortcomings, I rejoice that I have been able to maintain the pledge of that signature; and that in the long intervening years, "My voice, though not the loudest, has been

My voice, though not the loudest, has been heard Vherever Freedom raised her cry of pain."

What If it This And O An With O wh

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And

CLEOPATRA'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE,

What care I for the tempest? What care I for the rain?
If it best upon my bosom, would it cool its burning pain. in that ne'er has left me since on his heart I And so bed my grief at parting as I'd sob my soul away?
O Antony! Autony! Antony! when in thy circling

arms
Shall I sacrifice to Eros my glorious woman's charms,
And burn life's sweetest incense before his sacred

with the living fire that flashes from thine eyes into mine?

O when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upon my face,

As a queen of love and beauty I lis in thy embrace, Melti g-hielting-melting-as a woman only can when sites a willing carde in the conquering acms. I fear he Persian beauty, I fear no Grecian maid; The world holds not the woman of whom I am afraid. But Fm jealous of the rapture I tasted in his kiss, and I would not that another should taste with methics.

I would not that about that bluss, that bluss, on would I deny him, let him cull it where he

No joy would I deny him, let him cull it where no will.
So, mistress of his bosom is Cleopatra still:
So that he feels forever, when he Love's nectar sips.
Twas sweeter—sweeter—sweeter when tasted on my

lips;
So that all other kisses, since he has drawn in mine
Shall be unto my loved one as "water after wine."
A while let Casar fancy Octavia's pallid charms.
Can hold Rome's proudest Consul a captive in her

arms, Her cold embrace but brightens the memory of mine, And for my warm careses he in her arms shall pine. "Twas not for love he sought her, but for her princely

dower;
She brought him Cæsar's friendship, she brought him kingly power.
I should have bid him take her had he my counsel sought;
I've but to smile upon him, and all her charms are naught;

re but to smile upon him, and all her charms are naught:
For I would scorp to hold him by but a single hair,
Save his own longing for me when I'm no longer there; And I will show you, Roman, that for one kiss from Wife, fame, and even honor to him shall nothing Throw wide the window, Iris-fling perfumes o'er me

now. And bind the lotus blossoms again upon my brow. The rain has ceased its weeping, the driving storm is

And caim are Nature's pulsos, that lately beat so fast.
Gone is my jealous fronzy, and kros reigns screue.
The only god e'er wershipped by Egypt's haughty

With Antony—my loved—I'll kneel before his shrine
Til the loves of Mars and Venus are naught to his
and mine;
And down through coming ages, in every land and
tougue,
With them shall Cleopatra and Antony besung.
Burn sandalwood and cassia, let the vapor round me
wreathe.
And mingle with the incense the lotus blossoms
breathe.

breathe.

ndia's spicy odors, and Persia's perfumes rare
afted on the pinious of Egypt's fragrant air,
the sighing of the night breeze, the river's rip-

hear the notes of music in cadence soft and

low.
Draw rot...d my couch its curtains; I'd bathe my soul in eleep;
I feel its geniel languor upon me slowly creep,
Olet me cheat my senses with dreams of future bliss,
In fancy feel his presence, in fancy taste his kiss.
In fancy nestle closely asainst his throbbing heart,
And throw my arms around him, no more—no more to

part. Hush! hush! his spirit's pinions are rustling in my

ears; He comes upon the tempest to calm my jealous fears; He comes upon the tempest in an wer to my call. Wife—fame—and even honor—for me, he leaves the m all; And royally I'll welcome my lover to my side. I have won him—I have won him from Casar and his

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

Not to the man of dollars, Not to the man of deeds, Not to the man of creeds, Not to the man of creeds, Not to the man of creeds, Not to the one whose passion Is for the world's renown, Not in form of fashion, Cometh the blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion, Not to the miser's chest, Not to the princely mansion, Not to the blazoned crest, Not to the sordid worldling, Not to the knayish clown, Not to the haughity tyrant, Cometh a blessing down.

Cometh a blessing down.
Not to the folly blinded.
Not to the steeped in shame.
Not to the earnal minded.
Not to unloy fame.
Not in englect of duty.
Not in a monarch's crown.
Not at the smile of beauty.
Cometh a blessing down.

Cometh a blessing down.
But to one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good,
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yielded the hungry food,
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

THE ROOTS OF THE ROSES.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling
But let me tell you, my child—

Though day by day as it closes,

Doth darker and coldergrow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And When the Winter is over,*
The boughs will get new leaves,
The birds come back to the clover,
The swallow back to the eaves:

The robin will wear on his bosom
The vest that is bright and new,
And the liveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with sun and dew.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous Summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Art kept alive in the snow!

Cleopatra's Dream.

Lo! by Nilas' languid waters
Fades the dreamy summer day,
Where, on couch or gold and erimson,
Egypt's royal daughter layDreaming lay, while palm and pillar
Cast their length ning shadows now,
And the letus-laden zephyrs
Lightly kissed her queenly brow.

Soft the evening steals upon her,
As behind the curtained west
Sinks the Day God in his splendor—
Folds his wooing arms to rest.
Drowsy shades of Dusky Egypt
Homeward, slow, their burdens bear,
While the boatman's lazy challenge
Falls upon the quivering air.

Dreams she of her Roman lover—
He who east a crown away—
Country, kindred, fame and honor,
In her captive arms to lay?
Ayel of Antony, her hero,
Sharer of her heart and throne—
He whose snips now homeward sailing,
Bear her all of love alone.

Starts she in her sleeping glory,
And her brown arms, jeweled, bare,
Round and rich in queenly beauty,
Wildly cleave the slamberous air.
Beads of perspiration guther
On her matchless woman's brow,
While her parted lips in anguish
Tell of heart pangs none may know.

Sure, some vision, dire and dreadful,
Palls upon her eyes and brain,
Piereing to her being's center
With a fiery shart of pain.
Like a sea her full-orbed bosom
Swells and falls with pent-up ire;
Then her spirit breaks its thraildom,
And she shrieks in wild despair.

"Charmian, quick, unleose my girdle, Give me breath, I faint, I die! Ho! slaves, bring my royal galley, Let us hence to Egypt fly.

O, for vengeance on the traitor, And upon his Roman bride:
Let him never dare—ah, Charmian, Stand you closely by my side.

"Do I dream? Is this my palace—Yon my sweetly-flowing Nile?
Ah, I see—Oh, great Osiris,
How I thank thee for thy smile!
O, I've had such fearful vision—
He, my Antony, untrue:
And my heart was nigh to bursting
With its fearful weight of woo.

"But 'tis over; yet I tremble—
On what brink of fate I stand;
What prophetic bird of evil
Hovers o'er this sacred land!
What if true should come my dreaming,
And no more my love return!
Ah, the thought my heart's blood freezes
While my brain with madness burns."

Then she listened, gazing outward
Toward a dim futurity—
And the Nile, forever enward,
Bears its burdens to the sea—
And she catches from its whispers—
Echoing whispers in her soul—
That her reign of love is ended,
And her life is near its goal.
—J. J. Owens,

Deserted.

A briery lane where wild-birds sing
All through the Summer day;
A beech tree old, whose branches fling
Long shadows o'er the way.

A nest, built up in the rustling boughs.
Lined soft with moss, so green,
A tiny dwelling—a woodland house,
With leaves for a sheltering screen.

Three delicate eggs, that pearl-like lie Beneath two brooding wings, A mate that hovers all watchful by, Or sits beside, and sings.

A careless boy, with a pitiless hearf, That cares not for lovely things; A bird, that rises with timid start, On scared and fluttering wings.

A sorrowful note of plaint and woe Rings out on the quiet air,
And the pearl-like eggs lie crushed below
On the beech-roots, old and bare.

And still, in the boughs of the old beech free, Mid its rustling sprays of green, The described nest, you still may see Peep out from its verdant screen.

But the bird on its gay and gladsome wing Returns to the nest no more; And the mate that would sit on the boughe and sing, His Summer songs are o'er.

And naught can bring from the happy

Though the walls of the dear old home may lest). may last).
But memories of the dead.
—Chambers' Journal.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.

An Incident of the Irish Famine.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

I am gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood—
All the live-long day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamt of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see—
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,
The Queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast.
A skeleton babe to hold.
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And a famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing, one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erm's Isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud mon there, mother,
With wondrous wealth in view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die
Give me three grains of corn.

So tired am I of all the world, O Sweet!
So tired, so tired, sometimes I sit and dream
Of falling lids that droop in death's still sleep,
And then the earth fades from me like a
dream

That dimples but a moment in the sun.
Then hides itself beneath the ground.
I wonder how 'twould seem to lie quite dumb
And speechless—deaf to every sound?

And would you care to come and find me here.
With pale, cold lips, and silent folded hands,
And still, white lids that would not move or

stir E'en when your foot came o'er the summer lands?

Ah! would you care? and would you bend down. Sweet, And kiss the chill mouth with regretful pain. pain?
And would your tears fall downward on the hands.
Pallid and purified of all earth's stain?

And would your cool heart flutter at the thought.

That here lay one that loved you more than all

Of earth or heaven? And who died, because Across your soul grim change had drawn a pall?

Ah. God! to die, and feel your lips again
Upon my face in passionate sweet touch!
To die, and know your deep dark eyes afire
With love of me. Dear God, I ask too mu

But life is worthless since I have not you, Vacant and empty, and so full of pain. Ah, but to die (I am so tired you see): Come, death, since I but have you back

WAITING.

Yesterday's cup was brimming,
To its curving rim, with hope;
As flowers to the bee awaken,
So did the glad hours ope
With songs of the heart's soft humming,
Full of deep delight,
As it crooned over happiness coming,
The joy that should come with night;
But it blossoms not with the night.

As mute as the morn with the higher.

Faint fall the beels light wings,
And lower is now the humming
Of the murmuring songs she sings.
The passionate prince of the garden
In the pride of his purple may woo.
But the queen knows where is the nectar,
And she turns, sweet flower, to you—
She waits for ambrosia and you!—

Waits for the honeyed blooming Of the sweetest blossom of all. Will it open its fragrant petals

The Ocean of Song.

In a land beyond sight or conceiving,
In a land where no blight is, or wrong,
No durkness, no graves, and no grieving,
There lies the great Occan of Song.
And its waves—0h1 its waves unbeholden
By any save gods and their kind—
Are not blue, are not green, but are golden,
Like moonlight and sunlight combined.

It was whispered to me that these waters
Were made from the gathered-up tears
That were wept by the sons and the daughters
Of long vanished eras and spheres.
Like white sands of heaven the spray is
That falls all the happy day long,
And whoever it touches straightway is
Made glad by the spirit of Song.

Up, up, to the clouds, where their hoary, Crowned heads melt away in the skies. The beautiful mountains of glory
Each side of the Song Ocean rise.
Here day is one splendor of skylight—
Of God's light with beauty replete;
Here night is not night, but is twilight,
Pervading, enfolding and sweet.

Glad birds from all climes and all regions,
That sing all the sweet summer long,
Are dumb till they flock here in legions,
And lave in the Ocean of Song.
It is here that the four winds of heaven,
The winds that do sing and rejoice;
It is here they first came and were given
The secret of sound and of voice.

Far down along beautiful beaches,
By night and by glorious day,
The throng of the gifted ones reaches
And their foreheads gleam white with the

spray.
And a few of the sons and the daughters
Of this Kingdom cloud hidden from sight,
Go down in the wonderful waters,
And bathe in those billows of light.

And batthe in those work are like fountains,
And liquid, and lucent, and strong,
High over the tops of the mountains
Gush up the sweet waters of Song.
No drought-time of waters can dry them,
Who ever has bathed in that sea,
All dangers, all deaths, they defy them—
And are gladder than gods are with glee.
—Ella Wheeler.

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by an open casement, And looked upon the night, And saw the eastward-going s Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright possession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long, triumphal march,

Till the great celestial army, Stretching far beyond the poles, Became the eternal symbol Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever enward, Red Mars led down the clan, And the moon, like a mailed maiden, Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty, And some were raint and small; But these might be, in their greatest height, The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward; Behind earth's dusky shore, They pass into the unknown night, They passed and were no more.

No mere? Oh, say not so! And downward is not just; For the sight is weak and the sense is dim That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon, Though they seem to fall and die, Still sweep with their embattled lines An endless track of say.

And though the hills of death May hide the bright array. The marshalled brotherhood of souls Still keep its upward way.

Upward, forever upward, I see their march sublime, And hear the glorious music Of the conquerers of Time,

And long let me remember
That the palest, faintest one
May to divher vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY L. S. H.

A MOTHER'S love! oh, soft and low As the tremulous notes of the ring doves' call, Or the murmur of waters that gently flow On the weary heart those accents fall!

A mother's love! the sacred thought Unseals the hidden fount of tears, As if the frozen waters caught The purple light of earlier years.

A mother's love! oh, 'tis the dew Which nourisheth life's drooping flowers, And fitteth them to bloom anew 'Mid fairer scenes-in brighter bowers.

The End.

The course of the weariest river Ends in the great, gray sea; The acorn, forever and ever, Strives upward to the tree; The rainbow, the sky adorning, Shines promise through the storm; The glimmer of coming morning Through midnight gloom will form. By time all knots are riven, Complex silhough they be, And peace will at last be given, Dear, both to you and me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary.
Let faith inspire the soul.
Seek the right, though the wrong be
tempting;
Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and, keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and lancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining.
Yet the sunrise gilds the hight;
And love has his hidden treasure
For the natient and the pure;
And Time sives his full measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
Has the luture pledge supplied:
For we know that when we "awaken",
Washali be "satisfied."

Parted.

My own dear love, a fancy comes
Upon me as I sit here lonely,
And try to snatch a few stray crumbs
From tables spread by memory only
A whim to write a line to you,
Not quite a lay, nor just a letter;
In short, a random thought or two,
Which will not mind a verse's fetter.

But, dearest, sure no need is here
Of restless doubt, or hint satiric;
The song I whisper in your ear
May well be joy's most lightsome lyric;
Yet, ah! what idyll sweet, what ode,
What strophe turned in antique fashion
Can carry half the happy load
Of this dear love's delicious passion!

This quiet room in which I sit
Is dark and silent; all about me
Strange shadows pass, and pause and flit,
Like specters come to hamt and flout me.
But now and then a ray shines through
The gloom that gathers fast around me,
And then I know some thought from you
Has flown across the night and found me.

But, ah! the days go dully by,
Night calls to night with none to answer;
The dream that tells me you are nigh
I know is but a fond romancer;
And though I love, and though I trust,
And yet will trust and love forever,
Ah, dear, I long and yearn for just
One glance, one touch to still the fever,

And so the song comes back again!
What is it but the same old story;
The love, the hope, the loss, the pain,
The waiting for the crowning glory?
I love you, want you every hour,
And you, my dearest! are you weary
Of such old words? or have they power
To make the parting seem less dreary?

Ah, well, good-by! the lay is done;
The verse drags heavy here without you;
Perhaps, as slowly sinks the sun
And twilight's shadows close about you,
These foolish rhymes may come to you
And tell the tale you know already—
A tale of love forever true,
Of faith still pure and firm and steady.

DO NOT FORGET ME!

The hours, full-freighted with a joy too deep For words, have flowin too swiftly by. Oh, keep That joy undimmed. And though henceforth we two should dwell apart, Let no sad hemories linger in your heart Or cloud your brow with care.

Do not forget me!
Think of the happy days when first we met:
Their golden radiance is round us yet—
The afterglow
Of that blest line, when earth and sea and skies
Revealed new glories to our wondering eyes,
Transfigured by love's power.

Go where you will you are not far from me; My thoughte will follow you, o'er land and sea, Unceasingly. And in the stillness of some lonely hour Your soul and mine, by strange magnetic power, Shall hold com , anion sweet:

Do not forget .ne!
A kind remembrance is not much to ask!
Surely it will not be too hard a task
Sometimes to think
Of one for whom the world can yield no bliss
So deep, so true, so exquisite as this—
To love and care for you!

more popular than this.

"CURPEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maden fair—
He with footsteps slow and weary—she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful—she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur;
Curfew must not ring to hight."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls, dark,
damp, and cold,
"Yve a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to
die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is
nigh:

At the rinking of the

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly-poisoned dart—
"Long, long years Pve rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shauowed tower:
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilighthour:
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right—
Curfew it must do it—
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow, And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn

She had listened while the Judges read, without a tear or sight:

"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must died and her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an underione she neurmured:
"Curfew must not ring to night."

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church-door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so off he'd tred before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with eyes and check aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro.

As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the townset ladder, she has been the

"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder—o'er her hangs the great dark bell;

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.

Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,'

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brew.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,'

And she springs and grasps it firmly—

"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a specia of light below—
Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swing to and fro;
And the sexton at the belt-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell.
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basifs. Tunera knell.
Still the madden ching more firmly, and, with trein bling lips and, below the beart's wild beating:
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating:
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden.

stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred
years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed
that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting
sun.

Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white Long should tell the little children, Curicw did not ring that night.

Curiew did not ring that might.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces
now.

At his feet she tells her story, showing her hands all bruised and forn;
Ind her face, over,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, it his eyes with misty light;

"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell.

"Curiew shall not rime to night!"

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life is a burden for every man's shoulder, None may escape from its trouble and care; Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older, And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited, Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song; Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted, Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is everyday blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may
share;
Weak is the back on which buildens are press-

ing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there are none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem
lighter,
And, somehow or other we get to the end.

- Victoria Magazine.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MOBTAL. BE PROUD? By William Knox. Hustrated. Bostos: Lee & Shepard. San Eranoisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Among the most elegant illustrated volumes of the season is one containing the poem which Abraham Lincoln used to adpoem which Abraham Lincoln used to admire, and which he was wont to repeat. It is reverent in spirit and somber in tone, two qualifications which doubtless recommended it to the kindly consideration of his serious nature. His recognition is its only claim to immortality, yet no mention of him is made in the volume. The poem is rather showily started out on its own merits, and they are insufficient to carry it far on

the road to distinction. The thin idea of each stanza is embodied in an engraving, by which alone it appeals to the imagination. The adventitious shadow of greatness cast upon it may help it to find purchasers among admirers of the greatest President of the United States since Washington, because it fitted, without regard to literary excellence, one of the many moods of his great heart.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal he would?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved; The mother that infant's affection who proved; The husband that mother and infant who blessed, Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whise eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and
praised,

Are alike from the minds of the living erased. The hand of the king that the scepter hat borns; The brow of the priest that the miter hath wort; The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave. Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap; The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep; The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven:
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven:
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed That withers away to let others succeed: So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told—

For we are the same our fathers have been; We see the same sights our fathers have seen-We drink the same stream and view the same su And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold: They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold: They arieved, but no waii from their slumbers will

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is They died, ay! they died: and wethings that are

now, Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow, Who make in their dwelling a transient abode. Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage

Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes I-hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, We mingle together insumshine and rain; And the smile and the tears, the song and the dirge, Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath, From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shrond—Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Discontent.

Two boats rocked on the river, In the shadow of leaf and tree; One was in love with the harbor, One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
But held the other, longing,
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river, In the shadow of leaf and tree, With wistful eyes looks ever To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow, Though sailing fair and fleet, Looks back to the peaceful river, To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet Of the moss-grown shaded shore; One sighs that it may enter The harbor never more.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and will;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us,
There's naught so true as this:
The winds of fate blow ever,
But ever blow amiss.



THOMAS PAINE.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's Tribute to His Memory.

THE FAMOUS INFIDEL EULOGIZED.

Author of the "Age of Reason" and "Rights of Man"—His Labors in Behalf of Liberty—His Death.

The following address was delivered by Col.
Robert G.Ingersollat Chicago on the 29th ult..
the 137th anniversary of the birthday of
Thomas Paine:

Thomas Paine:

Re to happened that in the first speech, the very first public speech I ever made. I took occasion to defend the memory of Thomas Paine. I Applause.] I did it because I had read a little something of the learner I had read a little something of the learner I had read a little something of the line of line of the line of line of the line

HE LOYED THE TRUTH
For the truth's sake, and for man's sake. He saw oppression on every hand, injustice everywhere: hypocrisy at the altar, venality on the where: hypocrisy at the throne; and with a hypocrisy of the throne; and with a

hounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead." This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church in this world. (Laughter.)

DAY AND NIGHT HE LABORED

For America: month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the great cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed and consecrated to the happiness of mankind. At the close of the Revolution no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patrictic, were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good he might have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call "respectable." He could have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salvos of artillery, a nation in mourning, and, above his dust, a splendid monument covered with hes. [Applause.] He chose rather to benefit mankind. At that time the seeds sown by the great infidels were beginning to bear fruit in France. The people were beginning to think. On every hand science was bearing testimony against the church. Voltaire had filled Europe with light, D'Holbach was giving to the clite of Paris the principles contained in his "System of Nature." A few had the courage to keep their shoes on and let the bush burn. Miraoles began to get scarce. [Laughter.] Everywhere the people began to inquire. America had set an example to the world. The word liberty was in the mounts of men, and they began to wipe the dust from their superstitious knees. I homas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race and as a champion of free government. He bad never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities and abuses of the English Government. For this purpose, he composed and published his greatest pol

This work should be read by every man and woman, and especially by every minister! Laughter.] And let me say right here, there are not ten ministers in the United States who

lute thoroughness it has never been excelled.

In 1792 Paine was elected by the Department of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly.

So great was his popularity in Final Partment of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly.

By Great was his popularity in Final Partments. Upon taking his place in four departments. Upon taking his place in the strength of the property of the strength of the control of Thomas Paine there would have been not "Reign of Terror." The street of parts would not have been filled with blood. And let me say right here that him all that Reign of Terror, which then 17,000 people; and on one night in the massecre of St. Bartholomew there four in France by assassination over the four was filled with a real love for manking. His philanthropy was bound children. Pedre was filled with a real love for manking his philanthropy was bound children. Pedre was filled with a real love for manking his privileges monarchy—not transpart and against the death of the cannot have been subjected to establish a Government on an approtection to all. In the essembly, where nearly all were demanding the monarch provided was almost the execution of the King—where to diffic where to be use-pected was almost from the majority was to be suspected. The manking his provided was almost provided was almost provided was almost provided was almost provided was a control of the King was to vote against the execution of the King was to vote against his execution of the King. This was to vote against his execution of the King and there isn't a theologian who have to be with Panking This was to vote against his exercity of ever maligned Thomas Paine that had death. Sears he record for the control of the king of the provided was almost provided with the provided was almost provided with the provided was the control of the wind and the out of the provided was almost pr

All religious have been based upon the idea that God will forey reward the true believer and efernally damn the man who doubts or dernies. Credinity goes to heaven, investigation goes to hell. The more you believe, the more happy doubt, the more free. Nobody will be inheaven if he had doubts. Doubts don't go there, and doubts are the smartest things about you. And if you want to heaven, say "yes," and keep saying it, and let your head, in front of every priest, go like one of those Chinese tea signs. [Laughter: J. Hy you want to have a sure thing on heaven, say "yes," and keep saying it, and let your head, in front of every priest, go like one of those Chinese tea signs. [Laughter: J. WHEN FAINE WAS BORN The world was religious, the pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the sidea that it had the right to think. The splendid saying of Lord Baeon that "the inquiry of trath, which is the love-making or wooning of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the rejoving of it, are the sovereign good of human nature." has been gand ever will be, rejected by religiousists. Intellectual liberty, as a matter of needs to be selected to the control of the brain the vice of the control of the contr

tion—was then believed and presence.
ibit was to secure the damnation of your
This absurd and
DEVILISH DOCTRINE
ed the common sense of Thomas Paine,
a denonneed it with the fewor of honest

se and delusive grare out of that leads to joy into the broad way of cristing death? Is it possible that we we been given reason simply that we may rough faith ignore its deductions and avoid conclusions? Pught the sailor to throw way his compass and depend entirely upon its for it reason is not to be depended upon matters of religion, that is to say, in spect of our dutes to the Deity, why should be relied upon in matters respecting as rights of our fellows? Why should we now away the liws given to Moses by God imself, and have the audacity to make some four own? How dare we drown the thuncars of Sinai by calling the ayes and noes in a setty legislature? If reason can determine the transmith what is just, the duties of

ders of Sinai by caling the ayes and noes in a petty legislature? If reason can determine what is mercitul, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want cither in time or cternity? Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar the sacrifice of the goddess Reason; that compels her to abdicate forever the shiming throne of the soul, strps from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the scepter of thought, and makes her the bondwoman of a senseless faith! [Applause.] I admit that most Christians are honest—al-ways have admitted it. I admit that most ministers are honest and that they are doing the best they can in their way for the good of mankind; but their dectrines are hurtful; they do harm in the world; and I am going to do what I can against their doctrines. [Loud applause.] They preach this infany: "He that believes shall be saved, and he that believes hall be dammed." Every world of that text has been an instrument of torture; every letter in that text has been a sword thrust into the bleeding and quivering heart of man; every letter has been a dungcon; every line has been chain; and that infamous sentence has covered this world with blood. (Applause.] I deay that "whoso believes shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be dammed." Laughter and applause.]

Say that he had no right to attack this doctrine, because he was unacquainted with the dead tanguages. People have said that about me. You have no right to say anything against the Bible because you don't understand. Hebrew. If your Eible is not translated right, I flit is not translated right. If it is not translated right, And why would God give an inspired book to the world and not see to it that it was translated right? And leaft upon some of the angels who have nothing else to do to get that book right. (Langhter.] I suppose there are some angels who have nothing else to do to get that book right. (Langhter.] Faine attacked the Bible as it is translated and it is translated five else an! [flow as portraine of his believe perfume of his believe nwith joy. In a lied heaven with several several

war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the lader of joy and the despiser of relicious liberty. It taught parent?

TO MURDER HEIR CHILDREN
Rather than allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous. Kirk' disapproved, her children, were taken from her gams, her babe from her very besom, and she was not allowed to see them or to write them a word. It would not allow showlyrecked sailors to be rescued from drowning on Sunday. You have no idea what a muss it kicks up in heaven to have anybody swim on Sunday. It fills the whirling worlds with sadness to seen how in a boat, and the attention of the Recording Secretary is called to it, and in a voice of thunder they exclaim. "Upset him." It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious erneity and ghom, and to change mankind into a west horder of pions, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Sectoh divines said: "The Kirk holds that religious toleration is not fail rom blaspheny." And this same Scotch If ins denounced, when the world the many religion. And this same kirk holds that religious toleration is not fail rom blaspheny. And the sought have been dead to the same kirk holds that religious toleration is not fail rom blaspheny. And the sought have been dead to the same kirk holds that the lamb the religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." At that time puthing so delighted the Church as the beauties of endless torment and listening to the work waitings of damned infants struggling in the slimy coils and poison folds of the worm that never dies. About the beginning of the minteenth century a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead was indied and tried at Edinburgh for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished plingelf in hell that he might per world and the cold and the development of the bible, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished plingelf in hell that he might be burned the row in the power of the grow of the grow of the grow of the

ment, are of no value to them. They demand the complete circle-the entire structure. Paine denied the authority of Bibles and creeds; this was his crime, and for this the world shut the door in his face, and emptied its slops upon him from the windows. [Laughter.] I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity or liberty; and yet he has been pursued as though he had murdered some Uriah for his wife; driven some Hagar into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom; defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assasinate another; kept a harem with 700 wives and 300 concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities. [Applause.] The doubter, the investigator, the infidel, have been the

SAYIORS OF LIBERTY.

But the Church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any infidel should be wicked enough to endeavor to destroy her power. I will tell the Church why. You have impresoned the human mind; you have lent the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake, wasted us upon slow fires, torn our flesh with iron; you have one as a outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have fulled the world with fear; you have folded the world with fear; you have folded the world with fear; you have folded to finish the holy work in hell. [Applause.] Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of a

stroy each chier. More than five millions of Christians are trained, educated and drilled To Merder Trained, educated and drilled To Merder Trained, educated and drilled To Merder Trained, educated and drilled incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending itself from Christians. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare. Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit markind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them. We need free bodies and free minds—free labor and free thought—chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us truth. [Applause.] We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions. We need have no fear of being too radical. The tuture will verify all grand and brave predictiens. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time; but he was orthodox compared with the imidels of to-day. Science, the great iconoclast, has been busy since 1809, and by the highway of Progress are the broken images of the Past. Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it read the starry page of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts, and now the electric spark, reighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the Sea. Science took a tear rom the check of unpaid labor, converted into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil. [Applause.] Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes—one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the Great Republic. He lived a long, laborious and useful lite. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. It also the bridge bread of Sour time—to be a pioneer in the direction of right—is greatness, Thomas Paine was good. It to be in advance of your time—to be a pioneer in the direction of right—is greatness, Ihmas Paine was

the age of 73.

DEATH TOUCHED HIS TIRED HEART.

He died in the land his genius defended—
ander the flag he gave to the skies. Slander
cannot touch him now—hatred cannot reach
him more. He sleeps in his sanctuary of the
tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars. A few
more rays of light, and mankind will venerate
the memory of him who said: "Any system of
religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot
be a true system." "The world is my country, and to do good is my relignon." The locturer then proceeded to answer the question,
"Did Thomas Paine recant?" citing the evidence of many of his friends that he died holding the religious opinions he had published,
and asking if he died a Christian why was he
pursued by Christians, and why did they denounce his death as cowardly. He had offered
one thousand dollars in gold to any minister
who would prove, or to any person who
would prove, that Thomas Paine recented in his last hours. The New York Observer accepted the wager, and then told a
falsehood about it, but he kept after the gentlemen until he forced them, in their paper,
published on the 1st day of November, 1877,
to print these works: "We have never stated
in any form, nor have we ever supposed, that
Thomas Paine renounced his in Alelity. The
accounts all agree in stating that he died a
blaspheming infidel." The next charge was
that Paine died in destitution or want. That,
of course, would show that he was wrong.
Laughter.] Christians boasted that the
founder of their religion had not where to lay
his head, but when they found a man who
stood for the rights of man—when they said
he died poor, that was evidence that his dotrine was a lie. It wouldn't do. [Laughter.]
To show the falsity of this charge, Colonel
Ingersoll quoted from Paine's will to show
that he was worth upwards of \$15,000. Coninuing, he said: But suppose, for the sake of
argument, that he was poor, and that he died
a beggar, does that tend to show that the
Bible is an inspired book, and that Calvin die
not hum. Servetus? If Paine

And the second control of the second control

derought, took a path of writer from the barrel, carried it provided in Product the clouds to empty, themselves into the sea. Has God ever interfered in the aiturs of the world? This is an all-important question, for upon it depends the question wheelver we have any human rights at all. If there is an infinite Being who does ever thing to suit himselves any new forman rights at all. If there is an infinite Being who can write the even the thing to an old any new because we can 'talter his plans. No one ever interfered to prevent slavery in any country—st any time or in any place. No one ever interfered to prevent slavery in any country—st any time or in any place. No one ever interfered to prevent any other form of human oppression or wrons. Honey on one than the start a redg on without a misuele. X one of the show that the feet is a God who interferes with the slains of this world. But admit that he is infinite and it makers not whether you pray to him or not. If makes no difference what you do. It is like trying to lift yourself by the straps of your bodes; it is no good, this prayer. Let us go not be time when so olety was first formed by contract; that so could be time when so olety was first formed by contract; the country was first formed by contract; the country was first formed by contract; the make form the live of the time when so could be the country was first formed by contract; the animals formed themselves into focks and herds by agreement. How did men originally come to act together? By contract? No. By necessity? Yes. When men lirst formed themselves into focks and herds by agreement. How did men originally come to act together? By contract? No. By necessity? Yes. When men lirst formed themselves into focks and herds by agreement was superior. Let us got the foundation of this time the itom he saw an animals for the did to the country of the superior. Let us got the foundation of the superior was an advantage of the superior was anot any of the superior was an advantage of the superior was an ad

consistion of sines; and they would ascrible to be man in Pocusset, Mass, who read they did now testament so carcillity and an electrical with the killed his own if he believed these had been as the sould have been and sold he will have been and sold his own with the believed those with the believed those and sold him in Abram started off to do the inhuman work, and was just going to kill his son, when God fortunately stopped him just in when mick of time. Jephtha made a death with God that if God mich the first him just in which god that if God mich the first him just in with God that if God mich the first him just in some and as he neared his home a company of siris met him, and at their head was his own daughter. He sortified her. This man in Massachusetts, having read becautiful stories—inhuman less of which we had been and their head was becautiful stories—inhuman less of which we had been and the children. It is to be a sortified on the south of the children. It is to be a sortified on the south of the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children to be a sortified on the children. It is to be a sortified on the children to be a sortified to

pristention have increased over \$6, 900. What Catholic nation is the
dox to-day? Spain. And is there
er nation? What next? Portugal.
t? Italy, the land covered with
avery one of which carries an image
gin Mary or some invorte saint, and
is himself with holy water in the
before he starts on his brigand work,

perous country in Europe to-day? France.

drunkenness. What nation is the most infidel to day? France. Which is the most prosperous country in Europe to-day? France. There is another Christian nation. Russia. Our President has complimented the Czarthat God left watching over the sparrows and watched over his infamous life and saved him from assassination. Go with me to Siberia. Who are these poor creatures drawing wagons on their hands and knees? Girls of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen or twenty; what are they there for? For having said a word in favor of human liberty. That is all. Do you blame the lovers or the parents of these girls if they endeavored to send a bullet to the heart of the Czar who allows such brutality? In such a case my sympathies are closest around the point of the dagger. I have said that in many of our States an infidel is not allowed to testify in a court of justice. Let me prove it. [The lecturer here proceeded to read extracts from the laws or constitutions of the various States in support of his assertion.] In allading to the indgment day he said; Won't the orthodox be happy on that day! I want to show you a little picture I got from the old church where Shakespeare was buried, giving a description of the judgment day. About fifty fellows were coming out of their graves and little devils grabbing them by their heels. There was a great caldrom with about twenty fellows in it, and devils pouring boiling pitch into it, five or six more were hung upon hooks through their tongues. Eight in the other corner were some saints, and I never, saw such a solf-satisfied grin on any person's face in my life. They seemed to say to the sinner. "How now, Mr. Smartie, what did I tell you?" I believe there are lots of clergymen in the United States willing to die to see me in hell. I once read-a little poem translated from the Persian of a good man who worked for seven long years in acts of charity and heety, and again ascended to the gate and knocked. Who is there? Thy servant, O God! No, answer. Again he toiled seven more years, and then mou so long as popes, cardinals, and churches, and all the coming down from high for men coming down from the first takes the place of superstition. I to take a "d" from the name of devil, so as to make it evil, and I to stick an "0" into the word so that it will be the supreme fint men will worship is the future.

The superment of the first men will be perfect, round in the first men will worship is the future.

The superment of the first men will be perfect, round in the first men will be perfect.

On Tuesday evening last the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Captain Daniel Coffin was celebrated at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. M. B. Lewis, No. 432 Twenty-second street. Among those present were one child, two grand-children and six great-grandchildren. Before linnel, his oldest great-grandchild, Miss Mattle Parrish, presented him with a basket of presents in the evening, the feetivings were transferred in

A GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

THE LAST RITES.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES DE YOUNG YESTERDAY.

Attended to the Grave by a Great Throng of Mourners-Scenes at the Residence and at the Grave.

All that was mortal of Charles de Young was consigned to the tomb yesterday after, noon. The funeral services began at the family residence, To. 317 Eddy street, and terminated at the door of the receiving house of the dead. The occasion demonstrated the depth and extent of the public estern in which the deceased was held, an estern which comprehended in its sympathetic circle all classes and conditions of people, from the rich man to the poor laborer, the aged won the rich man to the poor laborer, the aged won the rich man to the poor laborer, the aged won the rich man to the poor laborer, the aged won the rich man to the poor laborer, the aged won the rich man to turn their steps towards the house of mourning. By 10 o'clock there were many people on the street, waiting for an opportunity to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. They were very quiet and patient, showing by their demeanor their respect for the dead and their sympathy for the afflicted family. Soon carriages began to arrive containing friends of the deceased and of his family. These arrivals continued to increase rapidly, and soon the street for the whole length of the block was thronged with vehicles. The body was received at the house in the latter part of the afternoon of the preceding day, and was laid in state on a catafalque in the front parior of the residence, on the main floor. It was encased in a neat casket of highly-polished walnut, still lined, with extension silver handles, and trimmings of the same material. On the All that was mortal of Charles de Young was consigned to the tomb yesterday after nut, satin lined, with extension silver handles, and trimmings of the same material. On the lid was a silver plate bearing this inscription:

> CHARLES DE YOUNG, DIED APRIL 23, 1880, Aged 36 years.

The casket was covered with floral tributes, thaste and reverential in design, the offerings of affectionate sympathy from the most intimate friends of the deceased. These oblations, when they been me too numerous to have place on the lid of the casket, were placed on stands reside it. On top of the flowers on the lid lay the regalia of the degree of the deceased in the order of Odd Fellows to which he belonged. At the proper time the people in waiting outside were admitted. The top part of the lid was removed, revealing the features of the dead through the glass case that covered them. The lineaments of the familiar face them. The lineaments of the familiar face wore a natural repose, although somewhat swellen and greatly marked with powder grains, in consequence of the contiguity of the murdatous weapon to the face when the fatal shot was delivered. The visitors were admitted by the hall-door, passed around the casket, taking a last glance at the features of the dead as they filed by and then passed out through the adjoining drawing-room, thence down the steps and into the street and away. As they passed the coffin it was evident, by the tear in every eye, the bowed heads and the mournful glance, that they were actuated by a more sacred feeling than the morbid curvosity usually largely incident to such occasions. The feeling stirring them was one of deep and redesign any nection to such occasions. The feeling stirring them was one of deep and respectful regret. For nearly two hours the procession continued uninterruptedly in this manner, and many were unable to pay this last tribute to the deceased, as it became necessary to close the door in order that the funeral services might begin before all could be admitted who desired.

VIEWING THE REMAINS.

Shortly before 1 o'clock the members of Yerba Buena Lodge, No. 15, A. O. O. F., of which deceased was a member, arrived, clothed in the mourning regalia of the Order. They passed in, marching two by two, and filed by the coffin to take their last look at the face of their deceased brother. After them a few more friends were admitted for the same purpose. Then the doors were closed and the more intimate friends of the family, who throughed the two parlors, gathered for the services. The relatives of the deceased were gathered near the casket, with the exception certices. The relatives of the deceased were cathered near the casket, with the exception of the aged mother. She was in her room up stairs, overwhelmed with the weight of her sudden bereavement. The awful news was broken to her as gradually and tenderly as human affection could suggest. The truth was imparted piecemeal, and it was only a few

hat the fact that her son was dead was im-parted to her. She sank crushed beneath the barted to her. She sank crushed beneath the blow, sought her room and remained there, stunned by an unspeakable grief. When informed in answer to her inquiries that the tentures of the dead were disfigured, she declined to see them, saying that she preferred to have the face of her boy in her mind as she last saw him and remembered him in life. She never saw the body and was physically unable to leave her room yesterday. The funeral services at the house were very simple. Rev. Elkan Cohn, of the Congregation Eman-El, whose synaggue is on Satter street, advanced to the head of the casket, and standing there, pronounced the following address:

DR. COHN'S EULOGY.

DR. COHN'S ELLOGY.

Beloved Brethren: In the house of mourning, and at the solemn moment when, with sobbing hearts and tearful eyes, we are to bid the last farewell to a deceased brother and friend, when once more, and for the last time, our looks linger upon his pallid features to imprint them into our memory and to enshrine them sacredly in the depths of our soul, the temenbrance of what he has been while living apon earth, the traits of mind and heart and character and manhood that distinguished his earthly career, arise as it were before our eyes to comfort us in our affliction; to soothe the woe that oppresses our hearts, and to remind as that not the clay of the prostrate body, but something infinitely higher, the spiritual power, the intellectual strength, the moral worth, imperishable and indestructible, form the soul and substance of our being. Indeed there must have been in the spiritual nature of Charles de Young, whose untimely and sudden and violent death we all so deeply deplore, some pure metal of intellectual vigor and of true renial capacity, if we consider the assiduity, the perseverance, the unremitting labor and unflinching tenacity of purpose with which through all his lifetime he unceasingly struggled to reach the high aim of his aubition. Fatherless in early childhood, with no means at his command to enter into the struggle of life, throw upon his own energies and resources, but with a spiring city never fails to hold out to men of spirit and energy, and which he sagae out last, at the and confort those he loved, but also to establish in his paper a center of political power and influence, which is widely felt throughout the State and averywhere acknowledged. It do not intend to dwell upon these achievements; they are recorded as historical facts in the history of our city and State. But what more than these distinguished his name, what in the eyes of God, before whose triounal of instice he is now standing, will, as we sincerely hope, atone for many shortcomings and to respect her was as

THE EFFECT UPON THE ASSEMBLAGE. A deep and solemn calm pervaded the assembly during the delivery of the opening portion of the address. As the tremulan portion of the address. As the tremuleus tones of the speaker, freighted with the elequence of a grief that every heart bowed under, continued, they were mingled with the low sobbings of suppressed sorrow on every hand, and when he touched upon the deep, devoted love of the deceased for his aged mother and the unspeakable affliction of the mother, every heart was melted, and the momother, every heart was melted, and the moment was one whose solemn sensations are never to be forgotten. When the address concluded, room was made, and the carriers and other employes of the Chronicle, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, filed in from the assembly room and passed around the casket to take their last look at the dead. Then the lid of the coffin was screwed on, the pall-bearers advanced, and the coffin and the dead were removed to the hears and the procession was formed. The following are the names of the pall-bearers:

JUDGE A. CAMPELL. R. H. LLOYD.
RAPHAEL WEIL.
DR. G. HOLLARD.
LOUIS R. LULL.
B. A. WARDELL.
JOHN M. WULLIAMS

JOHN TIMMINS. JOHN LAWS. MAJ. O. LIVERMORE. PAUL KEYSER. L. N. JACOBS.

MAJ. O. LIVERMORE. PAUL KEYSER.
L. N. JACOBS.

The last four were representatives of Yerba Buena Lodge of Odd Fellows. The procession formed in the following order: At its head were the members of Yerba Buena Lodge, in very full rank, marching two abreast; after them came the printers, stereotypers, presmen, carriers, clerks and other attaches of the Chrostoffe, numbering about one hundred and fifty. These were followed by other friends of the deceased on foot. Then came the carriage of Rev. Dr. Cohn. The hearse was next, and after that a long line of carriages containing the members of the family and a great many other mourners. A feature of the occasion, as the procession moved along, was the demeanor denoting the most marked respect of the people along the line, especially those whose garb and appearance showed that they belonged to the poorer classes, the toilers of the land, who invariably uncovered and stood in respectful attitude as the cortege passed.

At the Cemeters.

AT THE CEMETERY.

The entrance to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery was heavily draped for the occasion. An immense concourse of people gathered here, anticipating the cortege by fully an hour. Before the procession arrived their numbers had swelled so that they occupied nearly every foot of available ground within the enclosure, crowding as closely as they could possibly crowing as closely as they could possibly stand, and even turning burial mounds and fences into points of vantage for witnessing the burial ceremony. So dense was the throng that there was room only for the carriages containing the relatives, the Rabbi, the pallbearers and a few others. The main line of carriages and people on foot were unable to get within the cemetery grounds. Shortly before 3 o'clock the bell of the cemetery chapel tolled the arrival of the funeral corchapel tolled the arrival of the funeral cortege. The latter drew up in front of the general receiving vault. The coffin was removed from the hearse and placed on stools before the door of the vault. The relatives gathered about it, the Rabbi and the head officer of the Odd Fellows' Lodge stood at its head, and there in the open air and the bright sunshine, in the presence of the assembled thousands, the final rites were observed. L. L. Alexander, Past Grand of Yerba Buena Lodge, read in a solemn and impressive manner the beautiful Grand of Yerba Buena Lodge, read in a sol-emn and impressive manner the beautiful burial service of the Odd Fellows' ritual. Then Dr. Cohn read from the Hebrew text into English the same service of the ritual of the Jewish Church. The ultimate words, "Earth to carth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were pronounced. The coffin was placed in-side the vault, the relatives passed within and lingered with their dead for some min-ntes, taking their last, sad farewell. The utes, taking their last, sad farewell. The coffin was then placed within one of the receptacles of the vault, where it will remain temporarily pending the preparation of its final resting place.

TRIBUTES OF SYMPATHY.

A Profuse and Beautiful Array of Floral Offerings.
The floral offerings from the friends of the deceased were profuse in the extreme. The casket, where the white, immobile face of the dead lay in its rigid semblance of sleep, was covered with the fresh, white tributes of sympathy and friendship; a table at the foot was likewise burdened with flower-pieces; while upon the mantel, the window stand and about the crape-hung room were disposed bouquets and wreaths so numerous that places could not be found for them. Many of them were in-scribed with the names of friends of Mr. De scribed with the names of friends of Mr. De Young. Many more, however, came unlettered, the evident tributes of those who did not allow their non-acquaintanceship to act as a bar to the expression of their sympathy. In the forencon, before the services, two ladies came with large bouquets, and asked to place them on the casket. They said that they did not know Mr. De Young, but they had sons, and they desired to express a mother's sympathy. pathy.

A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE.

A somewhat similar and very affecting oc-currence took place shortly before the services began. An old lady trudged feebly up the steps and entered the ball and asked to be shown the casket. She had in her hand a bouquet of flowers, and wished to place them on it. A gentleman offered to take them for bouquet of flowers, and wished to place them on it. A gentleman offered to take them for her, but she said no, and from her voice and eyes the gentleman saw that she was weeping. "I want to put them there myself if I may," she said, timidly. "I picked them myself because I loved him."

"Did you know him?" asked a friend of the family.

"No; but I know what he did for his mother and I love him, and I'm sorry, so sorry," said she, as she gently laid her offering beside the

It was less pretentious than some of them. It was a lot of miscellaneous flowers, the eyr-

is a breath of kindline a wealth of loving pity adorning it, with which no florist's art could endow it, and which made more than one share the sorrow of the old lady, who, all unknown, wept beside the form of the dead son and brother.

VARIOUS FLORAL GIFTS.

Among the most prominent pieces was a large pillow of small white blossoms, with tube-roses and caruellias interspersed, and a border of maiden's hair, fern and cypress leaves. The inscription, which in dark blue violets was arranged across the pillow, was:

DIED FOR HIS MOTHER.

Beside it stood a tall broken column, four feet in hight, of heliotrope, white rosebuds, camellias and smilax, with a garland of violets twined around it. Attached was a white ribbon on which was inscribed in small gold letters: "Our mournful sympathy—Chronicle Business Office."

Another large pillow of immortelles, with camellias at each corner, bore in delicate blue forget-me-nots the single word:

REST.

Beside it stood another broken column of cliotrope and immortelles, with smilax and

heliotrope and immorenes, with similar and ferns intertwined.

A large anchor of black pansies, with smilar and cypress border and a wreath of camellias encircling it, stood upon the mantel, a photograph of the deceased, draped in crape, occupying the center. On the accompanying card was inscribed: "From the attaches of the Editorial Department—those who knew him

Among the many wreaths was one of coal-Among the many wreaths was one of coal-black pansies bordered with leaves of the bri-dal wreath. Near it was a tall floral harp, with s rings wreathed of cypress shoots and sides made up of camellias and white pinks, and the snow-white, bell-shaped blossoms of the wood lily. The graceful leaves of maiden's hair were entwined with the lilies and surmounted the sides. The beas was of white was in

were entwined with the lilies and surmounted the sides. The base was of white roses, immortelles and forget-me-nots.

A large crown was composed of immortelles and surmounted by a large white eamellia.

A large anchor, which was placed at the foot of the casket, was composed of camellias, heliotrope and smilax, with an offering of similar shape, and composed of white rosebuds, heliotrope and cypress, laid across it.

One cross, among several, was a simple and

One cross, among several, was a simple and beautiful mass of camellias and lilies, picked out with heliotrope. A large star of the same flowers, together with three anchors, two crosses, and many bouquets, was left upon the grave after the interment of the remains

Memoria in Eterna.

We have laid him away to rest; For his noble spirit flown Left us but an empty casket— The jewel God claimed his own.

'Tis one of the brightest jewels God has in his home above. 'Twas the sacrifice of a son, For duty and mother-love.

His life was born of the whirlwind, His soul was tempest-tossed— He breasted the wildest billows And never counted the cost.

Yet under the fierce wild nature, That never trembled with fear, There beat the heart of a woman Tenderly touched by a tear.

Bold as a lion, meek as a dove, His was a heart all giving; He gave his life, he gave himself— Sacrifice to the living.

Never was nobler offering laid Upon the altar of love; Such child-love for a mother The angels carol above.

Rest sweet from your troubled labors In the star-realms deep and wide; While in the hearts of those you loved Your memory shall abide. April 25, 1880.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

Sermon of Rev. Dr. Woodbridge on the Recent Murder. Rev. Dr. Woodbridge discoursed last even-ing in his, church on Twentieth street upon the "Lessons of the Past Week"—apon the remarkable storm of the elements and the whirlyind of passion and revenge which he

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Ah, pain And us Butearr? For the Hencefo Oneun CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

as exponents of how

Ought to conduct themselves. Did anyone find in the utterances of Josus Christ anything to justify a man for coarse, rude speech, for vulgar remarks, or attempts to blacken the character of an aged, defenceless woman? The younger Kalloch, without a moment's warning, sent his victim before the judgment bar of God. If he had been actuated by Christian principle, it would have been impossible that such means should have been impossible that such means thought a principle of or spirit and temper. There had always been bad preachers and wicked preachers—corrupt, covetous, licentiques. Judas was a preacher, and yet he betrayed the Lord himself. In every age ministers had fallen into sin; yet such were few in number compared with their whole number. What was needed in Callifornia was a higher sense of Christian duty and a higher standard of Christian principle. He wished that the Kallochs—father and son—could have seen this and acted on it, as their great Master would have done. How could Kalloch dare, with his knowledge of the terrors of the Lord, to rush madly upon the bosses of the Almighty's buckler and write upon his life.

THE RECORD OF THE CRIME

madify upon the bosses of the Amignity's buckler and write upon his life.

THE RECORD OF THE CRIME.

Of Friday evening? Why did he not rather earry out the instructions of the Great Feacher in the Sermon on the Mount, which were real? He professed to be guided by these instructions, but in fact he cast them behind him as did his father, and trampled then moder his bloody and revengeful feet. He could hardly find words, the preacher said, to express the horror he felt for such a terrible crime deliberately committed by a professed minister of the Gospel of peace and good will to man. No tears could recall such wrongs as it indicted. No confession could obliterate them. They rose like the eternal mountains on the wild shores of an eternity that could never forget them. They created eternal weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Oh! the stings of death in an asonized con-

weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Oh! the stings of death in an agonized conscience! Oh! the vain wish of recalling what never could be recalled! "Thy brother's blood crient to me from the ground," said God to the murderous Cain. Who could restore the shattered form, the brilliant intellect, the commanding power of organization of Charles de Young? Gone are they swept into implore the mercy of God—right from the flush of health and young manhood. Terrible was his doom, yet a thousand times better than that of him whose hand is stained with his blood.

Never More.

owcetness that can never more return?
Thou art passed out of life,—and whither

The hard-pruned bough may heal, and sprout And some light hearts may all too quickly

To spare the brave, and live without the true.

But as some painter that yet seeks in vain The long wooed color for his hungry eye, and dreams it woven on some foreign loom, To wake and find it missing 'neath his sky, So have we lost a glory to the tomb,

Spring shall come round and all her sounds be

dear, And sweet her lips with all ambrosial dew The wooing sun shall set earth's heart sair, and she rejoice, and we have rapture too. But one hushed chord shall no more answer

Out of life's sunny woof one thread is drawn, Death's face has bleached for us her fairest

One flower that bloomed is fallen-later flower Will never shine as sweet against our sky, Fil this blank place, that fragrant scent re-

Ah painter! take thy brush, for life is short, ad use the colors left thee-they are fair-Butearry still the hunger at thine heart

For that which is not there. Henceforth, upon thy paiette and my life
One unfilled spot lies have,

DEATH AT THE GOAL.

died of joy on his first sight of Jerusalem.)

He sailed across the glittering seas that swept In music toward the East! Far off, along the shore, the nations wept— People, and king, and priest.

For every land was heavy with the grief That one fair city bore. And half the world had gone to her relief, Half wept upon the shore.

He heard the sound of anger and of tears, And in his steadfast eye Resolve to right the bitter wrong of years Shone yet more stern and high.

And nearer every day the sunrise glowed,
And filled his heart with fire.
Still drawing him swiftly onward, till it showed
The land of his desire.

He touched the shore, and knelt with tears at length,
To kiss the sacred strand,
Then rose to seek, clad in a solemn strength,
The city of the land.

Across the low pale hills he took bis way, By dreary tower and tomb, Across the plains of Sharon, where to-day The rose forgets to bloom;

Till, at the lighting of the evening fires
Along the western sky,
He saw the promised home of his desires
In royal beauty lie.

O city, sorrowful, yet full of grace!
The sinking sun aderns
With a celestial smile thine altered face
Beneath its crown of thorns.

The heavy storms of rage and trouble heat
Around thy sacred heart;
Thou hast a deadly wound, yet strangely sweet
And beautiful thou art.

And thou hast drawn, from all the colder lands Beyond the western sea, Hearts burning for thy wrongs, and eager hands To fight for God and thee.

Lift up thy head; thou sittest faint and fair—
This sunset on thy brow—
And see, with what an ecstacy of prayer
A true knight greets thee now.

Smile on his passionate love, his radiant face, His consecrated sword;
In one bright moment let thy matchless grace
Give him a quick reward.

For as the heart beats wildly at its goal, With every prayer fulfilled, Suddenly shivered is the golden bowl, The bounding pulse is stilled!

And, dead, he falls at thy beloved feet, Pierced by the fatal dart Of joy too high, triumphant joy too sweet For the imprisoned heart.

Dead at the goal! screne and satisfied,
With never sigh nor moan,
But with the exulting face of one who died
Of joy and love alone.

And we have seen, on many a loved one's face,
This rapture at the goal;
This joy in death, this last and sweetest grace
Of the departing soul.

These, too, had traveled by a weary road, And, when the end drew nigh, They saw the glorious city, God's abode, Smile in the eastern sky;

And at this vision, heavenly and fair,
And pure without alloy—
This infinite answer to a life-long prayer—
They die at last of joy.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded By aught that occasioned a pang of regret, Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded; Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; ob, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter.
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply.
Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget
—Chambers Journal.

"YES!"

Dear hiding-place, I pray you keep This secret in your breast: O, fold it sure and fold it fast, And let it safely rest! And let it rest and let it lie Till paling sky shall show Through pearly pallor, softly gray, The flush of morning's glow.

For then-while dawn is still a dream, And all is hushed and still-Some one will cross the dewy fields That spread below the hill; Will swiftly pass through flowering aisles, And crush the petals sweet-Dear hiding place, I pray you, lay, My secret at his feet!

Ah, cold and lifeless seems the word My trembling hand has traced; He will not guess the thousand hopes That with that word are placed! O, will he guess or will he know? Dear blossoms at my feet, Look up and whisper, faint and low-I long his eyes to meet.

Ah, happy letter, you will feel His touch, so light and true! Ah, happy hand that draws you forth, I would that I were you! I would and would not-love and fear Make up so large a sum Within my foolish heart to-day, The heart that he has won.

O, have I lived or have I loved In any years before? For now I cannot dream of joy, Save with him evermore. I waste the days, the nights, the hours, In thoughts that come and go; And yet in all their circling flight, One name alone they kow.

O, lavish lights and floating shades, I would you were no more; Fly down and haunt the midnight glades, And tell me day is o'er! Dear Ivy, keep my secret safe; Like him you cannot guess That life and love are centered here, Where I have written-Yes!

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide, The flowers are sweetest at the eventide, And birds most musical at close of day, And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm, And weary man must ever love her best, For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear

A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer; Footsteps of angels follow in her trace, To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws

O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose; There is a calmer beauty and a power That morning knoweth not, in the Evening

Until the Evening we must weep and toil-Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil-Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,

And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide, Like Summer Evening down the golden tide: And leave behind us as we pass away,

Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping

Life's Embroidery.

Warp and woof of wondrous whiteness, pure as brooding angel's dream,
Hangs the web of life before me—how the dainty fancies gleam!
How shall grow the fadeless pattern? Will the lily-bell of peace
Swing, and from its golden chalice drop the magic soul-release?

Work more swiftly, cunning fingers—see, the Master will not wait
While I waste the golden moments knocking at the door of fate;
Wreaths the now with holy blossoms, purple vetches sweet and dim,
Sacred to the blessed memory of my mother's cradle hymn.

Clover-blooms and dainty heart's-case let me place in every fold,
And the humble, coy marsh-mallow, with its tint of paley gold.
All the sweetest and the fairest—so my spirit prays to-night.
Shrinking with a dreary shudder from the dread mimosa's blight.

Shall I wake some dreary morning—find the holy passion-flower,
That I've wrought with such rare sweetness, growing fairer hour by hour,
Snatched by ruthless, faithless fingers from love's holy altar-shrine,
Withered every fragrant petal, torn each tendril's fond entwine?

Shall a wreath of white immortelles, like a crown of drifted snow.
Lie above the pulseless bosom of the one that loves me so?

Ah! where I would broider roses, must I place the bitter rue?

Father! with the wine of patience mingle faith's inspiring dew.

Ah! poor hands so soon grown weary. Ah! poor eyes so dimmed with tears, Thinking of the faulty stitches that shall mar the coming years; Thinking, when the hely Master shall unroll the web of life, Of the weeds I've wrought unwilting and the piercing thorns of strife!

Blessed thought! Beneath his fingers how the frayed and broken ends
Will flow out in finished sweetness, glowing with the grace he lends!
Toil I then 'mid shine and shadow. "Father, not my will, but thine!"
Take my poor, imperfect blossoms; breathe on them thy love divine!

— Mary E. Griswold. them they love divine!
—Mary E. Griswold.
THE OCEAN CEMETERY:

BY DR. W. VAN BUREN. -A MOTLEY group are the ocean dead, In their tombs beneath the waves, Where the slimy weeds are thickly spread, To cover the lonely graves; Where the winds, like solemn mid-night bells, Are chanting a chime of woe, And spirits that live in purple cells Go wandering to-and-fre.

Those dreamless sleepers, rigid and cold, Are a pale uncoffined throng, Whose mournful dirges are sadly tolled By the waves that pass along ; Some went down with a horrible shrick Of the blast which rang through the night, When the heavens a vengeance seemed to wreak And the stars gave not their light:

Some went down when the mutable sea In repose lay calm and still, When scarcely a breeze danced by in glee, The indolent sails to fill; And the waters closed over their forms With a quick and fiendish leap : They sank to a kingdom free from storms-A fathomless realm of sleep! When the tempest is howling above,

And the billows toiling high, These corses forward and dackward move 'Mong the shells that round them lie; Their ghastly features are cold and damp; And their glaring eye-balls seem, By the light of the mermaid's 'spectral lamp.' With a wildness fierce to gleam.

And the vessels sail the lone night long, With treasure and gold and spoil The Mariners praise on high their song, As boldly they onward toil: They little heed-that beneath them lies, That terrible ocean-tomb, Where ghastly faces and staring eyes, Make frightful the silent gloom! All marks of lineage are unknown

In this grave-yard deep and vast: No monument there, or sculptured stone, To tell of the fearful past: To tell of the fearful past:
The peasant and prince sleep side by side.
The king and the servile slave
For poverty's rage and royal pride The Strange Dramatic History of Rev. Father Lake.

AN INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIDOW.

Persecution Follows the Couple to California-Emancipated from Trouble by Death.

Occupying a plainly furnished suite of rooms in a quiet little house on Fifth street, lives the survivor of one of the most remarkable and interesting real-life romances that this country has ever known. As a matter of course she is a woman. A pretty brunette, whose large and lustrous black eyes royeal secrets which her tongue will never explain, and whose full, sensuous lips even now quiver with the brief recital of the strange, strange story of her life. Who is she? Why, no one else than the mysterious wife, or rather, widow, of that brilliant, gifted young Catholic priest, the Brilliant, gifted young Catholic priest, the Rev. Henry S. Luke, who, a year or more ago, created such a scandal in New York, and had the whole Catholic Church by the ears in breaking his ecclesiastical vows by marriage and bidding defiance to the Church. The history of Father Luke is of Church. The history of Father Lake is of more than ordinary interest. He was born in New York city and was the son of Henry Lake, well known in commercial circles as the senior partner of the former dry goods firm of Lake & McCreery on Broadway. The father retired from active business some years ago, and is said to be very wealthy. The son was brought up in the precepts of the Protestant church, but when about fifteen years of age suddenly, to the utter consternation of his relatives, he changed his religion and

BECAME A CATHOLIC.

He was very sincere and enthusiastic in his

he changed his religion and

BECAME A CATHOLIC.

He was very sincere and enthusiastic in his new belief, and, not long after the change, determined on devoting his life to God and the Church. His father offered no impediment, and the youthful convert was sent to the convert was sent was sent to the convert was sent to the convert was sent was sent to the convert was sent w ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

St. ANN'S CHURCH,

St. ANN'S CHURCH,

New York. He was very diligent in his new duties for a time, and seemed to have well chosen his vocation. He was so sincere that he would not even see any of his old Protestant friends, excepting his father, whom he endeavored to proselytize, but without effect. His library became one of the main ornaments of the parsonage. It was not long after he had begun his duties when, in answer to urgent solicitations on his part, he was allowed to preach his first sermon. It was not a great effort, but was creditable to one so inexperienced. After this he preached two or three more sermons, and became so confident and adroit of speech that he was extended an invitation from St. James Church to preach a special sermon on Christmas day. In this sermon, with his usual enthusiasm and disregard of consequences, and without any previous notice to his superiors, he took up the public school question, and used such strong language concerning it, animadverting on the wrong of making Catholics listen to Protestant doctrines, that it made a stir. The sermon was reported, and amongst the public and his own brethren made a sensation, for which he no doubt expected great praise from his superiors, instead of which he was severely admonished by Father Preston not to repeaf so daring an attack upon institutions which it

was not his place to speak about. In addi-tion to this he was punished by not being allowed to preach again for some time to some. This was

A SEVERE BLOW,

Though he took it gently, inwardly revolting at what he considered the injustice of the proceeding. It was not very long after this that Father Lake, continuing to do his duty as a priest in St. Ann's parish initifully, but still under the ban for what he had done, was invited to deliver a sermon at St. Bridget's Church on the subject of "intemperance." It is presumed that he asked permission and probably gave the heads of his discourse before venturing again in the dangerous domains of unpermitted specialty. The time came for him to deliver the sermon or address, and at the beginning of it he got along very well. But imagine the horror of his hearers when he began to describe some of the causes which led to the evil of intemperance among Catholics, and asserted that it was greatly owing to the manner in which certain priests allowed themselves to be beguiled away by the intoxicating cup. Becoming warmed up with his subject he grew still more rash and explicit. He referred to drink as a national evil. He said it was spread through the land—that Governors and legislators set the evil example. In this manner Father Lake wandered in his discourse, utterly regardless of the consternation of his hearers. The news soon spread of the

spread of the Darning and pressistency of the Young Priest
In speaking of matters which it was the desire of all in the Church to leave alone. The event was canvassed in every parsonage in the city, and at first it was generally supposed that Father Lake had received some special instructions to say what he did. Still great indignation existed among the priesthood about the manner in which this had been referred to. No doubt this helped to the conclusion which was reached about him. Father Preston, it is said, begged the Archbishop to remove his assistant and the request was speedily granted. In the mean time, and immediately after the sermon which had ereated such excitement, Father Lake had been temporarily suspended from his functions. That week an order came removing him to Manhattanville. At the same time he was admonished that he should not be allowed to speak in public any more. This action cut Father Lake's impetuous nature to the quick, but he quictly submitted to his new lot and went up to Manhattanville, where his escapades were no longer feared. In the month of November, 1863, when he had been preaching a little over a year, Father Lake became acquainted with

preaching a little over a year, Father Lake became acquainted with

SAPA GENEVRA CHAFA,

A poetess and public reader who at the time was struggling in New York city with that adverse fate which so often dogs the steps of genius. The two studied elocution of the same teacher and were therefore thrown much in each other's society. Both were ambitious to become public speakers, and had already figured in that line, he as preacher and she as a reader on the boards of the Union Square Theater on the occasion of a beuefit performance given by Mrs. Shoridan Shook's amateur company for a Catholic charity, of which Father Lake was at that time the chaplain. It was only a short time before this performance that Father Lake met Miss Chafa. She was indeed a pleasing little girl, seemingly not not more than 18, though in reality she was 23, and the young priest was as deeply touched by her struggles and misfortunes as by her personal and mental attractions. He at first first endeavored to befriend her with introductions to wealthy and influential Catholic ladies, but that was a difficult task, for Miss Chafa was an earnest and openly avowed advocate of the

SOCIAL IDEAS OF VICTORIA WOODHULL—That is, her theory and not her reaction.

task, for Miss Chafa was an earnest and openly avowed advocate of the Social Libras of victorial woodhull—That is, her theory and not her practice. Prudence suggested to the young priest several times that he fly from the temptation which swayed him from his religion. But love conspired against his fidelity to duty, and he could never make up his mind to leave the young poetess to her fate, whatever that might be. A prominent Catholic lady of New York, a convert, knew from the outset of Father Lake's attachment to the young poetess. Speaking of a visit from the young lady, whom Father Lake had begged to introduce to her, she said: "A few days afterward she sent me a copy of her poems. Father Lake brought the book. It is a small volume of two hundred pages. The longest poem is one of about a hundred pages, 'Napoleon Bonaparte'. It is as much, or more indicative of genius as 'Guido and Lita,' the lately published poem of the Marquis of Lorne, or the poetic flight of any fledgeling poet. Father Lake attemped to read aloud to me the following verses from the volume, but his voice failed him before he had completed the first stanza. I knew by the flush on his cheeks and the tremor of his voice that he was in danger, but though many years his senior. respect for his cassock and regard for his sensibilities restrained me from betraying my thoughts or uttering any officious words.

THE FATAL POEM. Did you ever call me darling,
With a flush upon your cheek?
Know you not my heart thrills ever
To the slightest word you speak?
Do you never guess how pleasant
Are the moments spep pleasant
Are the moments spep pleasant
Links my soul with all that's true?

Yes, you called me darling one time

Angels hovered in the shadows.

Ve hispering holy things to me,
Sounding through my spirit's cloisters
A bewidering symplicity.

Darling! Never word of passion,

But this tender, thrilling one, Sweet as that which charmed the lovers When the world had first begun.

Which will not the specific which will never know decay.

And it charmed me, thrillod me, filled me with supremest happiness;

Not for king, with crown and scepter, would a give that one caress.

Your hand mine was fondly clasping,

In its grasp my future lay,

For a love then sprang to being

Which will never know decay, and the will never know decay.

Which will never know decay.

I was touched by the mournful smile with which he handed me the book and asked me to read it at my leisure. I wonder now that I did not understand him better. But I dare say that he did not then understand himself." While this young disciple of the Church was thus struggling, Miss Chafa was making a confidant of a lady of wealth and influence, a leading spirit among the woman suffragrists, and in whose house the young poeters had resided for several months. To this lady Miss Chafa told the strange story of the frantic struggles of HER PRIESTLY LOVER

As he wavered between his allegiance to his ecclesiastical yows and his love and pity for her. She showed his letters, which were as full of passionate self-reproach at his delinquency as a priest as love for the lady. But his agonies of remorse were nothing to her but the tortures of what she considered a superstitious imagination. Fixed in her determination to wed him, and counseled to that onby her free-love associates, his scruples were finally overcome. Something told her when she first met him, "This is your husband," and sure enough, in less than a month from their first meeting, they were secretly married. She did not consider that she was doing anything wrong. The short court-ship was to her the refinement of romance. Her lover was older than she; he was bound by vows, and she was not. Then, again, his constant letters to her were very beautiful, emanating, as they did, from a brilliant and ripened mind, and it is not at all strange that a young girl of her liberal and poetic temperament should come to the conclusion that

NO BONDS WERE SO HOLY

As those of the heart. At first it was never suspected that the two had been married. True, the scandal had already stirred the Church from center to circumference, but it had been reported that Miss Chafa had married a Mr. Edmonds and had gone to Europe, and that Father Lake had married a lady from Europe, who had met him by appointment in Cincinnati. But soon the facts were discovered, and persecution on the part of the Church commenced. For some time the couple lived in New York under the assumed name of Edmonds, but finally they disappeared, and nothing was known of their whereabouts till the lady confidant of Miss Chafa in New York received a letter from San Francisco signed by her little protegee breathing of perfect happiness. There was a touch of perfect happiness. There was a touch of perfect happiness. There was naught to mar their perfect and complete felicity but the fact that her husband's heart was still divided between his love for her and his devotion to his Church, which preyed incessantly upon his mind. Then would come reproaches to her friend for her seeming forgetfulness after her marriage, and thanking her profusely and lovingly for what had been done for her before her union with the man of whom she was so fond. She wrote also that she had been stingingly pierced by the thorns which she had been cautioned to avoid, but that "a husband's love had healed her wounds." Then came a long interval of silence, broken only by a brief telegram announcing that

FATHER LAKE HAD DIED

In Santa Cruz of consumption. This was

interval of silence, broken only by a brief telegram announcing that

FATHER LAKE HAD DIED

In Santa Cruz of consumption. This was all the New York friends ever knew of this romantically wedded couple, and all probably that the public would ever know, had not a reporter of the Chronicle, who learned of the identity of the lady at Santa Cruz last Summer, taken pains to seek her out and get from her own lips the balance of the fascinating story. Mrs. Lake was loth to talk about the matter, and the tear-drops would start unbidden from her liquid eyes as she related the particulars of the courtship and the secret marriage. "I have been blamed," said she, with a quiver of the lip, "for inducing Mr. Lake, my husband, to break his vows and leave the Church. It is false. When he told me of his love, and we discussed the peculiarity of his position, I advised him to stay in the Church. He studied up the question of celibacy, and this led him to tinvestigate, and he concluded that the system was nothing but a gigantic fraud. Of course I was passive to his wishes, for I loved him. We talked the matter over thoroughly and carefully. He snoke of his own career as a gay and pleasure-loving young man, who had, until he became a Catholic, regarded all forms of Christianity as nothing more than a cunningly devised fable. He was unlike any priest I have

ever seen in his manners and conversation. He was impulsive, frank, outspoken, and a man keely susceptible to female influence. His reply to the query

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

Why he became a catholic

Was characteristic. 'I was,' said he, 'a practiced controversialist with Protestant Christians. I had read, I think, everything that is considered authoritative from Protestant writers on the subject of the evidences of Christianity, but nothing that I read answered my objections, and indeed I found the arguments on the subject from that source so contradictory my reason rejected them all. Accidentally thrown into the society of Catholics. I again tried my powers with them on the subject. I frequently thought I had vanquished them, as they were silent or would pursue the argument to only a certain length. I soon tound that I was mistaken, and that for us to understand each other I must read Catholic books. I began, at the suggestion of a Catholic priest with whom I was intimate, with the decrees of the Council of Trent. By the time I had finished my task I was no longer an unbeliever. I jound that document unanswerable and without contradiction from beginning to end. When I had reached the last sentence I closed the book and rose from my seat to go directly to my friend, the priest, and tell him the result and announce to him my determination to be instructed and received into the Church. In the course of my instructions for baptism and confirmation I resolved to be a priest. When I wanted to be a priest he laughed at me. You see that I am one.'

Affer Our Marriage

We lived happily with some friends of mine in New York under an assumed name.

me. You see that I am one.

AFTER OUR MARRIAGE

We lived happily with some friends of mine in New York under an assumed name, unmindful of the terrible commotion in the Church over the extraordinary step taken by my husband. But finally we were discovered and persecution at once commenced. One by one our friends were turned against us by detectives employed by the Church. Those who be friended us were threatened, and we were even like the Ishmaelites of old. My husband was so afraid of the displeasure of the Church that he did not know what to do. He told me that he was constantly tollowed and did not know where or how he would be struck. The constant struggle and strain of trying to escape persecution finally worried us both to sickness, and we secretly sailed for California, reaching San Francisco on the 6th of November, 1874. Here we staid for two months, and then, in the nopes of finding a more congenial climate for a consumptive, went to Santa Cruz and there settled down for life. My husband had a little capital and endeavored to embark in several business enterprises, but from the time that a Catholic priest walked into the house and authoritatively and ominously remarked, 'Your secret is known,' he never enjoyed any business prosperity. He started a newspaper, but he had no heart for the struggle against the Church and lovely land, had found us out. But, nevertheless, "WE LIVED AND LOVED" theless, WE LIVED AND LOVED

lovely land, had found us out. But, novertheless, WE LIVED AND LOVED

Till disease elaimed him, and on the 21st of December, 1875, Death took him from my sight, leaving me to mourn in ioneliness. You ask for a description of my husband? He was of medium size, rather thick-set, blue eyes, dark brown hair, with a tendency to curl; fair complexion, a beautiful hand, and very handsome. Regarding my future prospects, I am sure I don't know what I am going to do. Here I am alone in a great city, thousands of miles from any of my friends"—and again the sensitive lips quivered, and the large, lustrous eyes filled with tears. "It is a dreary and comfortless outlook. The world is so cold and selfish, and persecution, with its frigid hand, is seemingly omnipresent, and not to be thrust aside. My life and my love all seem like a troubled dream. I have written to Mr. Lake's friends in New York. His father is in good circumstances—I may say wealthy—but I do not know how they look upon his wife now that he is dead and gone. Most of my friends in New York have ignored me entirely, being forced to do so by the indirect pressure of the outraged Catholic Church. But I hope for the best."

During this conversation Mrs. Lake was very nervous. She was dressed in deep mourning, and one arm was carelessly thrown over the small marble-topped center-table, while her fingers picked to streds a note which she held in her hand. Finally she arose and taking

A Vollume of HER PORMS

From a case handed it to her visitor. The reporter carelessly opened it; strange to say, the first thing that met his cye was a poem by the lady entitled "Dead Love," and it commenced—

Strange mysteries float about me, On the chill of the Winter's breath, And I am encompassed hourly.

Strange mysteries float about me, On the chill of the Winter's breath, And I am encompassed hourly With a feeling of living death.

And then came the plaintive ending-

Dear Richard, his eyes were azure, And his hands they were white as mine, He called me his pet, his daring, With a look in his face divine.

His voice was like wondrous music, Ah! I loved him—loved him alone, And in the mysteries round me I wait till the truth shall be shown.

This was sufficient. The reporter silently folded the volume, begged permission to retain it to read and bade the lady good-by, with the feeling that truth is, indeed, standard that the standard that the standard truth is to read that the standard truth is to read the standard truth its standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in the standard truth is standard truth in the standard truth in

t and his spouse is one of esting and wonderful the was ever called upon to re



The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened

valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, oving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while. Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, gland

ing,
"Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the dance
ing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without tail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of
refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee, And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in

Mich nourse so rice, motion; with a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—

The maids move around just like swans on the

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's— Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing; Search the world all round, from the sky to the

ground. No such sight can be found as an Irish lass danc-

Sweet Kate who could view your bright eyes of deep

blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so
mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded

form— Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart, Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet

The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance Light, for my heart, it lies under
your feet, love!"

THE BROKEN PEACH TREE.

BY BERYL JASPER.

Tarching through the wilderness, Far away from human hearing, in the piny wilderness Lit we on a little clearing.

There a little-cabin stood With its clapboards loose and leaking, Leorless, daubless, there it stood, Humanless, and gray, and creaking.

Close beside it, crushed and snapped. With a great frunk on its bosom,
Lay a peach tree, crushed and snapped,
But the April made it blossom!

Blossom like a rosy cloud On the black trunk 'mid the bushes; Whispered Fancy, "'Tis a cloud, One of morning's lingering blushes.

"Here last night the morning lay, In this forest covert hiding. Rested here her cheek and lay, Left its impress still abiding."

Then I saw 'twas but a tree, April red, though crushed and riven; "Only this poor broken tree, But it has the bloom of Heaven!"

And I said, "Oh! troubled souls, Crushed beneath Life's load so grievous, Crying always, troubled souls, 'Never, will it never leave us?'"

Keep the April cheer of fai h, Keep the faith of souls forgiven; Keep the April cheer of faith, It will bring the bloom of Heaven. Joe.

The merry chimes are ringing out.
With voices sweet and clear.
Their welcome to the Christmas morn;
"Peace and Good Will" we hear,
And all things speak of Christmas tide
And merry Christmas cneer.

And as they peal "Good will to men,"
Ny memories backward flow
To Christmas morning years gone by;
And then—I think of Joe!
Tell you about him? Yes, draw near,
And stir the fire—so!

'Twas, let me see—it must have been
A dozen years, or more;
Yes, thirteen years ago to-day,
'Twas Christmas, '64!
Ah. still I see the battle flag,
And hear the cannon's roar!

Not that we fought that day, but when I think of times gone by.
It seems as if I'm in the ranks,
Shouting the battle cry;
And pushing forward, with my men,
To conquer or to die!

But for the story—'tis not much
To tell about, I know;
'Tis of no battle lost or won,
No skirmish with the loe;
But when I hear the Christmas bells,
I slways think of Joe!

The night was cold, and as I smoked,

Imagination lent
A thousand curious fancies
To the smoke-wreaths as they went.
I was thinking—when the Surgeon ca
And knocked, without my tent.

"I was passing, Captain, and I thought
'I would be no more than right
To tell you that poor Joe will soon
Have passed from mortal sight!
I think ne'd like to see you
Before he dies—Good night."

He soon will pass from mortal sight," The Surgeon said.
Liton't know much about him—A sort of blundernead!
But if he wants to see me,
My place is by his bed.

Poor fellow, I am sorry ; Of course he's got to go.
Good-natured, stupid, I suppose
He really does not know
The meaning of the life he leaves;
Perhaps it's better so!"

So thinking, soon I stood beside
The lonery barrack bed.
The sick man knew, and started up.
"The Capting's come," he said.
"I'm glad to dee ye, Capting;
It's kind—jest raise my head,

And lift me up a trifle; And fift me up a trine;
A leetle nigher—so,
I wanted jest to talk
A leetle spell before I go!
Too weak? I guess not—anyhow
'Twill comfort me, I know!

I've ben a thinkin', Capting,
While I've been lyin' here,
About the kind o' life I lived.
I tell ye, sir, it's queer
To have these thoughts come loomin' up
And death a drawin' near.

But I've tried to do my duty As a soldier, and ye know
I've never shirked a battle—
A leedle lower—so!
There's smarter men among the ranks.
But none more true'n Joe!

Yes, lots o' men what's better, And not so dull as me; But I nev tried to do my best, And, sir, I hove 'twill be— Jest hold the candle nearer, Somenow I cannot see!

It's dark: but soon the morning light
'Li brighten up the sky.
I snall not look upon it—
No. I sin't ateard to die!
Hark! ain't the angels singin'
'Glery be to God on high?'

Sometimes I kinder think, Capting.
If I was well again,
That I could live a better life
Than I have lived—but then—
The angeis—yes, I hear'em,
Peace and good will to men!

Capting, it's growin' darker—
The pain—here—in my chest,
I wish—now raise me higher;
I've tried—to do—my best.
I've tried—it's growin' darker!
I've tried—He knows the rest!'

The dying voice grew fainter, The face was white and still. The face was winte and still,
The morning light was breaking
Upon the distant hill,
"To God the highest glory,
And on the earth Good Will!"

Oh, Joe, my friend and comrade,
No braver man nor true
E'er gave up lite more willingly,
More trustingly than vou.
God grant your simple Christian faith
In death be our lot, too!

Well, the story's nearly finished.
Not much to tell, you know.
We wrapped him in his blanket
And laid nim 'neath the snow.
I put a rude board up, and simply
Carved upon it—"Joe!"

"A mournful tale for Christmas?" Perhaps it is; and yet
I cannot—and indeed I hope
That I shall never let
These memories or Joe call up
A single vain regret!

For I seel as if his life might well Be called "a race well ran." I think the conqueror's palm, The victor's crown, were nobly won! I almost hear our Savior saying "Enter, 'tis well done!"

And the lesson which I learned from Joe Sank deep within my breast. I', in life's battle, every man But tries to do his best, He may leel, through gloom and darkness. That there's One who "knows the rest."

And this is why, when falls the light
Upon the sparkling snow,
And merry-nearted children
Are passing to and tro,
And Christmas bells are ringing,
I always think of Joe! ES. B. Knox. "One More Unfortunate."

"One more unfortunate" is often the caption of many a sad tale. These three words combined have become a stereotyped heading for the journalistic world, and are perfectly familiar to the reading public. They speak volumes, and in a plain, unmistakable manner tell the tale of woe, of designing deception, of ruination, of misery, of death, of sin, of fearful daspair, of grief, and of an irreparable wrong, wrought by a passion damning to the extreme, "One more unfortunate!" how sad to contemplate! Yet the record must be made-the same old story must be told so long as thoughtless and wicked human nature exists. By these words we are reminded of a young, beautiful, confiding, and trustful girl. She loved too well, but not wisely. She, through a Christian influence, was taught to believe all that was told her. Lessons of proper suspicion, of doubt, were never taught her. She listened to and believed the velvet-coated tongue and fair promise, and fell a victim. The result she could not hide, and, rather than remain and disgrace her once happy home, she left it and took refuge in the great city of New York, and for fear of being found out, she finally departed for a foreign land. The deep, wide sea was soon placed between her and all that was once so sacred and dear. A fond father and mother, stricken with grief in their old age, soon found homes in the grave. A brother, broken in spirit, found relief in the intoxicating bowl, and filled a drunkard's grave. A Sister, lost to her former standing in society, married her inferior. A once happy, prosperous home was thus desolated by "one more unfortunate." Well may she write:

Ah! life to me 'tis no pleasure, As I sadly roam alone-No longer a parent's treasure, But the forsaken and forlorn.

No mother's smile to greet me. Or a home once so dear; Its happy faces I never can see-Not one to give me cheer.

No father now to bless me, Nor brother once so dear: No sister to caress me, As I shed the bitter tear.

Ah! life to me 'tis but a curse, And I an object of shame; Each day I feel I'm growing worse, And I dare not tell my name.

An exile on a distant shore, Where I must ever be, Great God! my conduct I deplore, Though I'm far beyond the sea.

But as I gaze upon its briny deep A sad story I must relate; O heaven! I in anguish weep, As I think of my sad fate.

With a heart as tender and as pure As ever throbbed with life, I learned to love and adore, And promised to be his wife.

I little dreamed of a hellish snare Set by man's designing plot, To rob me of virtue and beauty rare-And discretion I forgot.

Once a victim to love's passion-sin, Deceived; disgraced, I fled, And now its evils I begin-Far better I were dead.

Let not a stone mark the spot, Nor tell my own true name : God! forgive the deadly plot That brought on death and shame. Santa Cruz Sentinel.

Papa's Letter.

I was sitting in my study, Writing letters, when I heard, Please, dear mamma, Mary told me Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed,

But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I write a letter, too?

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me wite letter—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azare,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded, As I slowly shook my head, Till I said, "I'll make a letter Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses From his forehead high and white, And a stamp in sport I pasted Mild its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter, Go away, and bear good nows;" And I smiled as down the staircase Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried Down to Mary in his glee. "Mamma's writing lots of letters; I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattle
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open, No one saw the golden hair, As it floated o'er his shoulders In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened Till he reached the office door. "I'se a letter, Mr. Postman: Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know;
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered. "Not to-day, my little man." Den I'll find anozzer oflive. 'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him.
But the pleading face was gone.
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted, People fied to left and right, As a pair of maddened horses At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure— No one saw the golden hair, Till a voice of frightened sweetness Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only Stood the beauteous vision there, Then the little face lay lifeless, Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling, Brushed away the curls of gold. Saw the stamp upon the forchead, Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured.
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.
—Liverpool Weekly Mercury.

Dare to Say "No."

Dare to say "No." when you're tempted to drink.

Pause for a moment, my boy, and think—Think of the wrecks upon life's count tossed for answering "Yes," without counting the cost?

Think of the mother who bore you in pain.

Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;

Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow:

Think of her love, and at once answer "No."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow,
Look at them now, and at once answer "No?"
Think of a manhood with run-tainted breath,
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with
woe,

Might have been heaven had the answer been

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown, littling fair hopes that were fair as your own: Think of proud forms now forever hid low, That still might be here had they learned to say "No!"

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl, Driving to ruin both body and soul—
Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the tempter, say

Br

The following poem was written by an Iris to the English army, without the shadow of formed a club and sought to drown their search in the wine cup, and by jest and song divertheir thoughts from the torible and irrevokable fate which each one knew ewaited him the action of this poem died almost before the ecines of "Hurran for the next that dies!" had ceased to reverberate; and in lest that a week every member of the club had crossed the "sable shore."]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter, And the walls around are bare; As they echo our peals of laughter, It seems that the dead are there.

Fut stand by your glasses steady; We drink to our comrades' eyes; Quaff a cup to the dead already, And hurral for the next that dies!

Not here in the goblets glowing, Not here in the vintage sweet; 'Tis cold as our hearts are glowing, And dark as the doom we must meet.

But stand to your glasses steady, And soon shall our pulses rise; A cup to the dead already— Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles, Not a tear for the friends that sink; We'll fall midst the wine-cup's sparkles As mute as the wine we drink.

So stand to your glasses steady;
"Tis this that the respite buys;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned on others;
We thought we were wiser then:
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who expect to see them again!

No! stand to your glasses steady! The thoughtless are here the wise; A cup to the dead already— Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking; There's many a heart that's sunk; But soon, though our hearts are breaking, They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.

So stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis here the revival lies!
A cup for the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's mist on the glass congealing— 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath; And thus dies the warmtu of feeling— Turns to ice in the grasp of death!

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and hanghty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more?

No! stand to your glasses steady! This world is a world of lies! A cup to the dead already— Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that loves us, Betrayed by the land we find; Hen the brightest have gone before us, And the dulest remains behind.

So stand to your glasses steady!
"Tis all we have to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

Up in this world, and down in this world, Over this world and through, Though drifted about, And tossed without, Why, "paddle your own canoe."

What though the sky is heavy with clouds or shining a field of blue; If the bleak wind blows, Or the sunshine glows, Still "paddle your own canoe,"

What if breakers rise up ahead,
With dark wave rushing through,
More steadily try,
With steadfast eye,

To "paddle your own canoe." If a hurricane rise in the midnight sky, And the stars are lost in view, Glide safety along, With smile and song, And "paddle your own canoe."

Up in this world, and down in this world, Over this world and through, Though weary and worn, Bereit, forlorn, Still "paddle your own cange."

Never give up when trials come— Never grow sad and blue; Never sit down With a tear or frown, But "paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shore, Blooming and sweet for you, There are rose-hued dyes In the Autumn skies— Then "paddle your own canoe."

THE FIRST LESSON.

They sit together. On her knee The open volume lies; Her dimpled finger points, and he Looks on with wondering eyes To see her name, with childish lore, The puzzling letters o'er and o'er.

Around them sing the summer birds; The summer winds blow cool; The sunbeams through the branches slip To twinkle in the pool; And woodland blossoms bid them look On natures glorious picture-book!

Yet still their sunny heads bend low The mystic pages to scan; And gently falls her "yes" or "no" Whene'er the little man Repeats, by guiding finger led, The words her sweet young voice has said.

"A stands for angels-far above The earth they watch us now; Perhaps their waving pinions move The curls upon your brow! B stands for blue—the color, dear, Of heaven, and of your eyes so clear !

"C stands for curls upon your head; D is for dimples deep; E for your ear so soft and red; F for your little feet; G is the gold that tints your hair; H is your hand so small and fair;

"I is for pretty Isabel; J is for John and Jim; K is for Karl-you know him well-You often speak to him; L is for love-from God it came; M is for mother-sweetest name!"

And thus her gentle voice goes on Through all the alphabet ;-She names the letters one by one; And lest he should forget, She names with each some simple word By her young pupil often heard.

And often as she speaks she bends To kiss his forehead fair, Or wind about her little hand His soft and shining hair, Or whisper in his pearly ear, With tender look, "I love you, dear!"

Perhaps, when far in future years, With cares and sorrows rife, He cons the lessons all must learn From the stern teacher, Life. His soul will gather faith and power From thought of this calm childhood hour.

MY LOVER.

At last I am blessed with a lover, Just what a lover should be— Devoted, and constant, and handsome Handsome as handsome can be.

Devoted!—devoted, believe me!
He never has left me a day;
I am ever his pride and his darling—
Without me he cannot be gay.

He cares for no lovelier lady;
To him I am very fair;
Contented; he rests on my bosom,
Kisses my lips and my hair.

Handsome!—his cheeks are like roses, His head is run over with curls. His forchead is white as a snow-drift. His teeth glimmer clearer than pearls

His eyes, they are bright as the sunshine, With lashes that cannot be beat. And then I know that you've never Seen such hands and such feet.

Wealfhy? He's careless of money— Money to him is but dross; Silver and gold, for my lover, Are only for pitch and for toss.

He must have been born to a fortune— He's lived at his case ever since. If you'd see but the style of his dressing, You'd probably think him a prince.

Shirts, thick frosted with stitching, Silken embroidered socks. Silken embroidered socks; I think the most of his money He keeps in a painted box.

He'll show you a golden guinea On which he cut his first tooth, Strung on an azure ribbon, Tied with a love knot, for sooth!

Of teeth he has half a dozen. Set to the cummngest mould; For 1 am my lover's mother— He is but one year old!

POETICAL MAXIMS.

-The love of gold, that meanest rage And latest folly of man's sinking age. [Moore.

To follow precedents, and wink With both eyes, is easier than to think. [Cowper.

Why should we be punished if we stray When all our guides dispute which is the [Earl of Orrey. wav.

Where all plan, then all sides must agree, And faith itself be lost in certainty. [Drydon.

Happy the man who innocent, Grieves not at ills he can't prevent. [Green.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid, Nor to know things whose knowledge is for-Denham.

For slander lives upon successson; Forever housed where it gets possession. [Shakespeare.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

[Cowper. Men must be taught as if you taught them

not, And things unknown proposed as things for [Pope. got.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known,

Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,

Oh, man! ordained to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,

Thou who art under ground to lie! [Cowley.

All pray for riches, but I ne'er heard yet Of any since Solomon that prayed for wit. [Tailor.

Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,

And oft'ner change their principles than [Young to Pope. shirt.

When fear admits no hope of safety, then Necessity makes dastards valiant men. [Herrick.

Of all the passions that possess mankind, The love of novelty rules most the mind.

If to her share some female errors fall Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road But looks through Nature up to Nature's [Pope.

LOST.

A maiden stood on a terrace old,
And she looked across the sea,
And her eyes were dim with a mist of tears,
And her heart beat heavily;
"For it's oh! but to hear his voice,
And to know that he was near;"
And the sea rose up with angry wail,
And the moon shone cold and clear.

A knight lay on the battle-field,
When the fight was lost and won,
And the red and gold of the barner streamed
In the light of the dying sun.
"For it's oh! but to hear her voice,
And to know that she was near;"
While his life ebbed out like the sinking sea,
With no one by to hear.

The knight lay dead in the merning light,
When the day awoke,
And the maid knelt near on the dewy grass,
And the words she spoke
Were, "It's oh! but to hear his voice—
But to hear him speak again;"
But the sun went down, and the weeping
maid
Lay dead among the Slain.

The Queen Rose.

The sunlight fell with a golden gleam
On the waves of the rippling rill;
The pansies nedded their purple heads,
But the proud queen-rose stood still.
She loved the light and she loved the sun.
And the peaceful night when the day was
done.

But the faithless sun in his careless way Had broken her heart on that summer's day.

She had bathed her soul in his warm, sweet

rays.
She had given her life to him;
And her crimson heart—it was his alone—
Of love it was full to the orim.
But a fairer bud in the garden of love
had conquered the heart of the king
above:
And the proud queen-rose on that summer's day
Had given a love that was thrown away.

The pansies laughed in the summer breeze For they were so happy and tree: For they were so happy and free: And the lities swayed in the waving grass Like sails on an emerald sea. But the sun glanced down with a mocking

light,
And the heart of the rose stood still at the
sight,
For never again with its love for him
Would her crimson heart be filled to the
brim.

"Ah me!" she sighed as she 'drooped her head,
"How vain is my haughty will;
I sought to mate with the sun above.
But lo! I am mortal still.
I envy the pansy that nods at my feet,
For though she is lowly her life is sweet;
And I envy the life, for she is glad
And knows not the longings that make me sad."

A maiden sat where the pansies grew, In a golden shower of light; And she heard the words of the sighing

And she heard the words of the space rose,

Borne near, in the wind's swift flight.

"Ah, rose," she cried, "I am like to you,
There's never a heart in this world that's
true:

l yielded a love that's thrown away,
And I'm weary of life on this summer's
day.

"But listen, my rose, and I'll tell you,

sweet,
The lesson I learned to-day;
There's never a heart in this wide, wide world
That was born to be thrown away.
The sun may smile as he sails away
In the depths of his azure seas for aye;
But the rose that blooms in the garden of love, Is as fair as the sun to our God above.

"The smallest flower that slakes her thirst. In the dews of the early morn, Is as great as the stars in heaven above, The greatest that ever was born. The love we give on this earth of ours. Is treasured in heaven through all the hours.

And the crimson heart of the proud queen-Is as fair a gem as the earth-land knows."

The queen-rose listened and held her breath
As the maiden passed her by,
And then, with a grace that was fearless and grand,
She lifted her face to the sky.
And never again, when the day was done,
Did she long for the loye of the golden sun;
For the lesson she learned on that summer's day
Lay deep in her heart for ever and ave.

Lay deep in her heart for ever and aye.

- Fannie I. Sherrick.

THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time, As it runs through the realm of tears. With a faultiess rhythm and a musical rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime, And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaves, so they come and
they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle in the river of Time, Where the softest airs are playing; There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime, And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is Long ago; And the hame of this state here; And we bury our treasures there: There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow, There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so; There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a heart without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garment she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
Ant we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night.
When the evening comes with its blessed smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight!
[N. O. Picayune.

They had bravely fought and bled; or such is the will of Congress When the White Man meets the Real

The White Men are ten millions, The thritiest under the sun; The Reds are fitty thousand, And warriors every one.

Lay under the evening skies, taring up at the tranquil heaven With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday In that fiery scorpion ring, Miles Keogh's horse at evening Was the only living thing.

Alone from that held of shaughter, Where lay the three hundred slain, The horse Comandhy wandered, With Keogn's blood on his mane.

And Sturds issued this order,
Which inture times shall read,
White the love and honor of comrades
Are the soul of the soldier's creed.

Let the horse Comancke,
Henceforth till he shall die,
Be kindly cherished and cared for
By the Seventh Cavalry.

He shall do no labor; he shall never know The touch of spur or rein; for shall his back be ever crossed By living rider again.

And at regimental formation
Of the Sepenth Cavalry,
Commanche, draped in mourning and led
By a trooper of Company 1,
Shall parade with the regiment 1

Thus it was Commanded, and thus done, By order of General Sturgis, signed By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer, In his disastrons fall, Fiashed out a blaze that charmed the world And glorified his pall,

This order, issued amid the gloom
That shrouds our Army's name,
When all foul beasts are free to rend
And tear its honest fame,

Shall prove to a callous people
That the sense of a soldier's worth.
That the love of comrades, the honor of arms,
Have not yet perished from earth.

—Februari: Aslantic.

A Foot-Hold.

Hardly a steamer that crosses the sea But carries one traveler more. For a little time, out on the shorless sea, Than she counted when leaving the shore.

Brown far away from his mate where she

By the priless sea-bound gale, Lost, and plying his patient wings Till heart and courage fail;

Lost on the shoreless, unknown main, Blinded with salt white spray. Dazed with die endless, waving plain, Scared by the lengthening way;

Lost on the sea and no land in sight;
Through the heavy and misty air
Struggling on through the dark and the
light
To terror and mute despair;

Till on the horizon a cloudy speck Clears to the mast, like a tree, Clears to the solid and ground-like deck, And he tollows it wearily,

And clings and crouches, a welcome guest,
An easter and tremuleus bird,
With the green and blue on his neck and

By his heart's hard panting stirred.

Then come pity, and food and drink to the brim.
And shelter from wave and cold;
But the quick head droops, and the bright

Pitifal comfort, yet comfort still Not to drop in the hungry sea, Reeling down out of the empty high To that terrible agony.

And the story all is told!

Bitter and hard to be driven to roam
Between the sea and the sky,
To find a foot-hold and warmth and home,
And then—only to die!

Yet it was harder, God He knows,
Who counts the sparrows that fall,
For the birds that were lost when the wild
winds rose,
When the sea and the sky were all:

When the sky bent down to enfold the sea, And the sea reached up to the sky, and between them only the wind blew free, And never a ship went by!

A LITTLE GOOSEY.

The following exquisitely simple verses, from the pen of an "unknown," will touch the heart of every father and mother:

The chill November day was done.
The working world home faring:
The wind came rearing through the streets
And set the gaslights flaring:
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The seared old leaves were flying;
When mingled with the soughing wind,
I heard a small voice crying—

And shivering on the corner stood
A chil ! of four or over;
No cloak nor hat her small, soft arms,
And wind blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand,
A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other;
Half cared, half confidential, said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother."
Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don'tery, I'll take you to t."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forge';
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Milly's steps:
The monkey took the money.
And so I followed down the street,
The monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a huadred hours,
From one street to another:
The money's gone, I've spoiled my flowers—
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name, and what
The street? Now think a minute."
"My mother's name is mamma dear—
The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new, not like the others?"
I guess you mean my trandle bed,
Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh, dear! I ought to be at home To help him say his prayers; He's such a baby, he forgets, And we are both such players—And there's a bar between to keep From pitching on each other, For Harry rells when he's asleep; Oh, dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring;
"You'll nave to spend the night with me."
I said, at last, despairing.
I tred a 'kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why! den'tyou know?" she smiling asked,
And drow it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name,
My eyes astonished metit;
For," said the little one, "you see
I might some time forgatit;
And so I wear the little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I would get lost without it."

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The old man sits in his easy chair, And his ear has caught the ringing Of many a chruch bell far and near, Their own sweet music singing. And his head sinks low on his aged breast, While his thoughts far back are reaching To the Sabbath morns of the boyish days, And a mother's sacred teachings.

A few years later, and lo! the bells A merrier strain are pealing, And heavenward bore the marriage vows Which in his manhood's joys were sealing. But the old man's eyes are dimming now. As memory holds before him The sad, sad picture of later years, When the tide of grief rolled o'er

When the bells were tolling for loved ones gone!

For the wife, the sons and daughters, Who, one by one, from his home went out, And down into death's dark waters. But the aged heart has still one joy Which his old life daily blesses, And his eyes grow bright and his pulses

'Neath a grand-child's sweet caresses.

warm,

But the old man wakes from his reverie, And his dear old face is smiling, While the child with her serious eyes reads

The Sabbath hours beguiling. Ah! bells, once more ye will ring for him, When the heavenly hand shall sever The cord of life and his freed soul flies To dwell with his own forever.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old atone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it;
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowlips spring in the marshes, And the roses bloom on the hill; And, beside the brook in the pastures, The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them, They sit in the sun alone!

And the old wife's ears are failing,

As she harks to the well-known tone,

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal-How, dressed in her robes of white, She stood by her gay young lover, In the morning's rosy light.

O, the morning is rosy as ever, But the rose from her cheek is fied; And the sunshine still is golden, But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished, Come back in her Winter time, Till her feeble pulses tremble With the thrill of springtime's prime.

And looking forth from the window, She thinks how the trees have grown, Since, clad in her bridal whiteness, She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or oid.

They sat in peace in the sunshine—
The day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together— He touched their eyelids with balm; And their last breath floated upward, Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The usseen, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

THE RIVER OF TEARS.

Through a valley, clear and lonely,
Floats a dark and sullen stream,
Visited by shadows only,
Never by a sun-bright beam.
On its shores the funeral willow
In thick, shadowy clusters grow,
And their branches sweep its waters
As they onward flow.

Heavy mists are ever trailing
On that river's lonesome shore,
And a mournful sound of wailing
Haunts the air forevermore;
Not a flower sweetly blooming
Ever decks that gloomy land,
But the sedge its dews are weeping
All along the strand.

Warbler of the forest never
There amid the umbrage sings,
But above the moaning river
Ravens flap their midnight wings;
And along the shores of even
Pallid mourners ever glide,
Bathing oft their faded tresses
In the rolling tide.

Dwellers by that lonesome river,
All who breathe its haunted air,
Wildly wringing their hands forever,
Half in madness, half despair.
Cheerless, hopeless dawns the morning,
Not a ray of light appears
In the shadowy vale of sorrow,
By the stream of tears.

She Came and Went.

As a twig trembles, which a bird Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent So is my memory thrilled and stirred; I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven, The blue dome's measureless content, So my soul held that moment's heaven; I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps The orchards full of bioom and scent, So clove her May my wintry sleeps; I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent;
One gush of light these eyes will bring,
Only to think she came and went.
—James Russell Lowell.

THE SONG OF THE STREET.

With lips all livid with cold With lips all livid with cold,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat crouched on the flags
Singing the Song of the Street:
'Starve! Starve! Starve!
O God, 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow, the sleet and the snow!
Will it ever again be light?

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,
I have beat at the workhouse door,
To be told again that I clamor in vain,
They are 'full;' they 'can hold no more.'
Starve! Starve! Starve! Of the crowds who pass me by,
Some with pity, some in pride,
But more with indifference, turn aside,
And leave me here to die!

"O you that sleep in beds
With coverlet, quilt and sheet,
Oh, think, when it snows, what it is for those
That lie in the open street;
That lie in the open street
On the cold and frozen stones,
When the winter's blast, as it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones.

"Oh, what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought to drive away thought
With that curse of the tempted—Gin.
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas and glare;
If there's hell on earth, 'tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens, at midnight, there.

"O you, that have never strayed, "O you, that have never strayed,
Because you have not been tried,
Ob, look not down, with a Phaisee's frown,
On those who have swerved aside.
And you that hold the scales, And you that glibly urge
That the 'only plan' is the Prison van,
The Treadmill, or the Scourge,

"Oh, what are the lost to do? To famish, and not to feel?
For days to go, and never to know
What it is to have one meal? They cannot buy, they dare not beg, They must either starve or steal.

"Food! Food! Food!

If it be but a loaf of bread;

And a place to lie, and a place to die,

If it be but a workhouse bed!

If you will not give to those who live,

You at least must bury the dead!

With lips all livid and blue,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat crouched on the flags,
And sang the Song of the Street.
As she ceased the doleful strain

My homeward path I trod; And the cry and the prayer Of that lost one there Went up to the throne of God.

FAILED.

Yes, I am a ruined man, Kate; everything's gone at Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the weary years that are past.

Houses and lands and money have all taken wings and fied; This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head.

If shouldn't care for myself Kate, I am used to the world's rough ways.

I've due and effect and period along through all my manufactured and period along through all my manufactured and the children, and it almost breaks my heart of thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the Only a few years longer, and then I expected to stop. And put my two boys into my place, with an easier life ahead.

And now I must give the prospect ap—that comforting dream is dead.

I am worth more than my gold, ch? you're good to look
But a man isn't worth very much, Kate, when his hair
lis turning to snow
My poor little gring with their soft white hands and innocent eyes of blue.
Turned adrift in the heartless world—what can and
what will they do!

An honest fail.

An honest failure? indeed it was dollar for dollar paid.
Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said: Better are rass and a conscience clear, than a palace and flush of shame.
One thing I shall leave to my children, and that is an honest name!

What is it? The boys are not troubled? They're ready now to begin, and gain us another fortune, and work through thick The had libin? The noble fellows! already I feel I haven't so much to the bear.

r courage has lightened my heavy load of misery and despair.

And the girls are so glad it was honest? They'd rather not dress so fine.

Than thirt came through inoney that wasn't honestly mime.

They're zoine to show what they're made of, and be quick to earn and to save?

My blessed, good, little daughters! so generous and so brave.

And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while we have each other left.

No matter of what possession our lives may be bereft?
You are right, with a quiet conscience, and a wife, so good and true.

Till put my head to the plough again, and I'm sure that wite with put my head to the plough again, and I'm sure that we have the property of the process.

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Divided.

Were we too happy in our Eden, that the tempto, with balcful eyes, Should creep in, so subtle and wary, in such an alluring gause?

I dreamed not of lurking danger, with the smile of God over all.
When my sun seemed to suddenly darken with a shadow as black as a pall.

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Does he love that weak, soulless creature?
Does she seem to him quite divine?
By her beauty and art she has stolen the heart
that was once wholly mine.
How strange that a mortal so gifted should
stoop with the wealth of his love,
And take to his bosom a viper, and fancy it
comes from above 1

For to eyes not blinded by passion, the trail of
the serpent is there,
In the sinuous grace of her motion, in the colls
of her lovely hair,
In the basilisk eyes that glitter, as with triumph she turns to her prize—
Ah! there's nothing of heaven about her, save
the tint of her azure eyes.

As an actor on life's stage, I grant you, she has learned, and plays well her part; She has made him believe that she loves him — she, who has neither brains nor heart; When the scales from his eyes shall be loosened, Heaven pity him on that day. He will find that she's of the earth, earthy—yea, made of the commonest clay.

If the darkly-fringed lids were but lying fastclosed o'er the glorious eyes.
Ne'er again to my own to be lifted, till I meet
them in Paradise;
If the grim reaper, Death, had but frozen to
marble the lips I have kissed,
If the dark, cruel grave did but eover the dear
form I lately have missed!

Ah! would God in his mercy but listen, I would kneel in my wild despair.
And watt the noble soul heavenward, on the wings of a passionate prayer;
And my heart would be full of rejoicing, for mem'ry would be joined with lope,
When my soul should escape from its prison, no longer in darkness to grope.

When the vail of the flesh shall be lifted, all sorrow will then flee away.

No dark shadow can come between us in the realms of eternal day,
When with him in the blessed hereafter, redeeming each promise and vow,
Will he seem to my glorified vision more noble or godlike than how?

—Helen M. Bean.

THE OLD MAID'S TRAGEDY.

I knew an ancient spinster once Who never smiled on men; Who never smiled on men;
She lived a hermit in a hut,
Remote from human pen!
She vow'd that she would never wed,—
A vow she might have spared—
For no man ever saw her face
Who was not sorely scared! She had two cats that never stole
(So watchful was her eye),
Which never walked the walls at night
(Because no walls were nigh!)
And thus religiously brought up Those feline creatures twain Had never caused that ancient dame A single moment's pain. At last there came a direful day
(The story grieves me sore,)
The dame discover'd that her cats
Had each had kittens four!
And worse than that, as if their guile And deep design to show,
They brought those kittens to her feet,
And laid them in a row. And day by day the wicked pair—
To take her unawares—
Would strew their offspring up and down
To wriggle on the stairs.
In chinks of doors—in pots and pans— The things were everywhere! It was enough, I do admit, To make a spinster swear!

Then in that ancient female's soul Rose thoughts of murderous hate!
She slew those feline creatures twain,
Likewise those kittens eight!
And as they lay, those corpses ten,
With wide distended jaws.
Affrighted was the dame to see Them shake their forty paws! Them snake then lotey paws.

That night she started from her sleep
With shrieks of wild surprise,
For all around she shivering saw
A host of glaring eyes!
She saw the cats that she had slain,
Each with her kittens four,
And they had brought a hideous train
Of farty thousand more!

They leapt upon that ancient dame, And tore her limb from limb; And after that they sweetly sang A sort of feline hymn. And when a passing doctor came
And gathered up the bits,
He certified that she had died
Of "Cataleptic Fits!"

-Judy.

Of forty thousand more!

Pledge to the Dead.

From the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss,
On the wind that is heavy with roses
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
Let it float o'er the mystical ocean
That breaks on the kingdom of nightOur oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right.

They loved, as we loved, yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted,
Staring up to the pittless skies;
Left the tunult of youth, the sweet guerdon
Hope promised to conquer from Fate—
Gave all for the agonized burden
Of death for the Flag of the State.

Where they roam on the slopes of the moun-

tain
That only by angels is trod,
Where they muse by the crystalline fountain
That springs in the garden of God,
Are they lost in unspeakable splendor?
Do they ever look back and regret?—
Ah! the valiant are constant and tender,
And Honor can never forget.

They will lift their white hands in a blessing Weshall know by the tear that it brings—They will lift their white hands in a blessing Weshall know by the tear that it brings—The meture of friendship confeesing With barps and waving of wings!

In that grim and relentless upheaval
Which blesses the world through a curse,
Still bringing the good out of evil—
The garland of peace on the hearse!—
They were shattered, consumed and forsaken,
Like the shadows that fly from the dawn;
We may never know why they were taken,
But we always shall feel they are gone.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies
No longer is solemn with knells,—
But lovely with flowers and fairies,
And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells;
If Virtue, in cettage and palace,
Leads Love to the bridal of Pride.
Tis because out of war's bitter chalice
Our heroes drank deeply—and died!

Ah! grander in doom-stricken glory
Than the greatest that lineer behind,
They shall live in perpetual story
Who saved the last hope of muskind!
For their cause was the cause of the races
That languished in slavery's night;
And the death that was pale on their laces
Has filled the whole world with its light!

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it,
To the freedom of planet and star:
Let the tempests of ocean enwreathe it,
Let the winds of the night bear it far
Our cath that till manhood shall perish,
And honor and virtue are spect,
We are true to the cause that they cherish,
And eternally true to the dead!
—William Winter.

THE LONELY FLOWER.

A flow'ret grew in a tangled brake, In the depth of a forest-glade, And scarce a ray from the orb of day To this lonely flow'ret stray'd.

Yet, spite of the weeds that round it grew, And choked its plot of ground, Did this flow'ret bloom, and its sweet perfume Fill'd all the air around.

But, all unseen and all unknown, Its perfume still untasted, Alone it grew-its lovely hue, Its sweetness even wasted.

The sun was high, the darksome glade Scarce felt the summer breeze, When a Poet stray'd to recline in the shade Of the lordly forest-trees.

He lay near the spot where the flow'ret grew And haply his vision fell Where its tiny head o'er its rugged bed Hung like a fairy bell.

"Sweet flow'ret," he cried, "why thus unseen Should thy beauty linger here? To the light of day I will bear thee away, Thou child of a brighter sphere,"

The flow'ret is gone from the tangled brake It blooms in the Poet's home; And no more io the shade of the forest-glade Do the Poet's footsteps roam.

Thus lonely a gentle spirit dwelt, All pure 'mid earthly leaven; God's angel hath ta'en that spirit again, To bloom in its native heaven!

Dreaming.

Down through the shady coverts,
Down by the shimmering stream,
Under the water willows,
Lonely I sit and dream.

Dream of my gay young girlhood, Its tender and roseate hours, The glow of its exultation, The wealth of its "passion flowers."

Dream of its starry evenings, Of its dewy morning rides, Of walks through the shady forests, Where the stockdove coos and hides.

Dream of the pleasant nuttings Through gay October noons, Of dearer and sweeter meetings Under the harvest moons.

Dream of that "hallowed hour"
When my young heart met its fate,
And closed for a woman's journey
Girlhood's beautiful gate.

Dream of sweet young faces
That brightened those beautiful years,
That time cannot steal from mem'ry,
That absence only endears.

O. loving, beloved faces,
O, halcyon beautiful days,
Are ye gone from my lite forever,
And lost to my yearning gaze?

Not so: when this mortal body
Shall put on immortal light,
I shall meet you again, ye dear ones,
In bliss unchangeably bright.

No cloud dims that fair horizon;
Perpetual, beautiful youth
Shall prove a delight forever,
And "Love" an eternal truth.
—St. Lowie Herald.

The Summons.

I think the leaf would sconer
Be the first to break away
Than to hang alone in the orchard
In the bleak November day.
And I think the fate of the flower
That falls in the midst of bloom,
Is sweeter than if it lingered
To die in the autumn's gloom,

Some glowing golden morning,
In the heart of summer time,
As I stand in the perfect vigor
And strength of my youth's glad prime,
When my heart is light and happy,
And the world seems bright to me,
I would like to drop from this earth-life
As a green leaf drops from the tree.

Some day, when the golden glery
Of June is over the earth,
And the birds are singing together
In a wild, mad strain of mirth,
When the skies are as clear and cloudless
As the skies of June can be,
I would like to have the summons
Sent down from God to me.

I would not wait for the furrows,
For the faded eyes and hair,
But pass out, swift and sudden,
Ere I grew heart-sick with care.
I would break, some morn, in my singing,
Or fall in my springing walk,
As a full-blown flower will sometimes
Drop all abloom from the stalk.

So, in my youth's glad morning.
While the summer walks abroad,
I would like to hear the summons
That must come, some time, from God.
I would pass from the earth's perfection
To the endless June above,
From the fullness of living and loving
To the noon of immortal love.

PHANTOMS.

Ye phantoms of the buried Past,
That rise athwart my path,
Why come ye here, your saddening gloom
Across my soul to cast?
Back to your haunts! I'm living now
In light or the glad To-day.
I weep no more over vanished joys;
Back—back—ye must not stay!

Why linger ye, with shadowy hands
That point my mem'ry back
To crumbled idols, lying low
O'er the weary trodden track?
I close my eyes on your gloomy forms,
And press on the upward way.
I'll weep no more over vanished joys;
Back—back—ye shall not stay!

And yet, alas! with your presence comes
A yearning—I know not why—
To list to your plaintive, mournful tones,
Though I pass so quickly by.
I fain would live in the peaceful calm
And light of the glad To-day.
I will not weep over vanished joys;
Back—back—why do ye stay?

Why should we grieve, and mourn, and sigh
Over things that once have been?
We cannot better our kindest deeds,
Nor lessen our greatest sin.
So back to your haunts, ye goblin things,
And there in oblivion stay.
I weep no more over vanished joys—
I live in the glad To-day!
ULLIE R A KERSTROM

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND GRAVES.

[Lines on the Union dead, suggested on reading the report of the Quartermaster-General that his Bureau had market and registered the graves of three hundred thousand of the Union dead.]

BY JAMES C. CULLEN.

Hushed now is the shock of battle Hished now is the shock of battle, And silenced the war's hot breath; Stilled, too, are the roar and rattle Which herald the tread of death. Peace, dove-eyed Pegce, reigns over Our martyrs and our braves; But the Southern green sods cover Three hundred thousand graves!

The graves of the Union soldier The graves of the Union soldier
Dot every Southern plain;
His bones in the greenwood moulder
Along the Southern main.
They're found by the fair Savannah,
Where the stately pine free waves—
In the swamps of Louisiana—
Three hundred thousand graves!

Where the Mississippi glances
Through its lordly channel deep—
By the forest-fringed Arkansas
Our Northern herces sleep.
They sleep by the bounding water,
Where the mountain torrent raves,
And count in the fields of slaughter Three hundred thousand graves!

Where the indolent rivers carry
Their waters through tangled cane,
And seem to love to tarry
Beside our Northern slain;
On the cotton and rice plantation,
Where labored the dark skinned slaves,
Those slain have bequeathed our nation
Three hundred thousand grayes!

In the chaparrals dense which border
The far-off Southern seas,
Where the maize-plumes, ranked in order,
Wave in the Southern breeze;
There, too, you will find them slumb'ring—
And the vernal blossom paves
The sods on our martyrs, numb'ring
Three hundred thousand graves!

But the cause for which they perished
Is saved by the blood they shed.
And their sacred memory's cherished.
The Good, the Brave, and the Dead!
We weep for the countless number—
Each one our affection craves.
They're ours, who fill in slumber
Three hundred thousand graves!

The Road to Slumberland?

What is the road to slumberland, And when does the baby go? The road lies straight through mother's arms, When the sun is sinking low. He goes by the drowsy "Land of Nod," To music of "lullaby," When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, Under the evening sky.

A soft little nightgown, clean and white, A face washed sweet and fair; A mother brushing the tangles out From the silken, golden hair; Two little tired satiny feet, From the shoe and the stocking free; Two little palms together clasped At the mother's patient knee.

Some baby words are drowsily lisped In the tender Shepherd's ear, And a kiss that only a mother can place On the brow of her baby dear; A little round head that nestles at last Close to the mother's breast, And then the lullaby, soft and low, Singing the song of rest.

And closer and closer the blue-veined lids Are hiding the baby eyes, As over the road to slumberland The dear little trayeller hies; For this is the way, through mother's arms, All dear little babies go To the beautiful city of slumberland, When the sun is sinking low.

ADEIFT.

Father, my hands drop idly at my side; My eyes are blinded by the dashing foam, My frail bark drifteth onward with the tide; Father, O guide me home.

Far, far beyond I catch the beacon's light,
While pale stars dimly shine in Heaven's
dome,
But all my soul is darkened with the night;
Father, O lead me home,

Father, thy child is weary with the strife, Her bark drifts on, she knows not where be Thou my pilot, guide me through this life; Father, then take me home.

I met a little cottage girl; She was eight years old, she sald; Her hair was thick with many a curl That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air, And she was wildly clad; Her eyes were fair, and very fair; Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, my little maid, How many may you be?" Seven in all," she said, And, wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell," She answered, "Seven are we; And two of us at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie, My sister and my brother; And in the church-yard cottage, I Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye aroseven—I pray ye tell, Sweet maid, how this can be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie
Beneath the church-yard tree,

"You run about, little maid, Your limbs they are allie; If you two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit— I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir, When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer, And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane; In bed she moaning lay, Till God released her from her pain; And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid; And, when the grass was dry, Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If there are two in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead! Their spirits are in heaven!" Twas throwing words away: for still The little maid would have her will, And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

The Typo Band Benefit.

Miss Gertie Olmstead, lately from the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, who is now on a visit to this city with her mother, will appear at the Opera House in a characteristic dance on Saturday evening, on the occasion of the production of the "Octoroon" for the benefit of the Typo Brass Band. She is a fine of singer and dancer, and will prove a great attraction. Miss Carro True, of Oakland, who assumes the character of "Zoe," arrived yesterday, in company with her mother, and is stopping at the with her mother, and is stopping at the St. James. In the play she sings three songs. As a vocalist she stands very high, and the play will be rendered doubly interesting by her efforts. The Philharmonic Society, directed by Prof. Parvin, will appear in the choruses at the end of the first act, when the grand negro jubilee is introduced. The original music for the play, procured from the leader of the California Theatre orchestra, arrived yesterday, and is now under rehearsal by the musicians of Bronson & Daggett's Band, under the leadership of Prof. Henry Tuck. The Opera House will undoubtedly be crowded. Over seventy seats have already been reserved at Morton & Co.'s. At Rest.

With folded hands the lady lies
In flowing robes of white,
A lamp beside her lonely couch,
A globe of tender light.

With such a light above her head, A little year ago, She walked adown the shadowy vale Where the blood-red roses grow.

A shape or shadow joined her there, To pluck the royal flower, But stole the lily from her breast, Albeit her only dower.

With all that went, her false love first, And then her peace of heart; The hard world frowned, her friends grew She hid in tears apart;

And now she lies upon her couch,
Amid the dying light.
Nor wakes to hear the little voice
That moans throughout the night!
Richard Henry Stoddard.

AN INQUISITIVE CHILD.

Obtaining Information About Bald-headed Men.

St. Louis Times.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tatered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, aint he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moment's silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Some time, may be."

"Yes."

"Well you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed:
"Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If yon don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight—look at em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper he had been reading, "what's the matter with that young hyenn?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy. unocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by by the newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "If you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter."

bald-headed?"
"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep
quiet I'll give you a quarter."
The boy promised and the money was paid

The boy promised and the money was paid over.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paner, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter, when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain in here."

nere."
"The bald-beaded man is gone," said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a lived size from her lips.

Y LOVE IS LIKE THE DAISY.

BY FEN FOLLET.

My love is like the daisy,
Her heart is pure and warm;
When rough winds blow their niercest,
She never heeds the storm.

When the days grow ever darker, She looks straight up to Heaven, And through its misty deepness Sees the face of our Father, even.

Her heart a shining in her face Shows me what floods of love Refreshes all my sad, dry life, As the blessed rain from above.

She seems to me a little saint, Clad all in purest white, And with a lity in her hand, For heavenly dwelling right.

She hath no need to try her arts, As other maidens do; She hath a blessed talisman, That keeps her lover true.

Her faith, so tender, true, begets
A faithfulness as sure,
And through her heavenly purity,
God grant to make me pure.

DRIFTED APART.

Lost; and I know not where thou art! I know we change in mind and heart, And dearest friends will drift apart

Upon Time's treacherous time; And yet I dreamed that thou and I On water's calm, 'neath cloudless sky, Might onward float-forever nigh-Across Life's ocean wide.

And still I mourn the luckless day, I marked thee slowly glide away; My heart in piteous tones cried, "Stay, And leave me not alone!"

No answering word or look from thee Came through the distance back to me: Only the wave of life's deep sea Made melancholy moan.

No parting word, no farewell kiss; Only a vanished dream of bliss, A void that aches for what we miss

From out the life and heart; Too weary of world's dull ways, To scorn alike its blame and praise, And weep for joys of by-gone-days-Ah me, to drift apart!

I loved thee! I who love so few; I trusted thee and loved thee too; They always trust whose hearts are true,

Nor fear the change of years. Some hearts are made to love in vain, Some brows to ever ache with pain, Some lips to sing a sad refrain, Some eyes are made for tears.

I quit the busy haunts of men, And seek sweet solitude again, With friendly book and faithful pen-These are not lost to me;

But Love, I know not where thou art! We change in mind and change in heart, And thus is why we drift apart Upon Time's storm-tossed sea.

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine, Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers. Spirits that suffer and do not repine—Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers, That from the passer's heel arise, And bring back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lonely love that haunts their eyes and

The lonely love that hauns then eyes and ears;
That wound fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
Oh Nature, shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove?
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
With one hard heart turn to her and repent?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend, And they that dry the tears in others eyes Feel their own anguish swelling without end, Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs? Sure, Love to some fair region of her own Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth alway—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may beti
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers that so low is your poor lot,
They would be rebels; love rebelleth not.

THE HARBOR.

The heart is a harbor; the white-safled ships
That enter its golden gate,
Bear cargoes of peace, of joy, and of love,
As part of their precious freight;
Each messenger dove from over the sea
Wings tidings from those who roam,
and the lightshines bright through the gloom of night,
Guiding the wanderer home. The heart is a harbor-but oh! there are days

The heart is a harbor—but oh! there are days
When never a ship comes im,
And the meaning cry of the alba ross
Is heard through the ocean's din:
The rocks are all white with the angry foam,
And the eklos with clouds o'ercast;
And our hands grow weak, and our eyes grow dim,
As the storm-king driveth past.

As the storm-king driveth past.

The heart is a harbor—oh! weavy ones
Who wait for your sailor-kiss.

There's another bort that our good ships make
When they fail to enter this.

There's a golden gate on the other side,
And a peaceful bay and shore;
Oh! pray that we all may enter therein
When the voyage of life is o'er.

ENITTING THE SCARF.

A sly little maiden sits by me to-night,
Softly humming an old tune low;
The bright threads flash through her fingers
white,
As she guideth the needle to and fro.
Sweet is the song that the maiden singeth,
Sad to my heart are the thoughts it
bringeth;
Dreams that were buried so long ago,
Under the snow—under the snow.

Under the show—ander the show.

Little the maiden knoweth of this, Weaving the bright threads in the while; Her thoughts are weaving a dream of bliss, And her red lips part in a sweet half smile,

As her happiness in with each stitch she twineth,

And the light in the luminous eyes that shineth

Under the lid grows tender and dim,

Thinking of him—thinking of him.

Thus the needle beareth a double thread,
As dainfuly in and out it files,
And the conscious flood in her eyes grows
red,
'Neath the smile of my steady eyes.
Shake down the cloud of thy brown hair's

glory, Lest thy blushes should tell the story That was old when the Eden skies wer

Yet ever is new-ever is new.

So blushing and shyly the maiden sings,
Knitting the searf for her absent lover;
And methinks two angels with golden
wings
Softly round the maiden hover.
Heaven grant that the hopes thou art
weaving
Leave no room in thy heart for grieving;
"Angels keep thee," I softly pray,
Turning away—turning away.

A Brother's Eulegy—Au Hoquent Apostrophe to Denth.

Washington, June 2.—The funeral of Hon, F. C. Ingersoll, brother of Colonel Rolert G. Ingersoll, of Hinois, took place at his residence this afternoon. The ceremonies were extremely simple, consisting merely of viewing the remains by relatives and friends, and a most eloquent and impressive funeral eration by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, brother of the deceased. A large number of distinguished gentlemen were present including

funeral eration by Colone! Robert G. Ingersoll, brother of the deceased. A large number of distinguished gentlemen were present including Secretary Sherman, Senators Blains, Voorhees, Paddock, Allison, Governor Pound and others, Following is the oration of Colonel Ingersoll, which was received by all present with marks of deep and sincere feeling and sympathy:

"My Friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father and friend, died where manhoud's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, lell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best—just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail—to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar. For whether in midsea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all, and every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jewelled with a joy, will, at its close, become a traged!

as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woot of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of line was oak and rock; but in the sunstine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all herolds on the souls. He elimbed the heights and left all superstations for below, while on all forehead felt the golden day herolds and the loved the vine and flower. He was the friend of all herosouls. He climbed the heights and left all supersistions for below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak and with a willing had gave alms with loyal heart and with a willing had gave alms with loyal heart and with the purest band. He fatthfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshipper, and humanity the only religion, and love the property of the sum of human low; and were everyone for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to hight beneath a wilderness of theres. He is an arrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the beights; we cry alead, and the only answer is the echo of our walling ory. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying deat there comes no word. But in the night of death flope sees a star, and listening Love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears, and least, that these dear words are true of all the countess dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved, to do the last, sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is no gentler, stronger, manther man."

There were no ceremonies whatever at the grave, but a pathetic scene occurred when the grave but a pathetic scene occurred when the strength of the frame of the last leave of their dead toster father. One of last leave of their dead foster father. One of last leave of their dead foster father. One of last leave of their dead foster father. One of last leave of their dead fos

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The Elders and the Child.

Softly fell the touch of twilight on Judea's Slowly crept the peace of moonlight o'er Judea's trembling rills.

In the temple's court conversing, seven elders sat apart; Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of head and pure of heart.

"What is rest?" said Rabbi Judah, he of stern and steadfast gaze. "Answer, ye whom tolls have burdened through the march of many days."

"To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "decent wealth and goodly store, Without sin, by honest labor—nothing less and nothing more."

"To have found," said Rabbi Joseph, meek-ness in his gentle eyes, "A foretaste of heaven's sweetness in homo's blessed paradise."

"To have wealth and power and glory crowned and brightened by the pride Of wrising children's children," Rabbi Ben-jamin replied.

"To have won the praise of nations, to have worn the crown of fame," Rabbi Solomon responded, loyal to his kingly

"To sit throned, the lord of millions, first and noblest in the land," Answered haughty Rabbi Asher, youngest of the reverend band.

"All in vain." said Rabbi Jarus, "if not faith and hope have traced In the soul Mosaic precepts, by sin's contact uneffaced."

Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest, gravest of them all:

"From the hights of fame and honor even valuat souls may fail;

Love may fail us. Virtue's sapling grow a dry and thorny rod, If we bear not in our bosoms the unselfish love of God."

In the outer court sat playing a sad-featured, fair-haired child; His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow—they were god-like when he smiled.

One by one he dropped the lilies, softly placked with childish hand;
One by one he viewed the sages of that grave and hoary band.

Step by step he neared them closer, till encir-cled by the seven, Then he said, in tones untrembling, with a smile that seemed of heaven;

"Nay, nay, fathers! Only he within the measure of whose breast.

Dwells the human love with God-love can have found life's truest rest;

"For where one is not, the other must grow stagmant at its spring. Changing good deeds into phantoms—an un-meaning, soulless thing.

"Whose holds this precept truly, ownsajewel brighter far
Than the joys of home and children—than wealth, fame and glory are.

"Fairer than old age thrice-honored, farabove tradition's law, Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient prophet saw.

"Only he within the measure—faith appor-tioned—or whose breast Throbs this brother-love with God-love knows the depth of perfect rest."

Wondering, gazed they at each other:
"Praised be Israel evermore:
He has spoken words of wisdom no man ever spake before!"

Calmly passing from their presence to the fountain's rippling song, Storged he to uplit the lilies strewn the scat-tered sprays among.

Faintly stole the sounds of evening through the massive outer door; Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on the Temple's marble floor,

Where the elders lingered, silent since he spake, the Undefiled—
Where the Wisdom of the ages sat amid the flowers a child!

OLD LETTERS.

A box of sweetest music is that case.
Filled with the songs of those that sin

no more,
Save in the records of this secret store.
By their dear hand-marks. Ahl what cherished grace
With pale-faced echo floats across the

no

the

space
of Time's encroaching sea, as slowly o'et
I turn the speaking paper, and restore
Love's fragments to their old familiar place.
Yet seldom have I needed to unfold
Those outer leaves which keep the thoughts

for mostly hath a glance my memory told of all within; so like the electric smark. Let but the hand the fading scripture hold.

And all the spirit rushes on the heart.

ALONE.

The days have been so long, so dark, so dreary In toil I've sought oblivion's draught in vain Grief with its chilly hand and clutch so eerie, Shall sadder make my heart's dull, ceaseless pain.

For on my path once brightened by glad faces No ray of home lights cheer the weary round Alone! alone! nor love nor friendship chase From off my life its gloom: nor sound

Of happy voices blithe to greet my coming, Fall with glad accents on my listening ear; But memory sad with low flushed voice is humming.

"All, all alone!" nor loved nor dear one near.

Like as the rain from leaden clouds down fall-

Making all dark and drear the shivering wold,

So on my heart doth Mem'ry pour appalling Thoughts of the loved whose days on earth are told.

It brings me back the years of joy and glad-

When life was young and days with hope were bright;

But wraps them in a cloud of grief and sadness That blights their joy and veils their beaming light.

Yet as the clouds before the bright sun fleeing, Pass from the sky and smiles the earth once

So will my heart, fond hope from sorrow free-

Rise from its gloom, and, toward a heavenly shore

Bending its gaze will patient bear the cross That leads me upward to regain my loss.

THE BROOK.

How beautiful these lines by Tennyson Their music is sweet and refreshing as that of the brook itself-their thoughts as sparkling as the sunlight upon its ripples. Who has not in his mind's eye just such a stream? Whose memory does not cherish just such a brook? He may have wandered, oh! far away, but it goes " on forever-ever-it goes on forever :"

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy fore-land set
With willow, weed and mallow.
I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance
Among my skinming swallows.
I make the nettled sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows—
I chatter—chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
But men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever—ever—I go on forever.
I wind shout, gral in and out.

But I go on forever—ever—I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
When here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a grayling;
And here and there a grayling;
And here and there a grayling;
And here and there a snowy flake
Upon me as I travel;
With many a silver water break
Above the snowy gravel.
And out spain I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever—ever—I go on forever!

I steal by lawns and grassy plots.

I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers;
I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses—
And out again—I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever—ever—I go on forever!

THE POPULAR PREACHER.

It was a worthy pastor,
Who saw with grief and care,
His congregation go to sleep,
Or—which was worse—elsewhere.

He pondered long and deeply,
This wise and pious man,
And at last hit on a simple
And most effectual plan.

Next Sunday, of his sermon
The text when he had said,
He slid adown the pulpit stairs
And stood upon his head.

By thousands flocked the people That preacher great to hear, And the trustees raised his salary To seven thousand a year.

THE COMMON SOLDIER.

[The appearance on our streets of the maimed soldiers with their organ, to whom our citizens have extended help with a liberal hand, brings to my remembrance the old poem, by Smithers, Jno. P., which is truth rather than poetry, and at this time seems appropriate for republication. Com.

Nobody cared when he went to war, But the woman who went on his shoulder; Nobody decked him with immortals He was only a common soldier.

Nobody gave him a goodly feast, With sparkling jest and flower-crowned wine; wo or three friends on the sidewalk stood, Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody packed a dainty trunk With soldiers' raiment and officers' fare; A knapsack held all the new recruit Might own, or love, or eat, or wear,

Nobody cared how the battle went With the man who fought till the bullet sped Through the coat, undecked by leaf or star, On the common soldier, left for deaf.

The cool wind bathed his fevered wound— The kind clouds wept the liveloug night; 'Twas a pitying lotion Nature gave, Till help might come with the norping light.

Such help as the knife of the surgeon gives, Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder, And another name swells the pension list. And another name swells the pension as For the meagre pay of a common soldier.

See him, o'er yonder all day he stands, And an empty sleeve in the soft wind plays. As he holds his lonely left hand out, For charity, at the crossing-ways.

And this is the way, with bitter shame, He begs his bread and barely lives; So wearily ekes out the pitlless pay A proud and grateful country gives.

What matter how he served the gun,
While plume and sash were ever yonder!
What matter how he bore the flag
Through blinding smoke and battle thunder!

What matter, though a wife and child Cry sorely for the good arm rent, And wonder why that random shot To him, their own beloved, was sent!

Oh, pain, 't hearts! wipe out the stain; Give jewen, 'ed cup and sword no more; But let no common soldier blush To own the loya, blue he wore.

Shout long and load for victory now.
By chief and leader, strong and true,
But don't forget the boys who fought—
Shout for the common soldier, tool

THE HOMELESS

"Mother, the stars look cold, to-night, I cannot bear their chilly light; Take me away from this dreary place, They shine so sadly in my face."

'My child, the stars are our only light: For we've no home, no fireside bright; But I'll carry thee down to yonder glade, And thou shalt rest 'neath the oak tree's shade."

"Mother, the oak tree's shade is chill: It sends through my frame a fearful thrill; It presses my brow with a heavy band; It lays on my heart like an iron hand."

"My child, no other house have we No roof, save the shade of this old oak tree; But I'll lay thee down by the lone brook's side, Where the rippling waters softly glide."

"Mother, the brook murmurs loud to-night; It wearies me more than the stars' cold light.
The oak tree's shade gave not the thrill That I feel as I hear the laughing rill."

My child, no other tone of cheer Will fall to-night upon our ear; But rest thee here 'neath the locust grove While under its shade I softly rove.'

"Mother, the whip-poor-will's note is so shrill, And grinding and harsh is the cricket's loud trill; The frog's loud croak will craze my brain, And my heart beats loud with a fearful pain."

"My child, the whip-poor-will's note is sad; But rest thee calm on thy leafy bed, And soon the cheerful morning light Will chase away this long, long night."

"O mother, say, with the morrow's dawn Will this wild crushing weight be gone? For well I know this grinding pain Is wearing spirit, and heart, and brain."

My child, upon thy burning brow The flush of fever resteth now. I pray thee sleep; and I will rest Thy aching head upon my breast."

"Ah! mother, I know this fearful pain
Will be gone when the morning dawns again; And when you see to-morrow's sun, My eternal day will be begun."

"Oh, press me closer to thy heart, For the time has come when we must part. Yes, mother, I know, for e'en now the light Of the eternal day has burst on my sight."

She pressed him closer to her breast, And together in death they calmly rest.

"Little Davy."

[The following lines on the death of "Little Davy" were written by his father while he himself was prostrated by sickness and not expecting to recover. "Little Davy" was an exceptionally bright little boy of about seven years, with one of the most tender, sweet dispositions ever met with:]

Fare thee well, my loved boy, with the "sun kissed hair;"

Farewell to thy sweet smile, thy bright brow so One hope in my heart lives, the sadly I mourn,

My child is not dead, but an angel is born. Farewell to the clasp of thy soft circling arm—
Thou art well sheltered now from all danger and

harm; And I dare not repine that from me thou, are

torn, For my child is not dead, but an angel is born.

Farewell, "wee white rose." E'en though born in the wildwood,

The angels themselves kept a watch o'er thy childhood:

Now, in God's garden blooming, thou'lt expand without thorn-

So my child is not dead, but an angel is born.

Fare thee well, little Davy, thou joy of my heart, The gone from me now, not for long de we part; I hasten to join thee—thou wilt not return— My fair boy that's not dead, but God's angel just born.

And where 'mongst "God's eyes" shall I find

my sweet child, With his bright rosy lips and eyes beaming so

Some angel will tell how my footsteps to turn To my child that's not dead, to the angel just

And never again shall we part, my loved boy; No more heart wringing sorrow, but soul filling And in bliss without end we'll forget how for-

My heart felt that eve the new angel was born.

*One of little Davy's ideas concerning the stars.

MAITTING.

Knitting gayly in the sunshine,
While the fragrant roses blow,
And the light wind stirs the petals
Till they fall like flakes of snow;
Laughing gladly, glancing shyly,
At the lover by her side—
Saucy dimples, soy confessions,
All a maiden's love and pride;
Weaving in with skillful fingers
Girlish fancies, pure desires,
While the brightness of the future
Flashes through the twinkling wires;
And a young heart's fond ambitions,
Tender hopes and golden dreams,
Deepen as the studight deepens,
With its thousand darts and gleams.

With its thousand darts and gleams.

Knitting silent in the shadows,
With a drooping, weary head,
Gazing out into the twilight,
Whence the life and light have fled;
Moving nerveless, languid fingers,
Striving to be bright in vain,
And to still the heart's wild flutter,
Throbbing in its mighty pain;
Working through the silky texture,
All a woman's anguished fears,
Looking out on past and fature
Through a mist of burning tears.
Knitting patient in the twilight,
Quiet bearing all her wee,
While the roses shed ilieh retain
In a fragrant Summer show.

Knitt'ng flercely in the anguish Of a burning, fiery strife; Or quietly in the sunlight Of a calm heart's happy life. Knitting heavily and slowly. In life's last fitful hours, Or skillfully and gayly. Among the Summer flowers. Weaving in a glorious luture, Or a soul's dumb aching pain, With the memory of pleasures That will never come again.

Thus a woman's life is bounded
By the humble daily task,
Meekly taking up her burden,
Pausing not to strive or ask.
Ah! how many hearts beside us,
Were we not so worldly wise,
Might we see in gentle momen's,
Looking out from wistful eyes;
And how often, did we listen,
"Nee'h a gay and laughing tone,
Could we hear the bitter yearning
Of a strong heart's restless mon

Down on an old hillside,
Where violets were peeping,
And the wild rose bloomed in queenly pride,
A fair young child lay sleeping.

One hand was raised above her head, The other laid gently on her breast And nothing save the rabbit's tread To break the soundness of her rest.

Old zephyr sighed among the trees, And tossed the curis upon her brow; The song of the bulbut floated on the breeze, And the squirrels leaped from bough to bough.

Yet she lay there, calm, peaceful and still; Beautiful as the daisy that grew by her side Sweet as the violets that bloomed by the rill; Pure as the snowdrop on the hillside.

The light winds played with her curls at will, And the butterfly flitted here and there Over the garlands that she had wreathed And placed on her brow so fair.

Unconcious of all earth's pleasures and pains, Of the flowers and thorns she had gathered; She slept, and o'er the bright plains Of dreamland she wandered.

She dreamed that an angel stole her away And carried her on its wings so bright, And told her she should forever stay In the blessed city of light.

It carried her on to the side of a river,
Of a river so rippling and bright;
And many fair angels were kneeling beside her,
They told her she would sail on that river to
night.

They told her that just beyond it stood The blessed city of light, Where dwelt all the pure and good, And where there was no darkness and night.

The light skiff pushed from the pebbly strand,
And floated out on the silver tide.
On the right, on the left, and on either hand,
An angel stood by her side.

They dipped her form in the laughing waves.
That form so young and fair—
And told her she should by Jesus stand,
And a crown of glory wear.

They robed her in the purest white And stroked her golden hair, And told her of all the angels bright, She was as pure as any there.

They attached to her shoulders a pair of wings, And placed a harp within her hands; [things And told her she should not dwell with earthly But dwell with Jesus in that beautiful land.

The boat had touched the silver stand,
The angels began to sing.
They dropped their oars in the riply sand,
And bore her on their wings.

And as they came near the city so fair, They whispered, "Dear, little one, so Jesus, your King and Savior, is there, Opening wide the gate for thee."

And as they drew nearer and nearer,
The angels glided out, and, with a kiss,
Each greeted her and did shout,
"We love you! we love you! come join in our

They placed on her head a crown, And tuned her harp to sing: "Come with us and bow down, And worship our Heavenly King."

And here, much to her regret, the dream ended, Of angels so bright and fair. For, poor little thing, to her it did seem, Indeed, as if she was there.

And Ah! what sadness filled those eyes.
When she awoke and looked around,
And saw she was not above the skies,
But still on earthly ground.

Time has changed, that child's a maid, But still her memory loves to glide, Back to the dream she had under the shade Of the trees on the old hillside.

Noblesse Oblige.

I hold it the duty of one who is gifted And royally dowered in all men's sight. To know no rest till his life is lifted Fully up to his great gifts' hight.

He must mold the man into rare completeness, For gems are set only in gold refined; He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness, And east out folly and pride from his mind.

For he who drinks from a god's gold chalice Of art, or music, or rythmic song, Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice, And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.

For I think the wrath of an outraged Heaven Should fall on the chosen and dowered soul That allows a lump of selfish leaven, By slow fermenting, to spoil the whole.

reat gifts should be worn like a crown befit

And not like goms on a beggar's hands;
And tae toil must be constant and unremittin
That bits up the king to the crown
demands.

—Ella Wheeler.

WISHES. still What are you thinking, my darling, Sitting so silent and still— Sumlight asleep in your ringlets of gold, Eager lip parted, as if to unfold Wonderful secrets at will?

"Oh, mother! I've only been wishing
More things than could ever be told;
Dreaming with wide-open eyes, while the
light
Drops through this apple-bough, rosy and
white,

Flecking the soft grass with gold.

"Wishing I knew if the robbin Sang in the maple to-day, Tales of the winterless lands he has seen-Groves of the orange, and islands of green, Perils of wing by the way.

"Wishing I knew how the May-flowers Bloom on the hem of the snow; Longing to read what the crocuses write, Marvellous letters of purple and white, All in an orderly row.

"Wishing I knew if the streamlet
Tells in the violet's ear
Stories of life at the frost-monarch's court,
Glittering fairies by moodlight that sport,
Palaces crystalline clear.

"Wishing I knew if the south wind Brings not some news from the sea, Tropleal waves in the sunlight aglow, And somewhere, saling so stately and slow, A ship that is freighted for me."

Oh, dreams of an innocent childhood!
Oh, wishes too sweet to come true!
What is the toil of the oldest mind?
Guesses at knowledge but half defined;
Nearer to Nature are you.
—[May A. P. Humphyen.
MY LADY'S SONG.

Let my lady's song be of heroes,
But not of the tented field;
Let her sing of lists where the victors
Fight for the honor to yield.
Let her sing of the shock of battle,
Where the winning heart is lost;
Of the strife that knows no striving
But the strife of loving most.

Let my lady's song be of Summer,
But not of the scorching heat;
Let her sing of the floating perfumes,
Of the flowers, and all things sweet.
Let her sing of the sun in his glory,
But not where he withers the lea;
Let her sing how he hangs on the mountain,
And how he kisses the sea.

Let her sing of Diana of Latmos,
Not of Luna alone in the skies;
Let her sing of Endymion walking—
Love chasing sleep from his eyes.
Let her sing of the stars that cluster,
But not as they wander apart;
Of all things in earth and in heaven
That symbol a heart and a heart.

Let my lady sing what she listeth—
The sun, or the moon, or the grove,
The mountain, the fountain, the SummerStill to my ear it is love.
As the depths of a thousand blossoms
Give up one sweet to the bee,
So the words of her changeful legends
Have an e-ho of love for me.

Like a dry tree that stretcheth its leaflets,
To take of the dew of the south,
So my car is athirst for the music
That flows from the gates of her mouth.
And, soft through the melody ripples,
As a lake by the evening fanned,
This, this is its charm, that it trembles
From the touch of her speaking hand.

Ah! love, when the crimson of rapture Flushes cut to the marble brow; When the hand is strong as the Summer, And the voice with the soul is aglow; When the hand is at surest and bravest, And the lyre most mellow and free, Let the voice roll forth as a torrent, Sing then of my love for thee.

But, ah! when the heart is the tenderest,
And thine eye is a fainting star;
When thy soul is in arms against silence,
And thy love is with coyness at war;
When I would not press thee for phrases.
That would call up a blush to thee,
Let thy lyre, well taught by thy fingers,
Quiver thy passion for me.

Let my lady sing what she listeth—
The sun, or the moon, or the grove,
The mountain, the fountain, the Summer—
Still to my car it is love.
As the depths of a thousand blossoms
Give up one sweet to the bee,
So the words of her changeful legends
All echo of love to me.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Quarrels, like thunder-storms, would end in sunshine were it, not for the determination to have the last word. If you are scoded or criticised, just bite your lips and keep still, it will soon be over; but if you retort you are in for "three years of the war." Many a man who pours himself in torrents of rain for five minutes, and then breaks out into the sunshine of good temper again, will settle down into a three-days' dismal drizzle if he is weak enough to insist on having the last word.

— It is a beautiful thing to frankly acknowl-

ing the last word.

It is a beautiful thing to frankly acknowles an error we are conscious of committing rard another; and a more enjoyable thing to yow we are wiping away the tears of pain our oughtless words have caused. The ready smile, heerful spirit, and the encouraging words of a lectricd companion, are beautiful things to the sof angels.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

They in a manger laid Thee,
Then Monarch of the Sky;
And men no homage paid Thee,
Thou Highest of the High.
While stars proclaimed Thy wondrous ways.
While hosts of angels sang Thy praise,
Thou camest down to die.

With humblest heart Thou tookest
The lot Thou hast made Thine;
Heaven's glory Thou forsookest
For huts where poor men pine.
Thou wert a slave to make us free;
It was Thy gladness, Lord, to see
All share Thy grace divine.

Thoa, Saviour, wert the meekest—Thy words gave peace of soul;
And still Thou healing speakest
To all who would be whole.
A hope, a trust, a father mild,
Thou art to each repentant child
That seeks the grandest goal.

Shamed, tortured, lonely, friendless,
Nailed to the fatal tree,
Thou didst by anguish endless
Gain endless lie for me.
Now in Thy holy, holy name
Bows every knee—Thy triumphs fiame
Sublime from sea to sea.

May Thy example cheer us,
Strengthen, exalt, inspire;
May Thou be ever near us—
A sacred mystic fire
Dwell in the temple of our breast,
And when we sink to final rest
Be Thou our sole desire.

Remembered and Forgotten.

What shall we remember;
What shall we forget?
Seems the vexing question,
Over which men fret,
Till the shining angel,
Charity by name,
Points to her white record,
Known to earthly fame.

What shall we remember?
Every kindly thought;
Every weil-fought battle;
Every good thing wrought;
Every thoughtful saying;
Every thoughtful saying;
Every homest deed,
Done by friends and neighbors
For each other's need.

What shall we remember?
Nothing that will harm;
Nothing that will scatter
Trouble and alarm;
Nothing that will foster
Hatred in the heart;
Nothing that will make us
Act the yengeful part.

What shall be forgotten?
Everything that mars;
Everything that brings up
Old forgotten scars;
Everything that rankles;
Everything that stings—
Making room for treasures
And all beauteous things.

What shall be forgotten What shall be lorgotten
As we pass along?
Every jealous feeling;
Every grudge and wrong.
If we close our journey
With our faults forgiven,
What shall be forgotten?
Everything but heaven.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIF.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirits yearning cry;
The striving after better hopes—
Those things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves the friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrows of a contrile heart
These things can never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
The kindly work in griet's dark hour,
That makes up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
These hands have clasped, these lips have
met,

met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but cannot tell;
Whe hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes are bounding high
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam en thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

Tired Mothers.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear,
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled
hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so
tight.

tight,
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night

But it is a blessing! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sanshine till it slips away;
And now it seems surprising strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of mother-hood

hood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to

rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your
breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands have
slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm
again;

again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children clinging to their gown, Or that the footprints, when the days are

wet,
Are ever black enough to make them
frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once
more. more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could
say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

A RAMBLE AMONG AUTHORS.

Though man with man can scarce agree Upon a given thing,
There are to whom we how the lance,
And to whose names we cling.

Few ladies are without a "Hood," And ev'ry way you turn You meet with many people "Gay," And silent ones quite "Sterne."

The race is seldom to the "Swift," (This fact is true, I hope;)
The sternest Protestants admire
A certain famous "Pope."

The butcher has his harmless "Lamb," (Which, sooth to say, he kills;) And almost ev'ry country known Claims its especial "Mills."

"Holland" is taken by the Dutch, And there a while they'll stay; While folks who like not brighter lines Are partial to the "Gray,"

The man of staves his "Cooper" has; The papers all can "Reid?" While ev'ry miller has his "Saxe," And hunters draw a "Bede."

Most women "Marryatt" the age
That others did before;
And now, although it gives me "Paine,"
I cannot tell you "Moore."

Hang Up the Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
For I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It never would do at all:
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For any thing half so small!

I know what we'll do for baby,
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma.
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, 50;
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it over the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blosselest baby—
And now, before you so.
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

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Or ac-

Jerusha Jenkins went to the Annual Meeting last week, as is evident from the "pome" she sends us. She must have been well disguised, or the lords of creation would have been horrified. She says her piece can be sung to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," whatever that may be:

It was so cold the other day, I couldn't work, I couldn't play, So I resolved to spend the day,

OPTICIAN,

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ORS.

THE PROBLEM.

Her life is all one neutral tint; A cold and quiet gray; No thunder-cloud nor sunbeam glint Darkens or cheers her way; No great events their shadows east Across her Present or her Past.

From year to year she patient sips
The tasteless cup of life;
No annals e'en escape her lips
Of blighting care or strife;
And rarely from them falls one word
That would be worthy to record.

She is not old—she is not young— She works from day to day, Nor cares for those she dwells among, And hers—the neighbors say— A nature neither warm nor cold, Too soit to carve—too hard to mould.

And yet her face has saddening power, I seek the cause in vain—
As sometimes, at the twilight hour,
A misty, treeless plain,
With drearier feelings fills the heart,
Than scenes of strife or storm impart.

Kingdoms might fall, and empires quake, Nations rejoice and groam, And in her breast no interest wake, Yet surely I have known A sound, a scent, a trifling thing, Search out some memory's hidden spring;

When, slowly rising to her eye,
I see a faint light glow,
And then—I know not how or why—
It must be long ago—
By that pale gleam I read the cost
Of a life's welfare staked and lost!

Coming Back.

They say if our beloved dead.
Should seek the old, familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes; but this I know,
Could my lost darling come to me
That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone, Ofttimes the winter winds have blown The while her peaceful rest went on, And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day In all life's tasks to bear my part; But whether, grave or whether gay, I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faith ul love has blest my way, And friends are round me true and tried. They have their place—but hers to-day Is empty as the day she died,

How would I spring with bated breath, And joy too deep for word or sign, To take my darling home from death And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream; It fills my heart with wild unrest— Where yonder cold, white marbles gleam, She still must slumber; God knows best.

But this Iknow: that those who say Our best beloved would find no place, Have never hungered, every day, Through years and years for one dear face.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

тегарат Стапее. Тhe farmers have the

This is an excellent beginning for the Pe-

and vote at the coming town meeting.

inquiry, eight women decided to register,

Mrs. F. M. Spooner. As a result of their

Mrs. M. A. Webb, Mrs. Helen A. Hicks,

for school committee. These ladies were to qualify herself to vote at town meeting

what it was necessary for a woman to do

mittee was also appointed to find out ber of names of men and women. A comup to the Legislature with a large num-

circulate a petition, which has been sent

mittee of ladies was chosen to get up and given in favor of the measure. A com-

Is any one sad in the world, I wonder?

Does any one weep on a day like this? hands, and when they will, they can can read and they can can be made in a day in the can be a day in the two rishts of women largely in their own

A Song.

CEO. H. LLOYD

NUTMEG MATCH."

меек кев тзер'

MR. CHAS F. ATKINSON Med. and Sat. at 2. Evenings at 8. Mainees, Wed. and Sat. at 2.

Bowdoin Square Theatre.

THE LION TAMER.

Francis Wilson Opera Co.

Third Week Beginning Feb. 13th,

JOHN STETSON, Proprietor and Manager

GLOBE THEATRE,

"A TEMPERANCE TOWN." **S'TYOH**

вев. 13, егеченти wеек

Evenings, at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

Mr. F. E. PIPER, Business Manager PARK THEATRE. MARGE

Feb. 20th.—Var. C. Goodwin in "A GILDED FOOL," Seats on sale Thesday, Feb. 14th,

Evenings at 8. Wed. and Sat. Matinees at 2.

MASKED BALL,

JOHN DREW MONDAY, FEB. 18th, LAST WEEK,

ISAAC B. RICH Proprietor and Manager

HOLLIS STREET

VWUSEMENTS.

SCROFULA, Whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

And all is at peace

At peace! ay, the peace of the desert— The silence, the deep desolation, That comes when the blast has swept o'er us And buried our hopes.

At peace! when the music that thrilled us The hand that its harmonies wakened, The voice that was soul to the singing, Alike are at rest.

At peace! ay, the peace of the ocean, when past is the storm where we foundered. And eager and breathless the morning Looks over the waste.

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
Of the tes less ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steels away;
By the tall of summer rain grops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the russ-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing encless desolation
On its lightning wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Desting surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
*Through long years again,

I have known one word hang starlike
O'er a weary waste of years,
An a it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears,
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and hear on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Olearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gezed upon it,
With no wave of hope and fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle Than the breath of summer air,
In a list-ning hea t it nestled,
And it live deforever there.
Not the bearing of its prison
Sifered i. ever, night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living; Serpents with their venemed stings, Or bright ancels, crowding round us With heaven's light upon their wings; Every word has it own spirit, T. ue or false, that never dies; Every word man's lips have uttered Echoes in the skies.

Keepsakes.

Two little baby boys I own:
The elder scarcely walks alone:
His sunny hair and large brown eyes.
His carnest look of sweet surprise,
His funny ways and joyous shout,
I could not tell you all about
If I should try a year.

He creeps so fast to catch his toys;
And then he sets up such a noise—
His horse and dog, and book and bell.
He throws them all about, pell mell.
Oh. Mother Goose. if you could see
This little boy, so full of glee.
Your sides would ache, I fear.

He watches with a rueful face
The baby who usurps his place.
My darling boy, your little "nose
Had to be broken," I suppose.
"I'is very odd, sometimes, the way
You love your "bubber" in your play,
And bring a smile or tear.

In hammock low, among the trees, Rocked back and forth by passing breeze, The baby swings, and coos to see The gentle rustle of the tree, The lights and shades, the leaves that fall, The sunshine brooding over all— "Its Indian Summer here.

Way overhead, in the blue sky.
The downy clouds float sortly by.
A lullaby fair Nature sings.
And through the air its music rings;
My little one falls fost asleep.
As sun and shadow o'er him creep.
His mother watching near.

Two baby boys! a God of love
Sends as a gift from heaven above;
And like the shifting rainbow bright,
Tinging the drifting clouds with light,
Their souls, so fine and sweet, shine out,
Breaking through mists of grief and doubt,
And make my pathway gless.

— A friend, who leveth at, all times, through ill and through good report, through sorrow unto by, through sin and suffering unto repentance, imore beautiful than the stars in the firmament bove, more to be desired than all the wealth of loleonda. A pure heart is the crown of all beautiful things.

s ueeq seq qojqm 'uojqied e equipalitati things?

To y 'elise ue equipalitati the woods were all aring:

Langhed till the woods were all aring:

Langhed till the woods were all aring:

And he said to me, as he plumed each feath of the will of God, without asking or caring what there think, may often be spoken of by the world itself, and the esteem and confidence of the world itself, and the approval and peace of God.

— Imaginary evils soon become real ones by induiging our reflections on them; as he who in a metancholy fancy sees something like a farce on the wall or walnesot, can, by two or three toucles with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

— When we are young we waste a great deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older, and when we are old we waste an equal amount of time in wondering why we writed so long before we began to do anything.

He who orders all his doings according to he will of God, without asking or caring what there think, may often be spoken of by the world itself, and the esteem and confidence of the will of God, without asking or caring what there think, may often be spoken of by the world itself, and the esteem and confidence of the will of God, without asking or caring what there think, may often be spoken of by the world itself, and the esteem and confidence of the world itself, and the esteem and confidence of the world itself, and the approval and peace of God.

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— When we are young we waste a great de

Some One's Servant Girl.

Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain.
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend,
The red lips gave a curl.—
"Really, I do not know her name,
She's some one's servant girl!"

Again I saw her on the street
With burden trudge along,
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I'd thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye:
For there was no necessity
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
To some one's servant girl.

Ah! well it is, that God above An i well it is, that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure, and good,
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were—
In which the form was dressed.

And, many a man, a woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pearl
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

DREAMINGS.

BY WILLIAM D. POLLOCK.

Life is real, and full of pleasure: Life is real, and full of pleasure;
As we make it, so we lie.
Tasting all the sweets of loving
As they swiftly pass us by.
What more true or pleasure picture.
Than the home of wedded life,
When he is a faithful husband—
She a fond and loving wife!

"Dearest Lulu, do you love me ?" "Dearest Linit, do you love me?"
Said a lover by her side—
"Tell me truly, do you love me?
Will you be my own sweet bride?"
"Do I love you?" sighed the maden;
Truthfully, no thought to hide
Sighed the maden; "Yes, I love you,
And I'll be your own true bride,"

*Say it over, do you love me?"
Said the husband of a year;

Are you happy—do you love me—
Love to have me always near?"

Yes, I love you—more than love you,
Said the pure and happy wife,

Life is nothing but to love you-Love you as I love my life.' "Darling Lulu, do you love me?"

"Darling Lulu, do you love me?"
Said the father, fond and trne;
"Tell me once again you love me—
Love me as you used to do."
"Years have brought me many trials,"
Sang the mother, soft and low;
"Still no care has dimmed the Justre
"Of my love's most constant glow."

Guard the temple of the loving-Guard the temple of the toving— Life should have no truer aim; Waste not precious time in loving, Loving only in the name. Open wide love's tender portals: Hearts that love can ne'er decay, White the true and pure in loving Holds supreme, eternal sway.

Passion's fire is not true loving: Gaze with pitying eyes around— Hearts that trust to passion's fever Fall as dead leaves to the ground, While the good and pure in loving Soars eternal to the skies. Bridging o'er the Waveless River With a Hope that never dies.

EVENING.

The sun his parting love hath cast
Around on cloudlets pure as snow,
And softly paints, as hurrying past,
The clouds and skies, while his soft glow
Doth kiss the water's rippling breast.
But, ah! anon he's lost to sight!
A star appears in the fair West,
And others follow in their light.

And others follow in their light.

Tis night; the flowers of Heaven
Are queenly throwing their soft light;
Nature rests in quiet's haven.
The heart of man in rest delight,
And by the aid of you fair moon
Of eve, stray drops of dew we trace,
That quietly on the flowers bloom.
And woodlands wear a sable face.

The loyous notes of birds are still,
And here, just passing hear us by,
A straggling zephyr, 'gainst his will,
Doth-stor to sip ere he doth fly
Away to rest. The Katy-did
Doth gall and answer through the vales,
The birdles in their nests are hid.
A-sweet calm o'er the earth prevails.

All is rest—such quiet rest
When man can hold converse with God;
The milky way her snow-white breast
Holds out a faith to all who've trod,
This certal sphere. Oh, lovely night!
Away above the clouds there's day
That never ceases. Faith's the light
That shows us here His love alway.

other,

"THE WOMEN WHO WENT TO THE FIELD."

BY CLARA BARTON.

[Read at the Farewell Reception and Banquet by the Ladies of Potomac Corps, at Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C., in response to the toast "The Women who went to the Field."]

The women who went to the field, you say; The women who went to the field; and pray What did they go for ?- just to be in the way? They'd not know the difference betwixt work and play.

And what did they know about war, anyway? What could they do?-of what use could they

They would scream at the sight of a gun, don't you see? Just fancy them round where the bugle-notes

play, And the long roll is bidding us on to the fray.

Imagine their skirts 'mong artillery wheels, And watch for their flutter as they flee 'cross the fields

When the charge is rammed home and the fire belches hot;

They never will wait for the answering shot. They would faint at the first drop of blood in their sight. What fun for us boys,—(ere we enter the fight)!

They might pick some lint, and tear up some sheets.

And make us some jellies, and send on their sweets, And knit some soft socks for Uncle Sam's shoes,

And write us some letters, and tell us the news. And thus it was settled, by common consent, Of husbands, or brothers, or whoever went, That the place for the women was in their own homes,

There to patiently wait until victory comes. But later it chanced—just how, no one knew— That the lines slipped a bit, and some 'gan to crowd through;

And they went,-where did they go?-Ah! where did they not?

Show us the battle, the field, or the spot Where the groans of the wounded rang out on the air

That her ear caught it not, and her hand was not there; Who wiped the death sweat from the cold, clam-

my brow, And sent home the message:-"Tis well with

him now;" Who watched in the tents whilst the fever fires

And the pain-tossing limbs in agony turned, And wet the parched tongue, calmed delirium's

strife Till the dying lips murmured, "My mother," "My wife."

And who were they all?—They were many, my men:

Their records were kept by no tabular pen: They exist in traditions from father to son, Who recalls, in dim memory, now here and there one.

A few names were writ, and by chance live to-day; But's a perishing record, fast fading away.

Of those we recall, there are scarcely a score, Dix, Dame, Bickerdyke, Edson, Harvey and Moore, Fales Wittenmeyer, Gilson, Safford and Lee,

And poor Cutter, dead in the sands of the sea; And Frances D. Gage, our "Aunt Fanny" of old, Whose voice rang for freedom when freedom was sold; And Husband, and Etheridge, and Harlan and

Case,

Livermore, Alcott, Hancock and Chase, And Turner, and Hawley, and Potter, and Hall. Ah! the list grows apace, as they come at the call.

Did these women quail at the sight of a gun? Will some soldier tell us of one he saw run? Will he glance at the boats on the great western flood, At Pittsburg and Shiloh, did they faint at the

blood?

And the brave wife of Grant stood there with them then,

And her calm stately presence gave strength to his men.

And Marie of Logan: she went with them too; A bride, scarcely more than a sweetheart, 'tis

Her young cheek grows pale when the bold troopers ride;

Where the "Black Eagle" soars, she is close at his side, She staunches his blood, cools the fever-burnt

breath; And the wave of her hand stays the Angel of

Death: She nurses him back, and restores once again To both army and state the great leader of men. She has smoothed his black plumes and laid

them to sleep, Whilst the angels above them their high vigils

keep: And she sits here alone, with the snow on her brow-

Your cheers for her, Comrades! Three cheers for her now!

[At this point, as by one impulse, every man in the room sprang to his feet, and, led by Gen. W. W. Dudley, gave three rousing cheers, while Mrs. Logan, with her white head bent low,

vainly sought to stop the fast-falling tears.] And these were the women who went to the war: The women of question; what did they go for? Because in their hearts God had planted the seed Of pity for woe, and help for its need;

They saw, in high purpose, a duty to do, And the armor of right broke the barriers through.

Uninvited, unaided, unsanctioned ofttimes, With pass, or without it, they pressed on the lines;

They pressed, they implored, 'till they ran the lines through,

And that was "the running" the men saw them do.

'Twas a hampered work, its worth largely lost; Twas hindrance, and pain, and effort, and cost; But through these came knowledge-knowledge is power,-

And never again in the deadliest hour Of war or of peace shall we be so beset To accomplish the purpose our spirits have met. And what would they do if war came again? The scarlet cross floats where all was blank then. They would bind on their "brassards" * and march to the fray,

And the man liveth not who could say to them nay; They would stand with you now as they stood

with you then .-The nurses, consolers and saviors of men.

* The insignia and arm-band of the Red Cross worn upon the field.

given in favor of the measure. A committee of ladies was chosen to get up and circulate a petition, which has been sent blood purifier. up to the Legislature with a large number of names of men and women. A com-AMUSEMENTS. mittee was also appointed to find out what it was necessary for a woman to do IS THEATRE. STREET to qualify herself to vote at town meeting for school committee. These ladies were Mrs. M. A. Webb, Mrs. Helen A. Hicks, ISAAC B. RICH..... Proprietor and Manager Mrs. F. M. Spooner. As a result of their inquiry, eight women decided to register, MONDAY, FEB. 13th, LAST WEEK. and vote at the coming town meeting. This is an excellent beginning for the Petersham Grange. The farmers have the rights of women largely in their own MASKED BALL, hands, and when they will, they can carry Evenings at 8. Wed. and Sat. Matinees at 2. Feb. 20th.—NAT. C. GOODWIN in "A GILDED FOOL." Seats on sale Tuesday, Feb. 14th, at 8 A. M. Mr. J. A. CRABTREE, - Manager Mr. F. E. PIPER, Business Manager Saturday Matinee at 2. Evenings.at 8. FEB. 13, ELEVENTH WEEK "A TEMPERANCE TOWN." GLOBE THEATRE. Third Week Beginning Feb. 13th, Francis Wilson Opera Co. THE LION TAMER. Bowdoin Square Theatre. MR. CHAS F. ATKINSON Manager Evenings at 8. Matinees, Wed. and Sat. at 2. WEEK FEB. 13th, H. LLOYD. OPTICIAN, BOSTON. SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES Oculist Prescriptions a Specialty. 137 Please note initials (Sec. H., and number, 357. No More Chapped Hands. BY USING Medicinal and Toilet Soap. and Olive Oil.

Gives a smoothness and softness to the skin not obtained by any other preparation.

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The Barney Co., Boston, Mass. www



stro w."

Down on an old hillside,
Where violets were beeping,
And the wild rose bloomed in queenly pride,
A fair young child lay sleeping.

One hand was raised above her head, The other laid gently on her breast And nothing save the rabbit's tread To break the soundness of her rest.

Old zephyr sighed among the trees,
And tossed the curis upon her brow;
The song of the bulbul floated on the breeze,
And the squirrels leaped from bough to bough.

Yet she lay there, calm, peaceful and still; Beautiful as the daisy that grew by her side Sweet as the violets that bloomed by the rill; Pure as the snowdrop on the hillside.

The light winds played with her curls at will, And the butterfly flitted here and there Over the garlands that she had wreathed And placed on her brow so fair.

Unconcious of all earth's pleasures and pain Of the flowers and thorns she had gathere She slept, and o'er the bright plains Of dreamland she wandered.

She dreamed that an angel stole her away And carried her on its wings so bright, And told her she should forever stay In the blessed city of light.

It carried her on to the side of a river, Of a river so rippling and bright; And many fair angels were kneeling beside her, They told her she would sail on that river to-

They told her that just beyond it stood The blessed city of light, Where dwelt all the pure and good, And where there was no darkness and night.

The light skiff pushed from the pebbly strand, And floated out on the silver tide. On the right, on the left, and on either hand, An angel stood by her side.

They dipped her form in the laughing waves— That form so young and fair— And told her she should by Jesus stand,

They robed her in the purest white And stroked her golden hair, And told her of all the angels bright, She was as pure as any there.

They attached to her shoulders a pair of wings, And placed a harp within her hands; [things, And told her she should not dwell with earthly But dwell with Jesus in that beautiful land.

The boat had touched the silver stand,
The angels began to sing.
They dropped their oars in the riply sand,
And bore her on their wings.

And as they came near the city so fair, They whispered, "Dear, little one, see! Jesus, your King and Savior, is there, Opening wide the gate for thee."

And as they drew nearer and nearer,
The angels glided out, and, with a kiss,
Each greeted her and did shout,
"We love you! we love you! come join in our

They placed on her head a crown, And tuned her harp to sing: "Come with us and bow down, And worship our Heavenly King."

And here, much to her regret, the dream ended, Of angels so bright and fair. For, poor little thing, to her it did seem, Indeed, as if she was there.

And Ah! what sadness filled those eyes.
When she awoke and looked around,
And saw she was not above the skies,
But still on earthly ground.

Time has changed, that child's a maid, But still her memory loves to glide, Back to the dream she had under the shade Of the trees on the old hillside.

Noblesse Oblige.

I hold it the duty of one who is gifted And royally dowered in all men's sight. To know no rest till his life is lifted Fully up to his great gifts' hight.

He must mold the man into rare completeness, For gems are set only in gold refined; He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness. And cast out folly and pride from his mind.

For he who drinks from a god's gold chalice Of art, or music, or rythmic song, Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice, And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.

For I think the wrath of an outraged Heaven Should fall on the chosen and dowered soul That allows a lump of selfish leaven. By slow fermenting, to spoil the whole.

Great gifts should be worn like a crown befitting,
And not like gems on a beggar's hands;
And the toil must be constant and unremitting
That lifts up the king to the crown's
demands.

—Ella Wheeler.

WISTES.

What are you thinking, my darling, Sitting so silent and still-sunlight asleep in your ringlets of gold, Eager lip parted, as if to unfold Wonderful secrets at will?

"Oh, mother! I've only been wishing
More things than could ever be told;
Dreaming with wide-open eyes, while the
light Drops through this apple-bough, rosy and

Flecking the soft grass with gold.

"Wishing I knew if the robbin
Sang in the maple to-day,
Tales of the winterless lands he has seen—
Groves of the orange, and islands of green,
Perils of wing by the way.

"Wishing I knew how the May-flowers Bloom on the hem of the snow; Longing to read what the crocuses writ Marvellous letters of purple and what all in an orderly row.

"Wishing I knew if the streamlet Tells in the violet's ear Stories of life at the frost-monarch Glittering fairies by mondlight the Palaces crystalline clear.

"Wishing I knew if the south wind Brings not some news from the se Tropleal waves in the sunlight aglo And somewhere, sailing so stately at A ship that is freighted for me."

Oh, dreams of an innocent childhoo Oh, wishes too sweet to come true What is the toil of the oldest mind; Guesses at knowledge but half defir Nearer to Nature are you.

—[Mary A. P. Hum]

MY LADY'S SONG.

Let my lady's song be of heroes,
But not of the tented field;
Let her sing of lists where the vict
Fight for the honor to yield.
Let her sing of the shock of battle
Where the winning heart is lost.
Of the strife that knows no strivir
But the strife of loving most.

Let my lady's song be of Summer
But not of the scorching heat;
Let her sing of the floating perfut
Of the flowers, and all things sw
Let her sing of the sun in his glor
But not where he withers the le
Let her sing how he hangs on the i
And how he kisses the sea.

Let her sing of Diana of Latmos,
Not of Luna alone in the skies;
Let her sing of Endymion walkin,
Love chasing sleep from his eye
Let her sing of the stars that clust
But not as they wander apart;
Of all things in earth and in heav
That symbol a heart and a heart

Let my lady sing what she listeth-The sun, or the moon, or the gr The mountain, the fountain, the : Still to my ear it is love. As the depths of a thousand bloss Give up one sweet to the bee, So the words of her changeful leg Have an echo of love for me.

Like a dry tree that stretcheth its
To take of the dew of the south
So my car is athirst for the music
That flows from the gates of her
And, soft though the melody ripp
As a lake by the evening fanned
This, this is its charm, that it tree
From the touch of her speaking

Ah! love, when the crimson of ra All! love, when the crimson of ra Flushes cut to the marble brow. When thy hand is strong as the S and thy voice with thy soul is a When thy heart is at surest and but And thy lyre most mellow and filet thy voice roll forth as a torrer Sing then of my love for thee.

But, ah! when the heart is the ter.
And thine eye is a fainting star;
When thy soul is in arms against!
And thy love is with coyness at v
When I would not press thee for n
That would call up a blush to the
Let thy lyre, well taught by thy fin
Quiver thy passion for me.

Let my lady sing what she listeth—
The sun, or the moon, or the gro
The mountain, the fountain, the Si
Still to my car it is love.
As the depths of a thousand blosso
Give up one sweet to the bee,
So the words of her changeful lege
All echo of love to me.

GRAINS OF GOLD

Quarrels, like thunder-storms in sunshine were it not for the deta have the last word. If you are set cised, just bite your lips and keep soon be over; but if you retort your three years or the war." Many pours himself in torrents of rain for and then breaks out into the sums temper again, will settle down into a three-ways dismal drizzle if he is weak enough to insist on having the last word.

— It is a beautiful thing to small a calculation.

laving the last word.

It is a beautiful thing to frankly acknowledge an error we are conscious of committing to ward another; and a more enjoyable thing to know we are wiping away the tears of pain our thoughtless words have caused. The ready smire, a cheerful spirit, and the encouraging words of a lime-tried companion, are beautiful things to the bases of angels.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

They in a manger laid Thee,
Thou Monarch of the Sky;
And men no homage paid Thee,
Thou Highest of the High.
While stars preclaimed Thy wondrous ways.
While hosts of angels sang Thy praise,
Thou camest down to die.

With humblest heart Thou tookest
The lot Thou hast made Thine;
Heaven's glory Thou forsookest
For huts where poor men pine.
Thou wert a slave to make us free;
It was Thy gladness, Lord, to see
All share Thy grace divine.

Thos, Saviour, wert the meekest-Thy words gave peace of soul; And still Thou healing speakest To all who would be whole. A hope, a trust, a father mild,

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uine War-rens have "Warren" stamped on end of fastener. George Frost Co., Boston, 33AAP -1BW an stocking. to cut the tions, sure less imitaand worthsupporter. countless, and sen-sible hose fortable Треге -moo 1som 1snm supporters not cut the stock-ing, all other reason why it can-Hose Supporter — the of Fastener of Warren S 90 ON HOLDING EDGES PAT ROUNDED RIB OÖ THIS IS THE 68

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BOSTON. "is notgnings W

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do:
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam en thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

es suam a

Tired Mothers.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee.
Your tired knee that has so much to bear.
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled
hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Or warm, moist fingers, tolding yours so
tight,
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night

But it is a blessing! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day.
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away;
And now it seems surprising strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of mother-hood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The child that brought me only good.

Twas a hampered work, its worth largely lost; Twas hindrance, and pain, and effort, and cost; But through these came knowledge-knowledge is power,-

And never again in the deadliest hour Of war or of peace shall we be so beset To accomplish the purpose our spirits have met. And what would they do if war came again? The scarlet cross floats where all was blank then. They would bind on their "brassards" * and march to the fray,

And the man liveth not who could say to them

They would stand with you now as they stood with you then,-

The nurses, consolers and saviors of men. * The insignia and arm-band of the Red Cross forn upon the field.

There is no woman in God's world could

Say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown.
The little boy I used to kissis dead.

A RAMBLE AMONG AUTHORS.

Though man with man can scarce agree Upon a given thing,
There are to whom we bow the knee,
And to whose names we cling.

Few ladies are without a "Hood," And ev'ry way you turn You meet with many people "Gay," And silent ones quite "Sterne."

The race is seldom to the "Swift," (This fact is true, I hope;)
The sternest Protestants admire
A certain famous "Pope."

The butcher has his harmless "Lamb," (Which, sooth to say, he kills;) And almost ev'ry country known Claims its especial "Mills."

"Holland" is taken by the Dutch,
And there a while they'll stay;
While folks who like not brighter has
Are partial to the "Gray."

The man of staves his "Cooper" has; The papers all can "Reid." While ev'ry miller has his "Saxe," And hunters draw a "Bede."

Most women "Marryatt" the age
That others did before;
And now, although it gives me "Paine,"
I cannot tell you "Moore." Hang Up the Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
For I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It never would do at all:
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for baby,
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma.
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, 50,
And write a letter to Santa,
And I saten it, over the loc. And fasten it over the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stecking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blesselest baby—
And now, before you 20.
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

Mee "por been tion her King that

Jerusha Jenkins went to the Annual Meeting last week, as is evident from the "pome" she sends us. She must have been well disguised, or the lords of creation would have been horrified. She says her piece can be sung to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," whatever that may be:

It was so cold the other day, I couldn't work, I couldn't play, So I resolved to spend the day, Attendin' Annual Meet'n. So down to 'Tlantic Hall I went, Where an attentive ear I lent, To learn how money should be spent As shown at the Annual Meet'n.

Then all the orators uprose, I swan, I thought they'd come to blows, Just as they stood, in dress-up clothes, Right there in the Annual Meet'n. So many subjects were discussed. Some of the talk was calm and just, And some so silly, I thought I'd bust With laughter at Annual Meet'n.

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I learned that guardians of the schools Are necessarily knaves or fools, Accordin' to all human rules. -This I learned at the Annual Meet'n. I thought, if every town or city Must thus abuse its School Committee.

Once every year, the more's the pity We had any Annual Meet'n. They voted to put wimmen on, I wondered that, in years bygone, They hadn't sent 'em round Cape Horn

By vote at the Annual Meet'n. Now into office they must go, It seems so strange that this is so, But 'tis the fact, as I well know. -I was there at Annual Meet'n.

And when another year rolls round, The ladies must all right be found, Or they will be to powder ground In the mill of the Annual Meet'n O glorious days of Woman's Rights! When for the offices she fights, And anxious days, and sleepless nights Are hers during Annual Meet'n.

"O woman, in our hours of ease. Uncertain, coy and hard to please," Only to think, that in times like these, Her name is in Annual Meet'n! That they who've heretofore been slaves May be made "Cullers of Coopers' Staves," And, next year, stigmatized as knaves By vote of the Annual Meet'n!

I went to see what I could learn, And heard the speakers, turn and turn, Until they voted to adjourn, And break up the Annual Meet'n. I listened to bad rhetoric, Till of it I was tired and sick, It touched my feelin's to the quick, What I saw at the Annual Meet'n.

I'm thankful now that all is o'er. And never want to hear no more Such stuff as I heard talked before The people at Annual Meet'n. Hokee, Pokee, Sassyfras, Foolish talk and noisy gas, Pollytiks may go to grass, ytiks may go to get ...
If that's an Annual Meet'n.
JEBUSHY JENEINS.

TWILIGHT-PEACE.

'T is twilight! the murmurous voices Of maidens that stroll with their lovers Beneath the dark ilexes' shadows Come faint to my ear.

No cloud in the faint azure heavens is floating—the moon in its fullness Looks down with a mild face of pity, And night holds its breath.

Innumerous under the grasses
The crickets are ceaselessly chirping.
Above them the luccioli lighten,
And all is at peace!

At peace! ay, the peace of the desert— The silence, the deep desolation, That comes when the blast has swept o'er us And buried our hopes.

At peace! when the music that thrilled us the hand that its harmonies wakened, The voice that was soul to the singing, Alike are at rest.

At peace! ay, the peace of the ocean, When past is the storm where we foundered, And eager and breathless the morning Looks over the waste.

WHIE PROBLEM.

Her life is all one neutral tint; A cold and quiet gray; No thunder-cloud nor sunbeam glint Darkens or cheers her way; No great events their shadows east Across her Present or her Past.

From year to year she patient sips
The tasteless cup of life;
No amals e'en escape her lips
Of blighting care or strife;
And rarely from them falls one word
That would be worthy to record.

She is not old—she is not young— She works from day to day, Nor cares for those she dwells among, And hers—the neighbors say— A nature neither warm nor cold, Too soft to carve—too hard to mould.

And yet her face has saddening power, I seek the cause in vain—
As sometimes, at the twilight hour,
A misty, treeless plain,
With drearier feelings fills the heart,
Than scenes of strife or storm impart.

Kingdoms might fall, and empires quake, Nations rejoice and groam, And in her breast no interest wake, Yet surely I have known A sound, a scent, a trifling thing, Search out some memory's hidden spring;

When, slowly rising to her eye,
I see a faint light glow,
And then—I know not how or why—
It must be long ago—
By that pale gleam I read the cost
Of a life's welfare staked and lost!

Coming Back.

They say if our beloved dead.
Should seek the old, familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face,

I cannot tell how it might be In other homes; but this I know, Could my lost darling come to me That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone, Ofttimes the winter winds have blown The while her peaceful rest went on, And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day In all life's tasks to bear my part; But whether, grave or whether gay, I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faith'ul love has blest my way, And friends are round me true and tried. They have their place—but hers to-day. Is empty as the day she died;

How would I spring with bated breath, And joy too deep for word or sign, To take my darling home from death And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream; It fills my heart with wild unrest— Where yonder cold, white marbles gleam, She still must slumber; God knows best.

But this Iknow: that those who say Our bestbeloved would find no place, Have never hungered, every day, Through years and years for one dear face.

A Song

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Is any one sad in the world, I wonder?

Does any one weep on a day like this?

With the sun above and the green earth un-Why, what is life but a dream of bliss?

With the sun, and the skies, and the birds

above me,
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly—
With the winds that follow and say they
love me—
Who could be lonely? O ho, not I?

Somebody said in the street this morning, As I opened my window to let in the light That the darkest day of the world was dawning; But I looked, and the East was a gorgeous sight.

O world of light and O world of beauty!
Where are the pleasures so sweet as thine?
Yes, life is love, and love is duty;
And whatheurt sorrows? O ho, not mine!

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
of the res less occan spray;
Vainer than the trembling shidow
That the next hour stells away;
By the tall of summer rain grops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing encless desolation
On its lightning wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keeper weapon,
Desting surer death and pain,
And the oruel echo answered.
*Through long years again.

I have known one word hang starlike O'er a weary waste of years, And it only shone the brighter Looked at through a mist of tears, While a weary wanderer gathered Hope and hear; on life's dark way, By its faithful promise shining Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer
Than the calmest late, and clear
As the heavens that gezed upon it,
With no wave of hope and feur;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

they known a word more gentle.
Than the breath of summer air,
In a list-ning hea t it nestled.
And it lived-forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred i ever, night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venemed stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has it own spirit,
T. ue or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in the skies.

Keepsakes.

Two little baby boys I own:
The elder scarcely walks alone;
His sunny hair and large brown eyes.
His carnest look of sweet surprise,
His funny ways and joyous shout,
I could not tell you all about
If I should try a year.

He creeps so fast to catch his toys;
And then he sets up such a noise—
His horse and dog, and book and belt.
He throws them all about, pell melt.
Oh, Mother Goose, if you could see
This little boy, so full of glee,
Your sides would ache, I fear.

He watches with a rueful face
The baby who usurps his place.
My darling boy, your little "nose
Had to be broken," I suppose.
Tis very odd, sometimes, the way
You love your "bubber" in your play,
And bring a smile or tear.

In hammock low, among the trees,
Rocked back and forth by passing breeze,
The baby swings, and coos to see
The gentle rustle of the tree,
The lights and shades, the leaves that fall,
The sunshine broeding over all—
"Tis Indian Summer here.

Way overhead, in the blue sky,
The downy clouds float sortly by.
A lullaby fair Nature sings,
And through the air its music rings;
My little one falls fost asleep,
As sun and shadow o'er him creep,
His mother watching near.

Two baby boys! a God of love
Sends as a gift from heaven above;
And like the shifting rainbow bright,
Tinging the drifting clouds with light.
Their souls, so fine and sweet, shine out,
Breaking through mists of grief and denbt,
And make my pathway glear.

But Hooked, and the East was a gorgeous sight.

One who claims that he knows about it Tells me the Eath is a vale of sin; But I and the bees and the birds—we doub!

And think it a world worth living in.

Some one says that hearts are fickle, That love is sorrow, that life is care, And the reaper, Death, with his shining sickle, Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush, and we laughed together, Laughed till the woods were all aring; And he said to me, as he plumed each feath, etc.

I'well, people must croak if they cannosing."

Up he flew, but his song, remaining, Ranglike a bell in my heart all day, And silenced the voices of weak complaining.

That pipe like insects afong the way.

O world of light and O world of beauty!

Where are the pleasures so sweet as thine?

Yes, life is love, and love is duty; And when we are red on the wind descending in a place of the wind of time in imagining what we will do when we grow plant in the pleasures so sweet as thine?

Yes, life is love, and love is duty; And when we are the pleasures so sweet as thine?

Yes, life is love, and love is duty; And when we have are lost of the wind of the wind of the wind the reaper of the world itself, and the approval and peace of God.

— Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indusping our reflections on them; ashe who in a metancholy fancy sees something like a farce on the wall or walnesot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

— When we are revoung we waste a great deal of the imagining what we will do when we grow plant in a military to do anything.

— He who orders all his doings according to the will of God, without asking or caring what the will of God, without asking or caring what the will of God, without asking or caring what the will of God, without asking or caring what the will of God, without asking or caring what the will of God, without asking or caring what the will of God, without asking or caring what the will of God, without asking or

Some One's Servant Girl.

Some One's Servant Girl.

She stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain.

"Who is she, pray "I asked a friend,
The red lips gave a ourl—
"Realty, I do not know her name,
She's some one's servant girl!"

Again I saw her on the street
With burden trudge along,
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I'd thought a gentleman,

A man, I'd thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye:
For there was no necessity
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
To some one's servant girl.

An! well it is, that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure, and good,
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were—
In which the form was dressed.

In which the form was dressed.

And, many a man, a woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pear!
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

DREAMINGS.

BY WILLIAM D. POLLOCK.

Life is real, and full of pleasure; As we make it, so we lie.

Tasting all the sweets of loving
As they swiftly pass us by.

What more true or pleasing picture
Than the home of wedded life,

When he is a faithful husband—
She a fond and loving wife!

"Dearest Lulu, do you love me?"
Said a lover by her side—
"Tell me truly, do you love me?
Will you be my own sweet bride?"
"Do I love you?" sighed the maden;
Truthfully, no thought to hide
Sighed the maiden; "Yes, I love you,
Lai I'll he your own true bride?" And I'll be your own true bride

"Say it over, do you love me?"
Said the husband of a year; Said the hasband of a year;

"Are you happy—do you love me—
Love to have me aiways near?"

"Yes, I love you—more than love you,"

Said the pure and happy wife,

"Life is nothing but to love you—
Love you as I love my life."

Darting Lulu, do you love me?
Said the father, fond and true;
"Tell me once again you love me—
Love me as you need to do."
"Years have brought me many trials,"
Sang the mother, soft and low:
"Still no care has dummed the lustre
Of my love's most constant glow."

Guard the temple of the loving— Life should have no truer aim; Waste not precious time in loving, Loving only in the name. Open wide love's tender portals; Hearts that love can ne'er decay, White the true and pure in loving Holds supreme, eternal sway.

Passion's fire is not true loving: Passion's fire is not true loving:
Gaze with pitying eyes around—
Hearis that trust to passion's fever
Fall as dead leaves to the ground,
While the good and pure in loving
Soars eternal to the skies,
Bri dging o'er the Waveless River
With a Hove that never dies.

EVENING.

The sun his parting love hath cast
Around on cloudlets pure as snow,
And softly paints, as hurrying past,
The clouds and skies, while his soft glow
Doth kiss the water's rippling breast,
But, ah! anon he's lost to sight!
A star appears in the fair West,
And others follow in their light.

And others follow in their light.

Tis night; the flowers of Heaven
Are queenly throwing their soft light;
Nature rests in quiet's haven.
The heart of man in rest delight,
And by the aid of you fair moon
Of eve, stray drops of dew we trace,
That quietly on the flowers bloom.
And woodlands wear a sable face.

And woodnahds wear a sale techniques of birds are still.
And here, just passing near us by.
A straggling zephyn, 'gainst his will,
Doth stop to sip ere he doth fly
Away to rest. The Katy-did
Doth call and answer through the vales,
The birdles in their nests are hid.
A sweet calm o'er the earth prevails.

All is rest—such quiet rest
When man can hold converse with God;
The milky way her snow-white breast
Holds out a faith to all who've trod,
This certal space. Oh, lovely night!
Away above the clouds there's day
That never ceates. Faith's the light
That shows us here His love alway.

Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam is a rich relation.

With splendid house and grand estate: With splendid house and grand estate
Aurora lights his eastern chamber
And Hesperus his western gate.
His stores are full of gold and silver,
Which he bestows with liberal hand;
Uanumbered lesgues supply his larder, And feed the poor of every land.

Uncle Sam is a mighty trader—
He's bought St. Tom. for a naval store;
He's get me eye on San Domingo.
And Cunna nocking at the door;
He wants New Brunswick for its timber,
And Nova Scotta for its coal;
He's got a part of Mexico. And by and by he'll have the whole.

Uncle Sam is a man of battle, And though his deeds to peace incline, If he but lift his little finger, A million bayonets fall in line. His credit seemed a little shaky When greenbacks were so cheaply sold, But a little while will see his paper Quoted at par-as good as gold!

He's got a grant from New Granada To build the Darien ship canal; And his boys are teaching old Cham Tartar To build a railroad 'round his wall.

He's got a ferry o'er to China,

The steamers making regular trips;

Ho'll send ambassadors to Saturn

When he has finished his aerial ships.

O'er every zone and every ocean His emblematic stars shine down and sceptred kings, with feigned devotion, Revere the king without a crown; And men forswear their cold allegiance
To a cr. wid, unfeeling sham
Yielding a warm and prompt obedience
To the will of Unde Sam.

Another Religious Weekly. The distressing scarcity of newspapers devoted to the propagation of the true faith, has long been a subject of anxiety to the godly of this city. To be sure, FIGARO and the News' Letter have endeavored in their feeble way to supply the hiatus; but so far as the former is concerned, the effort has been far from successful, and we cheerfully yield the field to those who are better fitted to fill it. We have received the following prospectus, which speaks for itself:

I propose to start a religious paper on the gift enterprise plan. It will be devoted to sanctity and sewing machines, piety and patent medicines.

ent medicines.

Subscribers for one copy of the "Church Cancer" will be presented with a box of petroleum paste blacking. This is a very superior article; it will black boots or stoves, and may be used as a hair dye. (See testimony from leading clergymen, statesmen and bootblacks.)

Subscribers for two conics will be a subscribers for two conics will be subscribers.

Subscribers for two copies will receive a

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines.

Subscribers for ten copies will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted to suit any age as well as another.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a tilting hoop-skint and a marble bureau with a malogany top.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress, with a library consisting of a bottle and a pack of cards.

cards.
Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in Oregon fenced in and morrgaged.
Otergymen, acting as agents for the "Cancer," will be presented with one pair of brass knuckles and an acre of court plaster.

THE LARCHES.

BY A. M. D.

In golden haze around my door
The stately yellow larches stand,
While sad-toned murmurs through the land, Proclaim that summer's reign is o'er.

One week ago the larches shook A golden shower upon her bier, Who oft in joy played round them here, Ere death his icy tribute took.

When, whistling o'er each naked bough, The midnight winds of winter blow, And hares bound o'er the moonlit snow, My heart will ache for her as now :

Nor aught of peace or comfort know, Until, beneath an April sun, Green tassels o'er the larches run, God's earnest to us here below,

Of that great resurrection morn When those we buried here with tears, Perhaps with sinful doubts and fears, Shall to a truer life be born,

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I dong for sainted memories,
Like angels troops they come,
If I fold my eyes to ponder
On the old, old home.
The heart has many passages
Through which the feelings roam,
But its middle isle is sacred.
To the thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered, Like rosebuds from the blast; Where girlhood's brief elysium In joyousness was passed; To that sweet spot forever, As to some hallowed dome, Life's pilgrim bends her vision 'Tis her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,
By that old hearthstone's rays,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's days.
And one soft eye was beaming,
From child to child 'twould roam':
Thus a mother counts her treasures,
In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn,
(Some dear one who was swelling it,
Is with the Seraphim;)
The fond "good nights" at bed time—
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us altogether,
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,
Close intertwined each heart;
But time and change in concert,
Have blown the wreath apart.
But dear and sainted memories
Like angels ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
On the old, old home.

THE PLANTING OF THE VINE.

Old Father Noah sat alone
Within his tent at morn,
With such a shadow on his face
As spoke the heart forlorn.
"What alls thee, Noah?" said a voice,
Like soft, sweet music poured;
And Noah, looking up, beheld
The angel of the Lord.
"Forgive me, Lord!" he said, and sighed,
"If wrongfully I think,
But I am thirsty, nigh to death,
And know not what to drink!"

"To drink?" the gracious angel said;
"See, where the streamlets run,
And all the gladsome waters leap,
Rejoicing to the sun."
"This true, dear Lord, but thought recalls
The mournful myriads drowned—
Brave men, fair women, lovely babes,
And cattle of the ground.
Iloathe all water for their sakes—
The beautiful, the young—
It tastes of blood, it smells of death;
"Tis poison to my tongue!"

The radiant angel's lovely face Shone bright with heavenly fire;
"Noah, such pity for mankind Besseams their second sire.
Wat till I come!" Like lightning flash He vanished up the skies,
And like a lightning flash returned,
Ere Noah raised his eyes.
"Take this," he said, and held aloft A vine-stock branching fair;
"Heaven's noblest gift to human kind,
Entrusted to thy care.

"Go plant it on the suny hills,
For health and length of days.
And press its fruit for joyous drink,
And the Creator's praise.
It bears no taint of pain or death,
And tails not to impart
Strength to the body and the mind,
And gladness to the heart;
But curse not water, e'en in thought,
God's blessing most benign,
Fountain of beauty and of life,
Mother of men and wine."

on the marge of the sea to-day nd the swist waves washed the words away, Due the line could stand complete.

Then I cried to the jealous sea, "Forbear To mar what in love I trace! Thy signs are around me everywhere; Grant mine but a little space.

other in thy pride to dash the name I love from thy glittering sand; is a little meed, I ask, of fame, That on thy brow it may stand."

and 1 wrote again, with eager haste,
The name I and writ before;
at my labor and love were only waste,
On the shifting, sparkling shore.

The sea, with a victor's mocking shout, Marched over the sands again; And the precious name was trodden out, Like a dream that dies in pain.

and like the vanished trace on the beach Of the darling name I wrote, he echoes will be of my tuneful speech, As into slience they float.

As into stelle sea, is ended now,
And leaves on its sands no name,
tod's ingers only furr wits brow,
His breath in its voice is fame!

—William C. Richards.

THE SILENT LAND.

A voice from the Silent Land,
A voice from the spirit shore,
A low, sweet tone, like the night-wind's sigh,
That calleth forever more—
"Come to the land of peace,
Come to that har py strand—
Come where the sighs and weeping cease;
Come to the silent Land!

Come to the Silent Land-Come to the Silent Land—
Thou hast lingered long alone,
And 'hy weary soul on its ceaseless wings,
esting place hath known;
But come where the breath of peace
Is sweet on the shadowy strand,
And fold thy wing for its weary flight,
Far in the Silent Land."

A form from the spirit shore,
A form from the Silent Land!
A pale, sweet form, with a radiant brow,
That becks with a shad vy hand;
Soft, to arful eyes that upon me gleam,
Like stars through the midnight gloom,
And feet that glide with a noiseless tread,
Down to the silent tomb.

And my spirit hears that call,
'Mid the weary calm of life,
And I see the footsteps softly fall
'Mid its sounds of torrent-strife!
Lead on, lead on, pale phantom-form,
With thy dim and shadowy hand;
I follow fast in thy guiding path,
Into the Silent Land.

Into the Silent Land,
Unto my home of rest,
Where the weary soul is blest,
Oh! my spirit doth rejoice to fice
To that far and peaceful strand,
And I go with joy and truthfulness,
Into the Silent-Land.

Good Husbands.—A lady about to marry was warned that her intended, although a good man was very eccentric. "Well," she said, "if he is very unlike other men, he is more likely to be a good husband."

Too MUCH BOYS.—The mismanagement of the Atlantic cable is distinctly proved, by the admission of those on board the Great Eastern, that they left it in charge of buoys!

LITTLE REFLECTION .- The new moon minds one of a giddy girl, occause she don't show much reflection.

"I am getting up in the world," as the gudgeon said when drawn out of the water.

PLEDGES.

BY ALICE CARY.

Sometimes the softness of the embracing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sum—the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages,
The sweet, delusive plessedness of dreams Of gardens by the doors of cottages,
The sweet, delusive blessedness of dreams,
The pleasant murmurs of the forest trees
Clinging to one another—all I see,
And hear, and all that fancy paints,
Do touch me with a deep humility,
And make me be ashamed of my complaints.
Then, in my meditations, I resolve
That I will never, while I live, again
Ruffle the graceful ministries of love
With brows distrustful, or with wishes vain.
Then I make pledges to my heart and say

With brows distrustful, or with wishes vain.
Then I make pledges to my heart and say.
We two will live serener lives henceforth;
For what is all the outward beauty worth,
The golden opening of the sweetest day.
That ever shone, if we arise to hide,
Not from ourselves, but from men's eyes away,
The last night's petulance unpacified!

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Three white-clad forms beside the bed.
With little hands upheld,
When all their toys are laid away.
And the noise of the day is quelled:
And mother hears them each repeat
With voices earnest, low, and sweet,
The simple prayer
She teaches there:

"Geatle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Fond kisses and "good nights" from all,
As roay cheeks are laid
On enousy pillows, then, calm sleep
Tilt dreamy night shall fade.
Cood angels bend above ench fi ce
That silent lies in smiling grace!
Through toil and chre
Our lives must snare:
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
Look upon a little child."

O, laved and sinless little ones,
When years have led you on,
And she who lingers o'er you now
To her reward has gone:
When the toys of life are laid sway,
And evening comes, still may you pray,
With faithful hearts,
As life depay a.
Gentie Jesus, meek and mild,
colcupon a tatle, chad!"

MOSS ROSE BUDS.

BY MRS. AZALIA E. OSGOOD

To-day I ope'd a casket small, Edged round with filmy lace, And drew aside a silken pall, That I might find some trace

Of what had been a clust'ring spray Of rose-buds purely white Enriched by a profuse array Of moss, with dew made bright.

All brown and sere, it met my gaze, While I suppressed a sigh And dwelt upon that day of days-The donor was not by-

A day of gladness-peaceful trust-A day of deep content; When all the world seemed nobly just, And joy its presence lent.

To-day the withered buds I grasped. And pressed them to my heart; The while the slender stem I clasped. I prayed to God apart-

That I might always hold as dear As now, the memory, "The day—the week—the month—the year, That sealed my destiny.

The flowers are faded; yet remains Their fragrance as of yore Chaste kindred love as sovereign reigns, And bids me sigh no more,

Within the casket I replaced The rose-buds, once so fair, Just as a dear familiar step Came bounding up the stair

Dead in the Street.

Under the lamp-lights, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty;
There she lies,
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty,
Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Passed by busy and careless feet—
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty, time and leisure—
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
To teach the erring and raise the lowly—
Plenty in charity's name to show
That life has something divine and holy.

Boasted charms—classical brow,
Delicate features—look at them now!
Look at her lips—once they could smile;
Eyes—well, never shall they beguile;
Never more, never words of her's
A blush shall bring to the sainteiest face.
She has found, let us hope and trust,
Peace in a higher and better place.

Peace in a higher and better place.

And yet, despite of all, still, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been.

Some fond mother, fond of the task,
Has stooped to finger the dainty curl;
Some proud father has bowed to ask
A blessing for her, his darling girl,
Hard to think as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love and care,
Lonely watching and sore heart ache,
All the agony, burning tears,
Joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears,
Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Recathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Faney will picture a home afar,
Out where the daises and buttercups are,
Out where life giving breezes blow,
Far from these sodden streets, foul and low;
Faney will picture a lonely hearth,
And an aged couple dead to mirth,
Kneeling beside a bed to pray;
Or lying awake o' nights to hark
For a thing that may come in the rain and the dark,
A hollow-cyed woman, with weary feet,
Better they never know,
She whom they cherished so
Lies this night lone and low,
Dead in the street.

Good Advice.

NEITHER a borrower nor a lender be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry; this above all, to thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

Polonius.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me 'Tis only noble to be good. Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON



TURNING GRAY.

Life's sands are running fast away The buoyant step of youth is gone; That falling hair is turning gray, And time seems now to hurry on. More fleetly than in days of yore-Before the heart became its prey-Before twas saddened to the core-Before the hair was turning gray.

Yes, turning gray! Age comes like snow-As still—and carves each care-worn line; Its wrinkles on the brow will grow; The hair with silver streaks will shine. The eyes their brightness lose—the hands Grow dry, and tremulous and thin-For life, alas! is quickly spanned, And death its gates, soon closes in,

Ah! turning gray! we fain would hide The sign how long with time we've been; These deepened wrinkles side by side, Cut by the sorrows we have seen For feeble beats the heart as years More thickly cluster on our head-As autumn rain drops hang, like tears, On some fair flower that's nearly dead.

Like perished petals from the flower, Our hopes and wildest joys are laid; Born only for a day or hour, Sweet gambols by the fancy played. As age comes on we long for rest, As saints near shrines will long to pray, But still we love that time the best Before the hair was turning grav.

TRUE SIGNS OF LOVE.

Henest loyer, whatsoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Wav'ifing thought was, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss, And to love true, Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake and be struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she has little or nothing spoken;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If, when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask, and again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was asked thee properly;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

The third stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not ingers 'stead of meat;
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise http:// Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

THE FAIREST ALWAYS THE RAREST.

Thus it is all over the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles, And gluts the laggard forges; But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land With heaped and rounded ledges, But diamonds hide beneath the sand Their starry edges.

God gives no value unto men Unmatched by need of labor; And Cost of Worth has ever been The closest neighbor.

Were every hill a precious mine; And golden all the mountains; Were all the rivers fed with wine By tireless fountains:

Life would be rayished of its zest,
And shorn of its ambition,
And sink into the dreamless rest
Of inantion. —[J. G. Holland.

Paring Apples.

Out underneath the apple tree A bonny maiden sat.

And by her side, in drowsy state,
Reposed the old gray cat.
The sky above, the fields below,
The little maiden sitting there,
The golden curls and soft blue eyes,
All formed a picture sweet and fair.

And in her lap a dish she held
Of fruit—a tempting sight.
And in her cheery voice she sans,
"These must be pared ere night;
But mother's gone and I'm alone.
And now I'll try my luck and see
If brown-eyed Robin—whom I love—
Has really given his heart to me.

"For oft I've heard if I should pare
An apple whole and sound,
Without a breek, in one long strip,
And east it on the ground,
That, falling, it would twine and take
The first initial of his name,
Who, some fine day—if it is true—
Will surely come, my hand to claim."

Then, quick as thought, the deed was done,
And, lying at her feet.
The ruddy skin, with joy she saw,
Had formed an R complete.
But a ped her hands in childlike glee,
And, razing o'er the distant green,
A tender song burst from her heart,
"Now, Robin is my own, I ween."

But why do sudden blushes rise,
And mantle cheek and brow?
And see, the snow, dimpled hand,
Why does it tremble so?
Step she hears, a manly form
She knows is close beside her chair,
And, looking up, with shy blue eyes,
She sees her lover, standing there.

He lightly laughs, and taps her cheek;
"Yes, little lassie, mine,
The apple skin has told thee true,
For Robin's heart is thine."
And now, neglected in their dish,
Repose the apples, red and gold,
While in the sunpy afternoon
The old, sweet tale once more is told,

LOVED AND LOST.

She saw in every soul some good.
With vision clear and human.
She went up to the arms of god.
A stainless, loving woman!
Were nobler praises ever sung
In cottage, hall or bower!
Kind eyes, pure heart and gentle tongue,
And a fair face, like a flower!

And a fair stee, ince a lower:
The white rose of her maidenhood
To earth's brief Summer given,
In the rose of wifehood blushed,
Then ripened slow for heaven,
(While one sweet bud of Paradise
Bloomed 'neath our roof-tree lowly
A little maid, with violet gyes,
And forehead white and holy.)

When May time blushed from shore to shore.
The Summer's bright evangel,
We saw within our darkened door
The shadow of the angel;
Till weeping, weeping bitter tears
Of wild and fruitless sorrow.
We laid her where the long, still years
Wait the sternal morrow.

We left her where the Spring-times wept, and Summers burst in blossom, The shining golden head that slept So long upon my bosom; The little, busy, woman hands, Weary for love's sake never, Folded, low in the quiet lands, Forever and forever!

The Little Heart that Waits.

The evening breeze is singing low A lullaby to-day— I have a question I would ask, Before it dies away. The pebbles on the beach are dry, The tide has sunken low; A little form is standing there Between the ebb and flow.

A tangled mass of soft brown hair, Two eyes cast meekly down, A little face the sun has kissed, Two cheeks a little brown; Two little lips that pout and say—
"I do not think I know."
Two little lips that tell a fib! Between the ebb and flow.

A little heart that longing waits To know what next 't will hear, A little face that shyly looks To see if still I'm near. Ah! little heart that whispered, "Yes," Though pouting lips said, "No,"
You thought that you'd be asked again
Between the ebb and flow.

A little face half-frightened when I turned to go away, Two little hands that shyly reach As if to bid me stay;
A little voice that softly says—
"I did not mean that 'No,'"
A little pride that well was lost,
Between the ebb and flow.

The Trailing Arbutus.

My darling, beautiful blossoms! I know just where they grow-In a little spot on the hillside, When the sun rays melt the snow-

The glossy leaves half hide them And the snows around them cling; They stand at the door of Winter To welcome in the Spring.

So modest in their growing! So fragrant and so fair;
As I pluck the tiny blossoms
They perfume all the air.

To my sad heart tired with waiting They speak like the voice of song; Like the trembling prayer that rises The cool church aisles among.

But most of all I love them. And my heart with longing fills, When I think how in other Spring times, They grew on my native hills.

I knew each spot in the forest, Each sunny glade and nook,
Where in Spring time nature opened
And showed us her wondrous book—

With its green and lovely border Of ground and prince's pine; And each page traced with the graceful And delicate spiral vine.

And in the midst like a picture. My tiny blossoming gems, More precious than the rarest In monarchs' diadems.

The' my fingers cannot gather My gems 'neath an April sky, My heart can always hold them, They can never fade or die.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19, 1875.

THE LITTLE (HILDREN.

God bless the little children, We meet them every where; We hear their voices round our hearth, Their footsteps on the stair; Taeir kindly hearts are swelling o'er With mirthfulness and glee; God bless the little children Wherever they may be.

We meet them 'neath each gipsy tent, We meet them hearn each grays tent
With visage swarth and dun,
And eyes that sparkle as they glance,
With requery and fun;
We find them fishing in the brook
For minnows with a pin,
Or creeping through the hazel beach
The innet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall, Their stately father's pride; Ve meet them in the poor man's cot— He has no wealth beside; Along the city's crowded street—
They hurl the hoop or ball;
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—
The saddest sight of all.

For there they win no father's love,
No mother's tender care,
Their only friend the God above,
Who hears the orphan's prayer;
But dressed in silks, or draped in rags,
In childish grief or glee,
Od blues the little children God bless the little children Wherever they may be.

A Message.

Through the sky thou speedest, birdie,
As an arrow, light and free;
Winks as bright as sunlit cloudlets
Floating o'er the distant sea;
While with sweetest song thou bringest
Dearest tidings here to me.

From his home thou comest, birdie,
With his message, low and sweet;
Through my soul it thrills, sweet birdie,
Quick it makes my giad heart beat.
Only will my life be happy
When my eyes his own shall meet.

With thy whole heart listen, birdie,
While I give my message true:
Take one look for me, sweet birdie,
Into eyes of purest hue;
Give him then these sweet fresh flowers,
Wet with fragrant morning dew.

Tell him with thy sweet voice, birdie,
Of those Summer days gone by;
When with tireless feet we wandered
Where the violets hidden lie,
And with husbed young voices, birdie,
Watched the bright red sunset die.

Tell him to forgive me, birdie,
All those days of weary pain;
Tell him to remember, birdie,
How in grief my heart has lain;
How my heart is longing ever
For those days to come again.

HOW FARE THE POOR TO-NIGHT? BY HAYES CLIFTON FRENCH, M. D.

Without the wind howls dismally,
And flercely flies the cutting sleet;
The swaying signs croak drearily
To music of the passing feet:
While many a home is warm and bright,
Tell us, how fare the poor to-night?

"Bring dry wood from the ample pile, And heap it on the glowing hearth;
We!ll smile at winter's biting breath,
And greet him with the tones of mirth:
Now close the shutters warm and tight,
Who asks, 'How fare the poor to-night!"

Toss blankets, many, soft, and warm, Upon the ample, downy bed; And yet more shining anthracite Cast in the grate, all glowing red:
And we will mock the cold wind's flight.
Now think "How fare the poor to-night"

We've been where want and sorrow dwelt, And hunger mocked economy; Where unrequited toil has dealt The woful fate of poverty: Where avarice has left her blight, And dark hours wing their weary flight.

The hearth was dark, and drear, and cold; Pale stars peeped through the tattered blind,
The sleet swept through the casement old,
Nor coal, nor fagot could we find:
No fire, no food, no bed, no light—
Thus fare the sorrowing poor to-night.

Oh ye, of life's best gifts possessed,
Of bounteous homes, and pleasures rare;
Who revel in satiety,
Yet murmur at your fate and fare:
'Twill give the soul a new delight,

To ask, "How fare the poor to-night?"

A YEAR AGO. A YEAR AGO! OW MO!

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LW.

How mournfully,

How tenderly,
The words as to some solemn music flow: Long, long ago might sadder seem; But, life forever moving on,

The present soon is all as surely gone
As that far past we almost think a dream.
The hand we grasped but yesterday
Is now to us a shadow, far away: The voice that thrilled but now upon our ear

Hath ceased, and we at best can keep Faint echoes that must soon as deeply sleep. Thus all the past is long ago, the near As truly as the distant, and we start
To think how to our soon forgetting heart

"Forever" sounds scarce longer than "a year ago."

A year ago He stood beside me in his truth, In all the glory of his youth,
The friend whose like can never comfort me; For now between us rolls the unloving sea And what though hearts be joined? Hand, voice, and eye

No longer each to each make sweet reply, As in that happy time a year ago.

Ah, why must all things thus forever change? The unbeloved new and strange Supplant the old we love and know Supplant the old we love and know;
Then, griefs of griefs! grows dearer and more dear,
Till love counts worthiest that which is most near;
And time, fast speeding on, and faster yet
Change and oblivion, we forget,
Or image dimly, part by part,
What once stirred all the fountains of the heart, In the time that is now for ever flown, That seems long ages and ages gone,

"He Knoweth the Way That I Take."

Butlis only a year ago.

I know not—the way is so misty—
The joys or the griefs it shall bring,
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring;
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort—
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross roads are meeting.
And know not the right from the wrong;
No beckening fingers direct me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my guide will soon give me a token
By wilderness, mountain, or lake;
Whatever the darkness about me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know that the way leadeth homeward
To the land of the pure and the blest,
To the ceurtry of over-fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest;
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains, life's fover to slake;
What matters beside? I go heavenward,
"He knoweth the way that I take."
—London Christian World,

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire.
The gray-hired dame and the aged sire.
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drop fell on each wrinkled cheek.
They both had thoughts they could not speak.

speak, As each heart attered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried Three little chairs placed side by side Against the sitting-room wall; Old-fashioned enough as there they stood Their seats of flag and their frames of woo With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shoot his silvery head.
And with trembling voice he gently said—
"Mother, those empty chairs,
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts tenight,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small, dark room, up stairs."
But she assessed.

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet, For I look at them and I forget That the children went away. The boys come back, and our Mary, teo, With her apron on of checkered blue, And sit here every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts, And Willie his leaden bullets casts. While Mary her patchwork sews; Af evening time three childish prayers Go up to God from those little chairs, So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billowdeep, Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep, To say a good-night to me; Mary's a wife and mother no more, But a tired child whose play-time is o'er. And comes to rest on my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now And every time when alone we bow At the Father's Throne to pray, We'll ask to meet the children above, In our Saviour's home of rest and love, Where no child goeth away."

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

Twas but a bubbie—yet twas bright,
And garly danced arong the stream
Of life's wird torrents in the hight
Of sunbeams sparkling—like a dream
Of neaven's own oliss for lyveliness—
For fleetness like a bassing thought;
And ever of such dreams is thee
The tissue of my life is wrought,
For I have dreamed of pleasure when
The sun of young existince smiled
Upon my wayward path, had then
iter promised sweets my heart negalied;
But when I came those sweets to sip,
They turned to gall upon my hp.

And I have dreamed of friendship too,
For friendship nought was made,
To be man's solace in the snade,
And grad him in the tight; and so,
I fondly thought to land a friend
Whose with mine would sweetly blend,
And as two placid screams unite,
And trainguil current to the sea,
so might our happy spirits be
Borne olward to eternity;
But he betrayed me and with pain
I woke—to steep and dream again.

And then Liesepred of lever and it.

And then I dreamed of love; and all The clustered visions of the past Seemed ary nothings to that last Bright dream. It threw a magical buchantment o'er existence—cust A glory of my path so bright
I seemed to breame and teel its light;
But now that bussful dream is o er,
And I mave waked to dream no more,

Beyond the fartherest glimmering star
That twinkles in the aren above.
There is a world of truth and love
Which earth's vile passions never mar.
Oh, could I snatch the eagle's pinnes,
And soar to that bright world away,
Which God's own holy light illumes
With glories of eternal day!
How glarly every lingering the
That bluds me down to earth. I'd sever,
And leave, for that blest home on high,
This hollow-hearted world forever.

OUT OF WORK.

A pair of feet rrown weary,
Seeking for work all day;
A pair of idly folded hands,
Upon my lap to lay;
A heart from which all hope has fled,
My God, how far away!
I wait the battle for my bread
That comes with dawn of day.

A pair of eyes grown weary
Looking so far beyond,
Seeking, amidst the crowds I mect,
The face of some kind friend.
Seeking, but never finding—
Wishing life's battle through;—
Great Heaven! to be a stranger
And have no work to do!

A heart and soul grown weary
Of turnoil, sirife and pain;
An arm and spirit willing
To work, but all in vain
Oh, where shall I seek shelter
When darkness comes again?
Oh, for one gleam of sunshine
Through storm and cloud and

CLOUDS.

BY WM. W. STONE

Crowning the hillside and set in the sky, Lighting the wayside and pleasing the eye; Deep flosses of gold, with a silvery sheen, Bathed in the sunlight, in splendor are seen.

Yearning for treasures so dear to the eye,
Envying Nature what gold cannot buy,
Out in the distance the anxious heart leads,
Drawing us onward though fainting foot bleeds.

What care we for hunger, for thirst, or for sleep Once in the fleecy clouds, covered up deep, Wrapt round in robes that angels might wear, What reck we of trouble palaced in air?

We cannot forget of earth we are made, Yet cannot but hope in you golden glade, To find in its glory the Valley of Truth, To bathe and renew in the Fountain of Youth.

Clambering the hillside and nearing our prize,
With arms wide outstretched embracing the skies
Fondly expecting a region of light,
Exhausted we gain the coveted height.

Oh! death-dealing hope with serpent-like eye Why live ye to mock at what's born but to die of Our golden-dyed fleece, our haven, our goul.

Pressed to the breast, strikes a chill to the soul.

So, hopes that are set on treasures of earth, Oftrobbed of their splendor, are strangled at birth; Like clouds that are tinged with heaven's purest

We grasp them to find them of earth's basest mold, A Love Song.

O, tell me, ye leaves that are sighing
Your brief life away in the gale,
Is there hope for this human heart, dying,
and dying, like thee, with a wail
May I look for the fair one's repenting,
For peace: to my word-weary brain?
Will fate, in some hour of repenting,
Give back my lost idol again?

I hear but a murmur of sadness, Reproachful and plaintively low, O, cheer with one whisper of gladness. The soul that has trusted ye so! I weap for that guilty word spoken Which swept my bright vision away, Does she sigh o'er the sacred tie broken? O, autumn leaves, tell me, I pray.

Does my loye wander here with another; and sit in thy shade at his knee? What is it ye say to each other, Yet will not reveal unto me? Soft whisper, ye leaves of September, Ye catch every sigh that she breathes; Do you think she has ceased to remember? O, tell me, ye tast falling leaves.

The world's smiling charms would have bound me.

Yet hald I my heart at her feet;
And loying friends hovered around me.
But her smile than all was more sweet.
Behold me with broken heart b feeding, Repeating thy mournfulest sigh!
Why will ye be dumb to may pleading?
O, cruel leaves, speak ere I die.

The sunlight gilds the walls
Of kingly sepulchres enwrought with brass;
And the long shadow of the cypress falls
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time
Builded their glorious cities by the sea,
And awful in their greatness, sat sublime,
As if no change could be.

There were the poor

'Tis well ye should struggle and wither,
O, leaves of the forest so brown,
And drift away, Heaven knows whither,
Till human feet trample ye down;
Ye know not regret nor repining,
Nor love that lives on without hope;
I leave ye, mid autumn's declining
To die on the mountains' bleak slope!

—Wild Edgerton.

[For the CHRONICLE.]

Raiston.

Death came along in a terrible shape, And draped a city in gloom and crape. RALSTON is dead! "Let the dead alone," The breezes whisper in monotone.

Gone from the earth, like a star from the sky; Gone where no one can evermore doubt thee; Transplanted from earth to a home on high— Gone, and a city is lonesome without thee,

The sails of commerce fall slack and apace; The flags are at half-mast, a city in gloom;
Distress is depicted on every face;
Thousands are weeping to-day o'er thy tomb.

Abroad on the land, adrift on the sea,
Death held in his hand a warrant for thee;
It was issued above
By infinite love,

It said: "Come up higher! There's work for the just, Out of the fire, The sand and the mire, The heat and the dust, The ashes and rust. That swell the sad gust, Sweeping along life's busy throng,"

Let the dead sleep in his stately repose; His hands are folded his heart is still; The records of God will briefly disclose Whatever of goodness there be or of ill.

Vex not his slumbers, disturb not his rest,
Let the whitest of roses and lilies bloom
Near his equicher, over his tomb;
Let him sleep on by the waves of his West,
HOOD ALSTON,
SAN JOSE, August 29, 1875.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

Long since a dream of Heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft,
But hearing still, in middle song,
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong—
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the
strain of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament;
Before the still uplifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air
With breathings or unselfish prayer;
And a voice saith: "O Pity, which is pain,
O Love, that weeps, fill up my sufferings
which remain!"

Shall souls redeemed by me refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin-forgiven, my gitt abuse,
Of peace with sellish anconcern?
Has saintly ease no phying care?
Has faith no work, and love no prayer?
While sin remains, and souls in darkness
Gwell,
Can Heaven itself be Heaven, and look unmoved on hell?

Then through the gates of pain, I dream,
A wind of Heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Syring sweet pale flowers of pentitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's
despair,
Star-crowned, an angel walks, and lo!
God's hope is there!

Is it a dream? Is Heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air;
Its happy eyes forever dry;
Its holy lips without a prayer?
My God! my God! if thither led
By thy free grace unmerited,
No palm nor crown be mine, but let me
keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that
still can weep. — John Whittier.

THE DEAD.

The dead are everywhere!
The mountain side, the pla'n, the woods profound,
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair—
Is one vast burial-ground.

Within the populous street, In solitary homes—in places high, In pleasure's domes, where pomp and luxury meet, Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door—
The unweaned child, nurmuring in wordless song,
The bondman and the free, the rich, the poor,
All—all to death belong.

There was the eloquent tongue;
The poet's heart, the sage's soul, was there;
The loving women with their children young,
The faithful and the fair—

They were, but they are not; Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom; Whilst man, submitting to the common lot, Went down into the tomb.

And still, amid the wrecks Of mighty generations passed away, Earth's honest growth, the fragrant wild flower, deck The tomb of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep,
Go veiled women forth, like her who went
Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,
To breathe in low lament.

The dead are everywhere! Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith, Where'er is pomp, pleasure, pride—where'er Life is, or was, is death.

"I GATHER THEM IN."

Nigh to a grave that was newly made Leaned a sexton old, on his earth-worn spade; His work was done, and he paused to wait The funeral train through the open gate; A relic of by-gone days was he. And his locks were as white as the foamy sea— And these words came from his lips so thin, "I gather them in! I gather them in!"

"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

"I gather them in! for man and boy, Year after year of grief and joy, I've builded the houses that he around in every nook of this burial ground. Mother and daughter, father and son, Come to my solitude, one by one—But come they strangers, or come they kin, I gather them in! On a monument list of marble cold. And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold. Come they from come they from hall, Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all! Let them lotter in pleasure, or coinfully spin, I gather them in! I gather them in!

"I gather them in and their final rest leads on the rest leads of the form of the farth's dark breast leads of the funeral train. Wound mutely over that solemn plain; And I said to my heart—when time is told, A michtier voice than the sexton's old will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din, "I gather them in!" I gather them in!"

MOONBEAMS.

Over fields of thymy blossom,
Over beds of dewy flowers,
Now upon the streamlets bosom,
Now within the whispering bowers,
Soft and slow
The moonbeams go,
Wandering on through midnight hours.

Lightly o'er the crested billow,
Where the heaving waters flow,
Where the sea-bird finds her pillow,
There the g'istening moonbeams go,
Soft and slow,
Soft and slow,
Ever wandering, soft and slow.

Queen of beauty! robed in splender, Finds thy silent toot no rest? Looks thy smile so soft and tender, Ne'er upon a kindred breast? Soft and slow Thy footsteps go, In their silver sandals dressed.

Queen of beauty! canst thou ever Thus thy lonely task fulfill. Sister voices never, never, Answering thee from bower or hill? Soft and slow, As winter's snow, Fall thy footsteps cold and still.

Silent moon! thy smile of beauty
Fainting hope will oft renew;
Teach me, then, thy holy duty,
Waste and wild to wander through,
Soft and slow,
Still t go,
Patient, meek, but lonely too.

THE HEAVENLY BANK,

The following stanzas are taken from poem entitled "The Heavenly Bank," which is said to be popular among English revivalists;)

I have a never-falling bank,
A more than golden store,
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How can I then be poor?

Sometimes my banker smiling says, "Why do n't you oftener come?" "And when you draw a little note, Why not a larger sum?"

I know my bank will never break; No, it can never fail; The firm, three persons in one God, Jehoyah, Lord of all.

Should all the banks of Britain break, The Bank of England smash, Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank— You'll surely have your cash.

The leper had a little note—
"Lord, if thou wilt, thou can;"
The banker cashed his little note,
And healed the sickly man.

But see the wretched dying thief Hang by the banker's side; He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me!" "He got his cash, and died.

A Hundredth Birthday.

The one hundredth birthday of Mrs. Emma W. Skelton, who was born in Ashburnham, December 18, 1777, was celebrated at the Home for Aged Women in Boston, Tuesday.

Miss L. D. Paddock, the matron, invited the managers to tea with her family, and at 5 o'clock there were assembled in the cosy dining-hall officers of the institution, among them Henry B. Rogers, Otis Nor-cross, and the elderly residents, and when all but one had assembled it was announced what was to occur, and then Mrs Emma W. Skelton was ushered into the room and to a seat in an old fashioned chair trimmed with flowers and ivyvine, in honor of her one hundredth
birthday. Then followed a brief season
of social conversation, during which the
happy old lady received the congratulations of friends, and afterward the tea was poured.

Mrs. Skelton said that she was born in Ashburnham on the afternoon of the 18th of December, 1777, and she insists that the hour was 5 o'clock, for she heard her mother say so something like 90 years ago. She is quite a wonderful old lady, has full possession of her faculties and reads, writes and sews. On Tuesday, she made three pin cushions and keeps busy about some work most all the time. She was unusually gifted as a writer, and even up to as late as three years ago composed a poem in memoriam of William S. Ropes, father of John C. Ropes. Mrs. Skelton's husband was many years ago pastor of the Orthodox society in Bellingham and was for a time settled in Brookline. He has been dead about 40 years and for the past 21 years she has lived at the Home on Revere street in Boston, in reality enjoying remarkable

TOOTHACHE.

To have it our or not, that is the question. Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer The pance and torments of an aching moth to take steel against a host of troubles And, by extracting, end them? To pull, to tag No more; and by a fug to say we ead The toothache, and a thousand natural filst The life is heir to—tis a consummation Decodity to be wished. Fo pull—to tug— To tug, perchance to break-aye, there's the rub; For in what wrench, what agonies may come. When we have half disloged the stubbern for Must give us pause; there's the respect That makes an aching touth of so long a life; For who would bear the whips and stings of pair. The old wife's nostram, dentist contumely The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep delayed, When he himself might his quietas make, For one poor dollar? Who would fardels bear, The groan and sink beneath a load of pain, & But that the dread of something lodged within, The linen and twisted forceps from whose pangs No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will And makes it rather bear the ills it has, Than fly to others that it knows not of Thus dentists do make cowards of us all; And thus the native has of resolution, Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear; And many a one whose courage seeks the door With this regard, her footsteps turns away Scared at the name of dentist. -South American Journal.

A Healthy Place. hat town is this?" asked a tourist of a bright specimen of Jerseyman in one of the lower counties of this State. "Why, this is Waretown, and it is jist the healthiest place in the world. People can't die here, mister, and it's no use tryin'." "Well, what in the mischief do you want with that graveyard?" he asked, pointing toward one. "Why, don't you see? When they started this place they knew it wouldn't be considered nothing without a cemetery, so they went to Philadelphia and bought up some bodies that nobody owned, from a graveyard that was gettin' moved, and then went to auction and bought some second hand grave stones and started that berryin-ground. Why mister whenever they thinks it's time, jist for the looks of the thing to have a funeral they go off somewhere and buy a corpse.' "I suppose, of course, your old people have to die," said the doubting tourist. "Not much; they can't do it; why about six months ago old Sam Anderson, who is night about a hundred, wanted to die awful bad, he got tired of livin' but it was no go, so he took a whollopin' big dose of laudanum and we all thought he was gone. So we went off and got a coffinfor we ain't got no undertakers here-and fixed up a funeral. The whole town came out, for a genuine funeral was a new thing. Well, the people came, and the preacher preached; the old man looked bully in his coffin, I tell you. His family all kissed him good bye, and the undertaker came with the lid to screw him down, when what should the old duffer do but rise up in his coffin and look around and begin to sing "I want to be an angel," but stranger, it was no go-he couldn't do it. The people went home disappointed, I want you to know, and that old chap is alive yil and no clance of dyin' here, don't you forget it,"+Camden Post.

Then, on the crystal air, went ringing like a chime of bells a chorus of clear young voices in the sweet old Christmas hymn-

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around."

Eighteen hundred and starve to death is how the year 1816 is remembered by the old folks. The early months of the year were mild, the greatest part of March was cold and boisterous, April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, in May ice formed half an inch thick, buds, flowers, and corn being killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in Massachusetts and New York, and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied by frost and ice. On the 5th of July ice as thick as window-glass formed in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and corn nearly destroyed in certain sections. In Augustice formed half an inch thick. Most of the corn in New England was frozen and cut down for fodder. Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay \$4 and \$5 a bushel for corn for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild, the balance of the month being cold, with frost, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was unusually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering, with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable.

IN MEMORIAM.

When a good and faithful servant of the Lord passes away from this transitory world to receive the reward offered to the faithful above, the consolation to the dear ones left behind is great, yet the grief for the beloved one wraps the relatives and friends in a world of sorrow. Yesterday, Miss Ida E. Pomroy breathed her last at her father's in the city of Oakland. The de vouring fever took such hold on the good soul, that after a few weeks' confinement she yesterday gave way to the disease and went to reap a reward greater, than human power can give. In the youthful age of twenty-one, a rose budding into womanhood, when the ambition of youth looks forward to accomplish a world of good, she is taken away by death.

Though young, her charitable deeds had been many. As a member of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of Oakland she was most energetic in providing for the needy, her hand was a ways opened to the poor. Those who were acquainted with Miss Pomroy will remember her generous, amiable and kind dispostion.

It was the good fortune of the writer of these lines to have been intimately acquainted with the deceased, and in paying this small tribute to her memory, does so with profound grief. He sympathizes with the dear relatives in this hour of trial. May her soul rest in peace.

San Leandro, Jan. 16, 1875. J. M. E.

NO TWO DAYS ALIKE

Aye, no two days, in all the year, May fall alike in ev'ry way; Alike in clouds that skies may show, In all their glowing dyes; Alike in winds, as low or high, Or east or west, or wet or dry.

Alike in birds, that gripe the bark, Affice in birds, that gripe the bark, or pipe on boughs, as leaved or bare; Airke in cows, by mound or tree, Dispersed about the ground; Below a moon, as thin a bow, or full, with stars as high or low.

Alike in every face, to take
Its place, with all its looks again,
And tongue to speak the same kind words,
Or call again each name.
Aike in trodden path, and flower
Below the feet, the self-same hour.

If night can never fall to men
With all a foreday show'd their minds.
Then how shall merry cheer outlast.
The many-nighted year?
Or why should time no more fulfil
Our hope for change to good from ill?

Six Little Feet on the Fender.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafter,
And reddened the roof's brown mould,
Gilding the steam of the kettle,
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening,
Its measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash at the window Told of the coming raid,

Of where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of frelight stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving them by the way;
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From the grave on the bright hill's height.

O! why, on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone,
O! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's fireless love?

YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly.
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again;
Hating no man, econing no man,
Wronging none by word or deed;
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
Is of little Christan use,
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to the night;
If thou wouldst improve thy brother,
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and know how bitter
Human coldness makes the world,
Every bosom round me frozen,
Not an eye with pity pearl'd;
Still my heart with kindness teeming,
Glads when other hearts are glad,
And my eyes a tear-drop findeth
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this:
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,
Blessing ever brineth bliss;
Lend a heping hand to others,
Smile though all the world should frown, Man is man, we all are brothers. Black or white or red or brown.

Man is man, through all gradations,
Little recks it where he stands,
How divided into nations,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too,
Man in all one common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

The First Death.

The Independent Presbyterian Sunday School has been organized very nearly seven years, and until a few days ago none of its scholars had been smitten by the heavy hand of death. Death loves a shining mark, and it seems as if the loveliest and fairest has been chosen. Lucl Clisby, long a member of Mrs. Harwood's class, and a pupil whom no storm could keep from her accustomed place, has gone to another and happier world, to join the Angelic hosts whose praises she has so often rang.

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the temb, In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes, Ere sin threw a "blight o'er the spirit's young bloom Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies,"

"Weep not for her—in her springtime she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world."

LIKE a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.—RICHTER.

Morning.

Soft as a bride, the rosy dawn From dewy sleep doth rise, And, bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn The mantle from her eyes, And with her orbs dissolved in dew, Bends like an angel, softly through The blue pavilioned skies. MRS. WELBY.

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt Heaven
and me,
I could be reconciled, and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper Sea.

per Sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds Reminds me of a music far more sweet, I listen for his pretty broken words, And for the music of his dimpled feet, I could be almost happy, though I heard No answer, and but saw his yacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done, And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings,
say:
To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of one earthly day."

If I could know these little feet were shod In sandals wrought of light in bette

In saintais wrought of light in better lands,
And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden sand
I could bow cheerfully, and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my

knee;
I would not kiss the thy shoe, and say,
"Hring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way.

But, oh! to know the feet, once pure and white, The haunts of vice had boldly ventured in! The hands that should have battled for the

right
Have been wrung crimson in the class of sin!
And, should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night,
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

AFOOT.

If life's a journey—as we see
'Tis, indeed, by many a token—
Oh, then, I trow, the road will be
Not always smooth or always broken,
But ma ch we over rugged stone,
Or march we over rugged stone,
With friends around us, or alone,
We must keep moving on our travel.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair.
If we find
We lag behind,
A steadlast heart will keep us gring.

A steadfast heart will keep us going.

Many a knave will ise and cozen;
But hold thine own with might and main,
And keep the track that thou hast chosen.
It's in the light and in the dark,
It's over hill and through the hollow;
We'n fix our eyes upon the mark.
And if we cannot lead, we'll follow.

Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.

If our strength
Should fail at length,
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

A steadfast heart will keep us going.

The horseman and the charlotest Go hasting by with mishly claifer; God speed them ail! and if they jeer. The tramps afolt, what does it matter? Guidge them not the present hour. Nor faint and murmur like a craven, For when the day has lost its power. There is for all a common haven. Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair. Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing. As the light Dies down to night, A steadfast heart will keep us going.

AT THE WELL.

Standing with her pitcher, See my colleen fair, Sunny drops like diamonds Glistening on her hair. Neath the silken lashes Brighter gleam her eyes Shifting glories in them, Blue as summer skies.

Is there any lady,
Of whate'er degree,
Crowned queen or empress,
Half so thir as she?
Let them count their jewels,
Gems of gold and pearl,
Are they half so lovely
As my forest girl?

Dearer is her kirile,
Though 'j is hodden gray,
And her snowy 'kerchief,
'Than their gewgaws gay,
Underneath that 'kerchief
Beats a heart of gold,
And a love unmeasured
Makes its worth untold.

Now she hears my footstep—
Ah! that happy skart
Sends the blood in torrents
Up from the true heart.
Has there not a brightness
Fallen upon the place?
Yes, the sunny smiling
Or her glowing face.

Rosy mouth uplifted,
Would it be amiss
(How the sweet lips tremble!)
Just to snatch one kiss?
Sure she could not blame me
When her eyes smiled so:
Sweet those eyes forgive me,

JOHNNY'S LESSON.

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Johnn's, come here, and look at the cat!
Notice how nicely sile washes her face;
Now rubbing this cheek, now rubbing that;
Carefully putting each hair in its place;
Johnny, you dear, little, dirty elf,
Don't you feel a little ashamed of yourself?

Her hands she takes next—now, Johnny, look there? Carefully—daintily—see her scrub! Now she arranges her soft, silken han, And her tail and her ears have an extra ruh.

And her tail and her ears have an extra
rub.
She owns neither looking-glass, towel, nor
comb,
Yet she keeps herself neat, abroad and at
home.

Johnny, what do you think of this?
With that smile on your bright, little, smutty face;
I declare there is not a spot I can kiss!
And you know that your hair is never in place.
No wonder your bands in your pockets go!
You're ashamed of them, Johnny! you are, you know!

Playing with marbles down on your knees, Grubbing for angle worms under the ground,
Riding the fences and climbing the trees,
You're the dirtiest fellow anywhere round,
You know you are, Johnny; you need not look hurt!
You know you delight to play in the dirt.

O. Johnny! O. Johnny! what shall I do?
Is a question that puzzles me evening and
morn,
With a dear, loving, little fellow like you,
Who is always dirty, and tumbled, and
torn.
Johnny, if you do n't do better than that,
I believe I shall send you to school to the
cat!

SONG.

In the night she told a story,
In the night and all night through,
While the moon was in her glory,
And the branches dropt with dew.

'Twas my life she toll, and round it Rose the years as from a deep; In the world's greatheart she found it, Cradled like a child asleep.

In the night I saw her weaving
By the misty moonteam cold,
All the weft her shuttle cleaving
With a sacred thread of gold.

Ant she wept me tears of sorrow, Lulling tears so mystic sweet; Then she wove my last to-morrow, And her web lay at my feet.

Of my life she made the story:
I must weep—so soon 'twas told!
But your name did lend it glory,
And your love its thread of gold.
—[Jean Ingelow.

A Psalm of Life.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouse of Life, Be not like dumb, driven eattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Fast bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and Goo o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Saiding o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother, Seeing, shall take heart again,

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

I'll gaze no longer, but turn away While the scene is in splendor still arrayed; I will treasure it in my memory thus, Nor watch while the sunset glories fade.
"A joy forever!" on memory's walls This scene shall glow in unfading light, Where the sunlight of pleasure softly falls On the picture so fair and bright.

THE UNLOVED CHILD'S REQUEST.

BY CELE SEALEY.

Oh, mother, let me lie up there.
Where little brother lies;
I'll fold my hands together, so,
And softly close my eyes;
Then, mother gently lift him down,
And let him run about;
Twill bring your old smiles back again.
To hear his gleesome shout.

You've cut the tresses from his brow, Which clustered there so late; He has such golden hair, you know, While mine is dark and straight. Why do you cry so, mother, dear, And, sobbing, hold your breath? Good Bessle says our Charlie's dead; I wonder what is death?

She says he's gone, dear mother, where Grief never can come near; You always loved him, mother, and He never cried much here. Why does he lie so still up there, And never speak to you? I do not like the robe he wears, Although 'tis white and new.

Til bring his cap with sable plume,
The coat he loves to wear,
And while you take him out to walk,
I'll quickly elimb up there,
And fold my hands together, so,
And softly close my eyes,
And when I open them again,
I'll be beyond the skies.

The God will call dear Charlie's name,
And loek around to see;
But I will tell Him, mother dear,
That it is "only me;
And that you could not, could not spare
Your only darling boy;
That he is all you have on earth
To bring you future joy.

Although He'll see how plain I am,
How black and straight my hair;
And sure He would much rather have
Our little Charlie there;
Y. t, will I tell Him, mother, dear,
You never did love me,
But that my brother's golden curls
Are all the world to thee.

BY THE BEACH.

heard 'he solemn flow Of rythmic waves upon the stony beach; watched them come and go, Like fleeting thoughts whose depths we fall to reach.

I saw the waste of sea
Looming afar beyond my narrow ken,
Like some deep mystery
Beyond the keen research of thoughtful

I watched the billows roll,
Shaping their course in endless tracts
of foam,
Like alms that have no goal,
Splitting in froth where'er they yearn
to roam.

I hear the dreary cries
And moans of waves that never more
depart;
Like sounds of tears and sighs,
Welling from the wild ocean of man's
heart.

When, lot upon the deep The winged sails of ships dipped peace-fully; Like sudden hopes that sweep Upon the lonelicst land and dreariest

And then I heard a voice
Of merry children on the noisy beach
That made the heart rejoice,
bind sweetened ocean's sad, mysterious
speech.

Then mingled with the sound,
The laughing sailors, boisterous in their
mirth,
Waked answering glee around,
And drove the soul of melancholy forth!

O, pitiless waves afar!
O, sorrowing echoes from the mournful
sea!
There's music in your jar
To Him who understands your mystery.

So let me only hear
The purling ebb and flow of happier
cries,
So that my spirit-ear
May grasp and keep earth's sweeter
melodies.

9

SO TIRED.

BY MRS. FANNIE LOCKWOOD.

So tired am I! Life's flinty way Seems all too long and dark to-day; And crowding mem'ries throng Through my sick heart and weary brain, Until the dead past lives again Like some remembered song.

O days of hope! O hours of youth! O moments fraught with love and truth t O summer of the heart! Ye flit, and pass, and come again Like mirage seen on desert plain-Ye mock me and depart.

BY EDWARD SHEFFIELD.

Lone Mountain ! city of the dead. Between the busy mart and sea,*
Thy bosom holds one who was wed
By friendship's closest ties to me;
And he has slept long years, while I,
Who loved him well, and saw him die,
Still live, and wonder what may be.

He knows it all, for he has gone
Where knowledge ampler grows apace
As days are gathered one by one;
And all that hath been he may trace,
And all that is to be may know,
While we who linger here below,
May only strive to grow in grace.

Yet I may live as once of yore
We lived together in the past,
May o'er the self same pages pore
That we did love full well; and last—
Yet best—may hope with him some day,
When earthly things have passed away,
My lot forevermore to cast.

It were not heaven were he not there;
The earth seems darker since he left;
There was fullness everywhere
Of joy before our hearts were cleft
In twain by death. He was our light—
The star that lit our darkest night—
Death came and we were sore bereft.

Why was this friend so dear to me?
We loved the mountain and the glen,
We loved to look upon the sea;
And when in busy haunts of men,
We were as one in word and thought, And earthly pleasures seemed as naught Were not the other there to ken.

We loved the poets. Chiefly one Who died upon the Grecian isle,
At Missolonghi. When the sun
Was sinking low, and pile on pile
Of golden clouds hung in the west,
We paused upon the shore to rest,
And conned his pages there the while.

And when the day was growing late,
And shoreward flowed the ocean tide,
We passed within the golden Gate
To city, where we did abide
For many days, till vessel bore
Him Northward, to Columbia's shore;
We needs must part—the world is wide.

To me a thousand memories come
Of cooling stream and wooded glade,
Where we, whilom, did build our home
Below Columbia's grand cascade,
Beneath the snow-crown'd dome of Hood,
Where all did seem so fair and good,
And where our plans of life were laid.

Ah me, how vain it seems to-day!
How quick our earthly visions pass;
And life seems like a mimic play—
A vague uncertainty. Alas!
That we must bear so much of pain, And for our pains so little gain,
Born onward with the unfeeling mass.
My friend had loved, and he had lost.

Well, what of that? 'Tis not for aye; Well, what of that? The not for aye
For those who here have suffered most
Will love their loves again some day.
So I have felt, and so I feel—
Death is not darkness, 'twill reveal—
And love, pure love, must live alway.

The sweetest poet Scotland gave Unto the world, blent one sweet name
In hallowed songs. Dost think the grave
Did quench that love? Not so; the flame
That's kindled here will live above,
And the fair Mary Burns did love
On earth, he loves in heaven the same.

And so I think my friend hath found.
The love that he did lose on earth.
Naught else were just, for deep the wound.
He bore. And why had sorrow birth.
If there no recompense is given.
To heal the pangs in yonder heaven?
Sure love that dies is little worth.

One Summer day I sought his grave,
With other friend—a woman fair—
To pluck some token flowers to save, (For she had loved him well), and there she made a footprint in the sand, And close beside it pressed her hand, When lo ! in time sprang flowers rare_

Forget-me-not and mignonette____ And took the forms that she had made. She said: "Dear friend, we'll not forget
Our friend beneath the flowers laid.
God's hand was on him long ago;
And though he's gone, yet well I know
We'll meet again. Be not afraid."

O living spirit! wheresoe'er
In our Creator's realms thou art,
Return once more, and lidger near,
And what thou may'st to me impart,
Sad are the notes that memory sings,
Deep are the sorrows that it brings,
And without thee I'm sick at heart.

THE CHANGE.

Out of the long white dresses
And into the dainty frocks:
Little blue shoes with buttons,
In place of the worsted socks;
No longer a helpless baby,
Carried in arms all day,
But a restless, mischievous fellow,
Brimming with frolic and play.

Getting himself into troubles
That seemingly have no end;
Tearing 'bid holes' in his dresses,
For patient mamma to mend;
Bumping his curly round noddle,
Which mamma's soft kisses must cure;
And meeting a hundred misfortunes,
Which babies must learn to endure.

Too soon I shall lose my baby,
And do the best that I can
To welcome the magical power
Which changes the boy to man!
Oh! that the years were slower
In rolling the months away;
And would that for many a seasor
My baby a child might stay!

My baby a child might stay.

I wonder how he is dearer,
As only a babe on my breast?
Or changed to this roguish fellow
Whose feet are never at rest?
Is a rosebud any the sweeter
Before 'tis a full-grown rose?
Ah! the love that is born with the baby
Must grow as the baby grows!
—Many D. Brine.

Remembrance.

Gone are the guests from the banquet hall,
And the music of harp and flute
That thrilled the heart of the passionate rose
In the garden, is hushed and mute.
The moonlight falls on the velvet floor,
And the wax-light glare is fled,
But I see in the bloom of the violet light,
The ghosts of the buried dead.

The marble statues in purple seem
To shine through a tremulous mist.
And the chandeliers like diamonds change
To rose, and to affectly st.
And phantoms come in the dreamy glow,
And pass me with tender grace,
With averted head, and with tearful eyes,
But at times with a lifted face.

One by one through the arches dim,
They glide to the open door,
And fade away where the moonlight falls
On the crimson velve floor.
And I lean in the shade of the ilex here,
With a heart that is filled with woe.
For I know they are memories pale and sad
Of the silent long ago!

BLUE-EYED DARLING NESTLING CLOSE.

BY ALLAN DEANE. BY ALLAN DEANE.

BLUE-EYED darling nestling close

'Gainst my loving breast to-night,
Little form so pure and fair,
Clothed in dainty garments white,
Gazing on thy beauteous face,
Hallowed in serene repose,
Oft I wonder what to thee
Fate's to-morrow shall unclose.

Sweet, stand firm whatever comes!
Heavy-though thy cross may be,
Dark and desolate the way,
Bear, oh, bear it patiently!
There's a meed of pain and tears
Given to every human heart,
Work to do while life shall last,
Up! and bravely act thy part!

Dear, remember, should all fail,
Health, and youth, and strength decay;
Should the hopes thy manhood built
Melt like broken dreams away,
Yet beyond earth's shadows drear,
Guided by an angel hand,
Peace eternal waits for thee
In God's radiant summer land.

Sleep then, darling, while I keep
Tender vigil o'er thy rest;
Many a golden wish I weave,
Oh, my precious one—my best!
In each kiss I fondly press
On thy lips so undefiled,
Dwells a wealth of prayer and love,
All for thee, my child—my child!

IN THE DARK.

Come back! come back!
For the light went out
When your eyes looked away from my
own;
Grieved and weary I wander about.
In the gold and dark alone,
Trying to find my was 60 your side.
Come, darling, and take my hand!
Once I drew it away in my pride,
From the tenderest one in the land.

Come back! come back!
With the Spring's sweet prime—
With the birds from over the sea;
For I turn my face from the golden time,
And my eyes from its melody.
For my passionate soul ories out for the
day
Ere your heart fell away from mine;
Cries out for the cup that I pushed away,
Spilling its golden wine.

Come! and your kiss shall kindle again
The passion bloom of my cheek;
Come! and read in my eyes the pain
That my lips are too proud to speak;
Come! for I lie in the cold without,
Thrilled with agony wild—
All for you, and my soul cries out
Like a poor little motherless child.

Nantucket.

The general result of a census in this country is to mark an increase of population, and the degree of prosperity in any locality or section is denoted by its relative amount of growth in relation to the general average. The natural increase of population, without immigration, provided there were no incurable unhealthy conditions and no destruction of an all-important industry without its being replaced by another, would swell the numbers of a community and make it actually greater, although it might be relatively less in size and importance to its surrounding section or its State. When, therefore, a community becomes not only relatively, but actually, smaller, and that in a marked degree, and by its history or its former importance it attracts attention, there is an immediate interest in the causes of its decadence, the condition of its present population and its prospects for the future. Such is the case with the island of Nantucket, not large, but one of the most notable and original places in the life of New England, and which the census returns now show to have less than one-half the permanent population which it once had. The cause of this reduction is, of course, the decay of the whale fishery. Nantucket was especially the home and port of the whale fishers. The first whale caught in New England was stranded on that island, and the first boats that put out into the sea to pursue the leviathan of the deep were the shallops of the early settlers of Nantucket. If not the first to send a ship to the Southern seas to chase the mighty sperm whale in the unexplored wilderness of waters, and if it never rivalled in the number and value of its fleet the neighboring city of New Bedford, it was not only early in the field of the most dangerous and prolonged voyaging, but its reputation for enterprise and skill was of the highest, and in proportion to its numbers its ships were the cream of the whaling fleet. Nantucket seamen were famous the world over. They gave an Admiral to the British Navy, and in the records of daring and suffering, in exploring unknown and dangerous seas, and in such tragedies as the sinking of the Essex by a maddened sperm whale, their name was spread abroad as the symbol of the most daring and adventurous industry ever undertaken by man. Furthermore, the whale fishery absorbed the whole life of the people, and its conditions and relations were the atmosphere in which they lived. Cod and mackerel fishery were in a measure scorned as unworthy of Nantucketers, and left to the tamer influences of the shores of Cape Cod, while the wealth that came from the manufactures connected with the fishery, the ship building, the coopering, the oil refining and candle making, as well as that which came from preying upon the vices and ignorance of seamen, was left to New Bedford. The male population of Nantucket sailed the ships and pursued the whale, beginning in earliest boyhood and retiring only when infirmities from age and exposure compelled them to seek the shelter of a modest home and spend the remainder of their days in sitting about the wharves, swapping experiences and nautical criticisms of

their successors. Time was when half the resident male population of Nantucket were old whale-ship captains and the other half urchins too young to go to sea, with the adjunct of a few store-keepers, a schoolmaster and a clergyman or so. The young strength and mature manhood of the island was all away under the burning sun of the tropics, or among the frozen icebergs of Baffin's bay, coming home for a few weeks at intervals of four years. The women, outnumbering the males three to one, kept house with such intervals of affection, solaced themselves with letters that had been six months on the way, or took a little run down to the Azores by way of meeting at the gate a returning husband or father. Cut off from the mainland by stormy seas during the winter, and

having little industrial connection with the shore, they were an outpost of primitive and maritime life, with the isolation of the New England coast increased to a degree, and uninfluenced by its changing conditions of life. Primitive virtues likewise flourished among them. Their characters were elevated by the dangers and enterprises of their lives and the lives of those connected with them. Patience and endurance grew at home, while courage and vigor were cultivated abroad. The long absences, the nearness of death, the many grave stones with a sinking ship and a shoreless sea cut upon them, the uneventful peace and reflection of shore life, created a deep piety and a wholesome tradition, and exclusion from temptations induced frugality, temperance, honesty and the virtues of a primitive yet vigorous soci-

With the decay of the whale fishery came an end to the vigorous life of Nantucket. It had not the wealth nor the local advantages to enter upon a career of manufacture like New Bedford, nor such self-sustaining industries of a smaller order such as have kept alive the towns and villages of Cape Cod. Its manhood drifted away to the mainland and sought fields for its energies in the gold placers of California, or wherever courage and enterprise were offered the most inviting prospect. The population gradually sank; the houses grew old; poverty, although fought off by thrift and the utmost simplicity of living, settled slowly down until the type of Nantucket was a dismantled hulk and a poverty-stricken widow. It is not to be said that such a population became degraded or destitute, or that the energies and affections of its male members did not preserve comfortable homes from other fields, or that industry failed in a livelihood at home, but decadence fell upon its industries, and stagnation and restriction upon its life. Now there is the prospect of a vital change. The population of New England, grown in wealth and penned up more and more in cities, has the means and the desire to seek rest and refreshment by the sea. One of the most remarkable exhibitions of modern New England life, and one of the most remarkable cities in the world in its original purpose, its conditions and the character of its population, is established during a few months in summer on the neighboring island of Martha's Vineyard. Nantucket was not one of the first to be invaded by the summer tourists

and vacationists, who it is now being so. The few, who first discovered its refreshing isolation and rejoiced in the peculiarities of its original life, have been followed by many, and the conditions of life in Nantucket are changing to those of a summer resort. With the new industry, if it may be so called, of supplying summer boarders with food and shelter, with being made objects of show or of observation, their quaint houses and possessions regarded as curiosity shops, and the general effects of a swarm of idle visitors patronizing and curious, there will undoubtedly be a change for the worse in the life of the permanent inhabitants. Their simplicity will be affected. They will become in a measure greedy for the easy gains, discontented with the contrasts between their own lives and that of their visitors, infected with sham culture and fashionableness, and in short cease to be a primitive people in any genuine sense. Great hotels will lift their glaring abominations in place of the old-fashioned tavern with its whale jawbone for an arch to the gate, its hollyhocks and its comfortable stoop; pretty fine box villas will take the place of the gambrelroof cottages; and emptiness in one season will succeed overflowing crowds in another. Simplicity and quaintness will disappear and be followed by discontent and sham fashion, and Nantucket will be no more Nantucket. It is a pity. And he who takes passage on the crowded steamer, and perched upon some young lady's ark of a trunk catches through the chattering crowd but glimpses of the barren shores of Tuckernuck and Muskeget and the broad bay, will find it hard to realize the picture of the heavy, weather worn, patched and brown sailed whale ship, coming in from a four years' voyage, with all its freight of romance and adventure, its high and honest hearts unconscious in their simplicity of deeds that make the blood thrill even to think of. And in the streets of the quaint old towns on the windy downs in sight of the solemn sea, and among the pathetic grave stones, when he is disturbed by parties complacently patronizing the scenery, wondering at the "funniness" of the people and their homes, or cultivating their emotions with the Atlantic Mouthly in their minds, then he will sigh for the vanished freshness of Arcady and the days that are no more. "Savourneen dheelish. Shighan, Oh!"-Providence Journal.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—The Robert Raikes celebration brings to light some interesting statistics of Sunday-schools in this coun-Last year the American Sundayschool Union organized 1,277 new schools, with 5629 teachers and 4627 scholars, many of them being in places where there were no other religious organizations. These figures are independent of the denominational schools organized by Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and others, which add many thousands to the number. The Methodist Church alone has now more than 20,000 schools, with over 226,000 teachers and 1,538,000 scholars. This is an increase in four years of 139,580 scholars, 19,754 teachers, and 1234 schools. During the same period 352,908 persons were converted in the schools. It is further said that the Sunday-school membership to-day of the Methodist Episcopal Church is larger than the church membership of the same denomination.

Roaming Robert.

Sailing Down to the Summer Land---Nantucket---What Nantucket Looks Like When You Get There---And Why You Should Go There if You Go Anywhere.---How We Caught the Shark off Nantucket Beach.

OUR ISLAND HOME.

At Fall River we take the cars for New Bedford, and there we embark on the steamer "Island Home," and after a short stop at Martha's Vineyard westeamed away for Nantucket.

You can't get to Nantucket by land. There's no use wearing out your maps trying to find the land route. It can't be did. When you start for Nantucket, you feel as though you are going out into cold weather. It is the only summer resort in America entirely out of sight of the main land. And that makes it the most delightful resting place you can find. From the cupola of the Sherburne House we see the entire island; it is only about sixteen miles long and its average width is four miles. And when we have seen the island there is nothing more to see. We can't see the United States. And we don't want to see them, for the next three months. Our hearts rise in speechless gratitude when we remember there is no telegraphic communication with the main land. We have two mails a day, that is enough. Indeed, I am convinced that is one too many. We have Boston and New York papers daily and The Hawkeye comes to the Sherburne house every day, so what more do we want?

Nantucket is of the sand, sandy. It is not very mountainous. The highest point of land on the island is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. The guide book says 91, but an islander told me it was 101, and I am going to stand or fall with the islander. What does the guide book know about it anyhow? It's one hundred and one. It used to be shaded with groves of oak trees. The oaks are gone now. I don't know where they went, but they are gone. There are some pines left. Not tall, sky-reaching, cloud-kissing pines that make you dizzy when you look up them, but comfortable, easy pines that a man of my size can lean on and think. There are numerous ponds scattered over the island, level pastures, and pretty bits of meadow land. The drives are not pleasant. The roads are made up of three deep ruts, one on either side for the wheels to run in, and one in the middle for the horse to trot in. But you dou't care for the roads because you don't come to Nantucket to drive. You can drive when you are at home. You come here to sail. And there is a splendid fleet of yachts waiting for you to make your selection, and if you ask for the yacht "Clara," A. B. Dunham, captain, and William Dunham, mate, you not only get the fastest yacht in the harbor but the best sailors to take care of

And all the time, sleeping or waking, in every nook and corner of the island, you have the freshest, purest health-laden, life-giving breezes the sea ever sent to tired humanity. If you really are tired, if you are worn out and want to rest, really need rest, want to sleep and wake, dress and eat, walk and sail as you please, and not worry yourself about anything, come to Nantucket. There are no robbers here. The people are not cannibals. They do not live off people from the mainland. All charges are reasonable and all fare is first-class, and there are several good hotels in town, of which the Sherburne is the most home-like, comfortable, and the best. And you can enjoy the best sailing and bathing here that can be found on the coast. You can bathe in the house, or on a beach as smooth and quiet as Flint river at the bridge, or you can go to 'Sconset for the surfest kind of surf bathing, or you can go further on and take a bath and bite yourself with a shark. And you can sail all day in the harbor where the water is as smooth as Division street with the frost on, or you can go out into the open sea and waltz yourself so sick in fifteen minutes that Capt. Dunham will have to carry you home in a bucket. Come and

NUMBER II.

NANTUCKET, July 13.—Yesterday we went fishing.

Not for the active scup or the energetic bluefish. Oh, no! Nothing so small. We have been bluefishing; that has grown common. In a two days' cruise I took three bluefish.

That may not sound very large, but as no one else took even one, it was a pretty large catch for me.

So I pined for larger game. And her little serene highness said that she would like to see something more exciting than my bluefishing. I feared there was some lurking sarcasm under the apparently innocent words and I told her so, and promised her all the excitement she wished. Then I sought for Captain Dunham, and yesterday, her little serene highness, myself, and Mr. Young, of Hamilton, Ontario, embarked in the yacht "Clara" and went a fishing.

Sharks.

It is not safe to ask me to go "pond fishing" now, I am too proud. And my hands are too sore to hold a fishing rod, and I can't bend my fingers enough to unhook a fish if I caught one.

It is fun. A delightful sail of nine miles brought us to the fishing grounds. We anchored off Great Point and destroyed a lunch big enough for a militia company. This was one of the pleasantest numbers in the programme and would have been encored had there been anything left. Then we caught sharks

THE PREFACE.

There is a great iron hook, with two feet of chain fastened to it, and the rest is a line strong enough to pull a cottonwood stump. You load the hook with blue-fish, then let it sink to the bottom, and wait in tranquillity and patience, for a bite. The shark takes hold of a bait in a mean, sneaking, grudging way, as though he didn't care much about it and believed you were a liar anyhow, and only took it because he thought he was stealing it. He has to roll over before he can take the bait at all, and as he knocks it with his nose in this movement, you are notified that your first shark is following your hook, and if you are like me, you want to "holler" right away. By and by there is a gentle tug at the hook, very easy and very slow, and you begin to wonder if some Mississippi cat-fish hasn't lost himself down here. Then the shark starts away with the bait; you let him run a yard or so, give him a little slack, and with one mighty jerk fasten the hook in him, and haul in.

REACHING THE CLIMAX.

That is where the entertainment begins. The curtain is rung up with a flourish of trumpets, three ruffles of the drums, red fire from both wings, and thunder and lightning in the distance. If you ever lived on a farm and led a reluctant cow to turn when she wanted to go into the woods on both sides of the road and climb trees, you know about what it is to haul in a shark. You yell at the time. Must yell, from the time the hook catches until the shark is in; or you'll never get him. And the rest of the crew help you. They shout encouraging remarks at you. Hand over hand you tug in

the line. Inch by inch the shark takes it out. You rally, and brace your feet against the gunwale, and in he comes again. You think you must have about five hundred fathoms of line out. You begin to wish you were a windlass. You puff, and yell, and pant, and howl, and strain, and shout, and pull, and shriek, and sweat and wail, and surge and haul and yank, and all the time that provoking shark was just holding back with the steady, unswerving, aggravating, reluctance of a balky mule on a July hill side, and over and through your own inarticulate shoutings you can hear the rest of the crew.

the crew.
"Lift him up, judge, lift him right out of
the water!"
"Hang onto him, Hawkeye, raise him,

raise him!"
"Puff louder, colonel, and you'll fetch

him!"
"Robbie," chimed in her little serene
highness from her lofty seat, "don't step on

your eyes."
And indeed, my organs of vision were standing out, and looking at each other, in great amazement over the top of my nose,

having never seen each other before, and being greatly surprised to find they were twins.

THE FINISH.

But pretty soon, just as you have made up your mind that you can't pull another pound, the great ugly body of the shark looms up in sight, then you see the glassy eyes, and the smilling mouth, its rows of pearly teeth, the yelling and shouting is redoubled. Captain William catches the chain and the shark's head is held above the water, while Captain Alexander with a huge south Sea war club, pounds the shark on the nose. One or two thumps with that mighty club is sufficient, for the shark is vitally sensitive about his nose, and we had the monster on board. It is my first shark, and it is nine feet long and will weigh about four hundred pounds.

That is several feet taller than I am.

TRIUMPHAL GRANDEUR.

In the calm majesty of success I tilt my hat forward and a little to port, until it rests easily on one car and the tip of my nose. Then I look haughtly out over the dancing waters of the blue Atlantic, and wait for another shark, while I graciously receive the sarcastic congratulations of the admiring crew.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND CONSOLATION.

I was grieved to the heart when they told me my shark was not a "man eater," but a sand shark. But they comforted me by saying that where the sand shark was, no bath houses were erected, and no mortal being layed his weary limbs in the refreshing brine. Not much they don't. I am having the jaws of my pet shark fixed up to send to Auditor John, and he can scare Will out of the river with them. I caught three more sharks during the day's cruise, none so large as the first. In fact, Captain Dunham told me that my second was the smallest shark he ever saw in these waters. And let me tell you, if you can't catch the largest fish, it is no small distinction to catch the smallest. And about 3 o'clock, when Mr. Young hauled the last shark aboard, we sailed for the town with our colors at the main peak, and about thirty-five feet of shark on board, and we were the happiest party that ever went sharking. Now, I have only one ambition left. Of course, I am through with small fishing. After a man has caught a shark big enough to eat three of him, he can never, with any respect for himself, or veneration for his record, go whipping a scanty brook all day long for two pound trout. But I want to catch something bigger. I want to strike a sperm whale, or a sea serpent, I'm not very particular which. And mind you, if I ever do catch a sea serpert, Mr. Soule will have to build an addition to the Sherburne House to hold me.

R. J. B.

TRANQUILLITY. - A good man thus spoke: "The sources of all pleasures are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can gain my humble door! When it is very hot, I cool myself in the shade of a tree; and when it is very cold, I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me, but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquillity is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquillity of the soul !sweet charm of life! Kings would sell their crowns to buy thee if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits-thou hast helped me to live well-help me to die well."

Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.

Roaming Robert.

A Little History --- A Brief Sketch of Nantucket --- Showing Who Found It and What It Was and How It Was--- What He Did With It When He Got Possession of It .-- And What Became of It in Three Hundred Years.

Nantucket, Mass., July 16.—It was away back in 1602, when nobody cared who was going to be next United States Senator from Iowa, that Bartholomew Gosnold, son of old Gosnold, of Gosnoldville, Gosnold county, this state, crusing round after sand shark and blue fish, discovered Nantucket. He named the first spot of land he saw, San-koty, because Sankoty lighthouse was loca-ted on it. The light was not located until a century afterwards, so the question may be raised how Bartholomew Gosnold knew that raised how Bartholomew Gosnold knew that the land he saw was Sankoty. I cannot explain that. Perhaps some of the natives told him. Or maybe he read it in the newspapers. Or he may have inquired at the intelligence office; I do not know. Anyhow, Gosnold came ashore, entered his name at the Tourists' registry in the town, sent his trunks to the Sherburne and ansent his trunks to the Sherburne and an-nounced that he would stay all summer. This was the beginning of Nantucket, and it has been here ever since. The Island was then covered with forest trees and Indians and sand. The Indians, of whom there were two tribes, cleaned out each other, the white settlers cleaned out the forest trees, and the sand held on.

THE ISLAND IN THE REAL ESTATE MARKET.

Half a century passed away. I don't know where it went to, but it went. Then the "ten original purchasers" bought the island for \$150 and two beaver hats. They bought it of Mayhew, of North Mayhew, Mayhew Centre. They thought they were paying two much; Mayhew was willing to throw of the \$150, but the two beaver hats he insisted on, as he wanted one to wear week days, and the other for Sunday. These ten purchasers selected ten associates with whom to settle the island, and these purchasers and associates were Tristhese purchasers and associates were Tristram Coffin, Peter Coffin, James Coffin, Tristram Coffin, Jr., Edward Starbuck, Nathaniel Starbuck, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Robert Barnard, John Swain, Thomas Look, Thomas Mayhew, Sr., and young Thomas, Thomas Coleman, Robert Pike, Stephen Greenlief, William Pike and last but most numerous John Smith. If John Smith's formula merous, John Smith. If John Smith's family had not scattered it would now populate the island so densely that it would stick out over the edges in all directions. But John Smith went into the business of filling up local directories, and his family now occupies, to have and to hold, its heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, be the same more or less, as described by metes and bounds, as follows, to wit, namely, viz.—the United States. The rest of the settlers stood by Nantucket. And all the Coffins and Star-bucks and Macys that have charmed the ju-venile and maturer readers of "Moby Dick" and Cooper's marine novels and numberless others of lesser note, are or have been real and veritable Nantucketers.

THE LONE READER

In 1603 Peter Foulger came with his family and his Lares and his Penates on the steamer "Island Home," and settled on the island. This was about the same year the Division street improvement was commenced in Burlington. Well, Peter Foulger could read, in which accomplishment he was a neck ahead of the rest of the islanders, and he used to sit in front of the grocery and read the Boston Transcript and the Commercial Advertiser and the old reliable Traveller to his neighbors, and now and then they got a stray copy of The Hawkeey, and Peter would spell over it for weeks and explain the jokes, and he read all the congressional proceedings and the debates on the tariff bills and the reports of the commissioner of patents and the investigating committees and the recommissioner. In 1603 Peter Foulger came with his famcommissioner of patents and the investiga-ting committees, and it wore on him, until at last one evening, he read the platform of the democratic party, and in the effort to explain what it meant, he died.

GROWING RIGHT ALONG.

The town was incorporated in 1671, the same year the people of Burlington began to talk about building a new opera house,

and two years later the Nantucketers began whaling, and they kept it up until the people of Pennsylvania struck oil in the Bradford and Oil City districts. In 1711 the first meeting house was built on the island, a Congregational Church of course, although most of the people were Baptists. The old church was standing until 14 years ago. In 1791 the first whaling vessel went from the island to the Pacific. Previous to that time the Nantucketers did their whaling at home, going out from the shore in boats. home, going out from the shore in boats. There was only one clergyman, one lawyer, and two doctors on the Island. And what on earth they wanted with so many lawyers I can't tell. The doctors soon starved to I can't tell. The doctors soon starved to death. In 1795, in order to keep abreast of the times and do as other people did, the Nantucket bank was started. For the same nantucket bank was started. For the same general reasons, it was robbed the same year of \$22,000, and the islanders lost conyear of \$22,000, and the islanders lost confidence in the monetary institutions of the republic, while they sat round on the steps of the bank and wondered what had become of the money. They next incorporated an academy, feeling pretty confident that it couldn't run away with \$22,000 the first year, as the art of embezzling school funds was not discovered in America, until half a year, as the art of embezzling school funds was not discovered in America until half a century later. In 1804 the Pacific bank was established, a strong institution at its birth, and which still exists, stronger and better with every year of its being. In 1816 the Nantucket Gazette opened its eyes in the world of journalism. The gods loved it, and it died young, being succeeded at a later date, for it could not well be succeeded at an earlier date, by the Inquirer and Mirror, now edited by Messrs. Hussey and Robinson, and the Journal, which was established two years ago. lished two years ago.

PLAYED OUT.

In 1822 the last Indian on the island, so lonesome that he couldn't spell his own name, lay down and died. Poor Indian; when the Starbucks and the Coffins and the Macys came here, there were seven hundred of him. But Sachem Autopscot and Sachem Wanackmamack took turns making a target and bonfire of him; then the plague had a crack at him, and then at last he learned to drink rum. I have no authority for the last statement beyond the simple fact that he was an Indian. Naturally he drank water when he couldn't get whiskey, and naturally, it laid him out. Under the table, on the tavern bench, out in the pines, until at last it laid him out by the heels, and the final Indian turned himself into a "finis" for the history of the Nantucket Indians. His last words were "Wannacosquamaphlicquetuck noppeky phlp klp." I never can translate these touching words without weeping, and I don't feel like weeping to-day. Besides I don't know how to construe "phlp klp" this morning. They laid him away to rest and inscribed his virtues on his tomb-stone. He was an Indian of exemplary habits, always voted the republican ticket, and was the first man to suggest Garfield as the republican candidate for 1880.

"MANIFEST DESTINY."

In 1855 the last man with Indian blood in him died, and "the survival of the fittest" left all the island to the dominant Caucas-That, brethren, is manifest destiny. That is where the Indians who trouble our western frontiers are going. It is very shocking to contemplate, I know, and I feel terribly depressed over it myself sometimes. And yet, I cannot but think, when wonder what has become of all the New England Indians, that "what is sauce for Nantucket is sauce for Colorado," and I do not think that the interior department can improve on Miles Standish's Indian pol-

SURPRISING NEGLECT OF THE DIRECTORY MAKERS

In 1840 the island had a population of 9,712. Then six years later, whaling began to decline, and the population simmered down with the whaling interest. It was in that same year, I think, that Captain John Niven, president of the National bank, Thorntown, Indiana, discovered Tom Never's head, an abrupt bank, about seventy feet high, on the southeast coast of the island. It had been discovered before, but Captain Niven had never seen it. His ship went to pieces there on Sunday morning; his own life and the lives of some of his crew were saved by Captain Crosby

recently deceased, and his son Charles, all of which I think I wrote you from Thorntown last winter, when I sat up and smoked the night away at Chrome Hill, and talked Nantucket with Captain Niven until he persuaded me to come here this summer. The population of the Island continued to not increase with great regularity and rapidity, until, in 1875, it reached 3,201, a little less than it was in 1763, and the man who could secure 446 votes had a dead sure thing on a majority of two. But the census of this year shows a little improvement, and Nantucket is one of the very few places and Nantucket is one of the very few places that is larger than it thought.

It is raining again to-day, but as this is riday it doesn't count.

R. J. B. Friday it doesn't count.

Leisure Hours by the Sea.

NANTUCKET, MASS., August 25, 1879. Knowing that the human body is in a constant state of flux, some of the old Greek philosophers used to question whether the man whom one invites out to dine can fairly be held to be the same man who accepts the invitation, a day later. But people are not the only things that change. Under the mighty impulse of advertising ink this island town is undergoing a transformation so radical that the old-fashioned individuality of Nantucket will soon exist only in memory. Shades of the early vikings and grandees! Can it be that a horse railroad is projected? Is it possible that more than two hundred visitors are arriving every day? Must it be said that ten cents admission is now charged at the old windmill? Let the spirit of Bartholomew Gosnold weep and the descendants of Thomas Macy wail-for all these things have come to pass.

Indeed, even more striking evidences of degeneration are palpable this season. A military company from New Bedford has been in camp here; an "organ grinder fiend" has ruthlessly violated the solitude of Main street; several so-called "villa residences" with all the vulgar modern furbelows, have been built; bric-a-brac stores have been started; a race of bootblacks has sprung up; there is talk of erecting a mammoth hotel; and, crowning infamy, the town crier has purchased a new horn, which seems to me to sound the death knell of the good old times that will come again no more. And yet, reckless and out-of-place as these innovations are, they are not without champions, who would deflour the town of its former dignity, under the specious guise of "Enterprise" and "Progress." O Material Prosperity, what sins are committed in thy name! A few monomaniacs now hold the future of Nantucket in their insatiate hands. On their side are all the keenscented tradesmen, the boarding house keepers and the mighty "Old Colony" corporation. With these influences at work, it is safe to say that within ten years Nantucket will have lost her distinctive character and her most precious charms. What care these speculators for tradition? Does not Shakespeare say "Put money in thy purse?" The season here ten years ago, they claim, was monotonous enough. In those days if fifteen or twenty people went in bathing off the Cliff Shore on any one morning Burdick was lost in a maze of confusion, invariably giving the baggy bathing dress to the very thin man and the tight-fitting costume to the heaviest weight on the beach. In those days the young ladies never wore sandals into the water nor hinted at hacks to carry them back to



town; the "Island Home" ran to Hyannis and was the only steamer in these waters; four or five whale ships still linked the island to its obsolete greatness; Bank President Joseph Mitchell would order a stranger's check cashed on sight; and people never locked their doors o' nights.

But greatly as the town has changed in some respects, certain of the old customs still linger, and one sea-flavored institution has risen out of the ashes of the whale trade, to stand to-day like a rock against the storm of modern flippancy. I used to wonder ten years ago why none of the newspaper or magazine writers had found a theme in the "Pacific Club," which is

also known here as the "House of Com-mons" and the "Captains' Room." There is not another such place along the coast—nay, in the wide world. The Pacific Club is pre-eminently original; it is dignified without ostentation; exclusive without foppery; social without wine. The founders were twenty five in number and coal. ders were twenty-five in number, and each of them, though to the manor born, had passed the greater portion of his active life in the Pacific seas. These captains jointly purchased one of the most conspicuous buildings in town, rented portions of it is the Free Mesons and to the United of it to the Free Masons and to the United States Customs service, and with no written constitution or by-laws, and membership dues amounting to but \$2 per annum, keep open house every day in the year. I have seen a little of club life in American cities, in Russia and in England, but nowhere more convine enjoyment, and nolliteness. more genuine enjoyment and politeness than in this isolated House of Commons. When one of the Captains is relating an anecdote of his experience "on the line" or "off Japan," there is the most perfect silence until the story is finished. And such stories! They follow one another by the hour, as spontaneously and vividly as heat lightning, from the surcharged memories of eventful lives. The Pacific Club is simply a miracle—when the present members are dead it can neither be dupli-

eated nor encored.

Society here is so disconnected from the continent that it is free from many of the follies of the day. To be sure, the people are fully awake to important political questions; but such senseless stampedes as sometime sweep over the Main land nev-er devastate Nantucket. The island never had the velocipede mania, the blue glass idiocy, the ceramic craze, the pedestrian fever of last winter's musical madness. Oddly enough, however, it now has its own insanity all by itself; and stranger still, the popular lunacy is something really excellent. It is the study of Botany. The girls here (there are no young men in Nantucket, save the writer,)—the girls here, as I was saying, all run wild after flowers, and some of the more studious out. Mill. Inhy some of the more studious out-Mill John Stuart Mill. This balmy, equable atmosphere is tempered so marvelously by the Gulf Stream that the tints of the indigenous flowers are brought out with a brilliancy unknown to me elsewhere. On riding parties, which with us are made inriding parties, which with us are made in-teresting by mountain views, the changing hues of the woods, or glimpses of the glorious Hudson, there is at Nantucket, generally speaking, little to study or enjoy save the wild flowers by the saudy road-side. This fact, I think, explains the rul-ing local passion, which is now running so high that the flowe of the island is likely to high that the flora of the island is likely to be exhausted in a season or two. the rarest and most beautiful specimens are now in bloom. One might hunt North America over and not find another such field-full of hibiseus as I saw yesterday near the Head of the Harbor. This week near the Head of the Harbor. This week I have seen the sun dew, one of the most wonderful of plants, decoying its unwary prey near Macy's Hill. Pink-eyed sabbatia smiles through the reed grass in the swamps, and blue-eyed grass cheers the wanderer no less than the crystal waters of Spit-Fire Spring, near which that modest flower grows. I have spoken in former letters of the fragrant bay-leaf that is so

abundant here, end of the gerardia that crimsons the commons in September.

The special attractions and amusements here I could hardly be expected to disclose, after arraying myself on the side of the anti-summer resort party. There is nothing to be said in favor of the fishing and bathing, inasmuch as it is a well-known fact that nothing but sharks of the most voracious species frequent these soundings. The town itself is absolutely devoid of diversions. I have cited Pinafore—or rather versions. I have cited Pinafore—or rather the lack of that shallow extravaganza. A wearied and careworn stranger arrived on wearied and careworn stranger arrived on the wharf the other day, and said to a small boy, "Do they play Pinafore here?" "No," replied the lad, "but there's a bil-liard-room up yonder!" The story further runs that the traveller was no one else than one of the Professors in Hamilton College. one of the Professors in Hamilton College. I take this occasion, however, to deny the identity, as well as that any distinguished scholar could have produced the following lines, now printed for the first time:

There is a land of pure delight,
Where never, never more,
Hath sound been heard or e'en a sight
Been had of Pinafore.

That land is far out in the sea;
Dick Deadeye ne'er hath struck it.
Here's hoping no H. M. S. P.
Will ever find Nantucket.

May Admiral Porter, K. C. B., Ne'er tackle kindly to it; Nor Josephine flat on high C, A thinkin' she can do it.

May never Little Buttercup,
Though bumboat woman clever,
Here mix her little babies up.
What, never—

But I will have mercy.

A good story is told here this season about an estimable Quaker lady who keeps a boarding house on Pearl street. As a boarding house on Pearl street. As everybody knows, the Friends are wont to speak of people without prefixing titles. Elizabeth Hussey has had so many boarders that she has been obliged to lodge them out at other houses, belonging to Messrs. Bates, Coffin and Folger. The other day a party consisting of a dozen or so Baltimoreans, who had been recommended to go to this lady's, arrived and at once repaired to her residence.

paired to her residence.
"I can give thee all board," said she to the Marylanders, "but thee must sleep in

"What!" cried the amazed spokesman. "That is the best I can do for thee; and if thee don't like it, thee can go elsewhere." And the indignant visitors went. T. W. B.

DEATH'S VAGARIES.

Life leads along a beaten way—
A road worn smooth by passing feet;
No traveler may a moment stay—
Of all the throng no two may meet;

But every foot with equal gait
Hastes forward to the self-same goal,
And on this road one lies in wait
To claim from all his dreadful toll.

His name is Death—but none can know
When they shall meet him face to face;
His coming may be swift or slow—
None know the manner, time or place,

It may be where the sun shines bright,
It may be where the shades are gray,
It may be in the dead of night,
It may be in the life of day.

Upon his victim he may leap
And strike him down with suddenness,
Or, gently as his brother sleep,
May freeze the heart with a caress.

Not beauty, greatness, worth or gold
Can charm or awe this tollman grim;
The good, the bad, the young, the old,
The high, the low, are one to him.

His icy finger he will stretch
And blanch the maiden's blooming cheek,
Denying the despairing wretch
The boon of death he comes to seek.

The lovely babe upon the breast
Grows cold amid the mother's tears;
The hoary pilgrim, needing rest,
Is left to totter out his years.

The strong and lusty, who defy
This watcher by the road of life,
May be the very first to die,
While those unfitted for the strife
That man must suffer—those who wait
In hourly terror of the end—
Outlive the youth with hope elate,
And safely on their journey wend.

"ONLY FRIENDS,"

A manly fellow, straight and tall—
A wee, brown maiden, dainty, small;
Two eyes of gray, two eyes of brown—
Gray eyes in dark-brown eyes look down;
A small, plump hand, held frankly out;
A mouth, that half suggests a pout,
Has framed the simple words, "Good-bye;"
The manly lips likewise reply;
She laughs—he smiles—and then hands meet—
A nod—"Good-bye"—he's down the street.
He meets a friend—"I say, old boy,
"How's wee, brown Minnie—dainty, coy?
Come, don't deny, old fellow; say!
I saw your parting—plain as day."
"By Jove! old boy, you're going mad.
Your ignorance is really sad.
Wee Minnie! Why, I've not in town
So old a friend as Minnie Brown!
That's rich, by Jove! too rich, by half!
I'll tell to Minnie and he laugh."

That's rich, by Jove! too rich, by half!
I'll tell't to Min; 'twill make her laugh."
A friend of Minnie's also saw
The friendly parting at the door—
'Come, Minnie, tell me when 'twill be,
Now, don't look stunid: folks, can see

Come, Minnie, tell me when twill be.

Now, don't look stupid; folks can see

That you're engaged to Edward Ames—

Now, don't look cross and call bad names.

I saw your parting at the door;

'Twas proof enough—want nothing more."

But Minnie raised her honest eyes,

But Minnie raised her honest eyes,
And said, in genuine surprise:
"We're only friends, Ned Ames and I;
I've known him since I was so high.
The idea never crossed my mind
That aught but friendship folks could find
In all I've said to him, or he
Has said in fun or truth to me. Has said in fun or truth to me.
Fil tell him when he comes to-day—
The dear, old fellow—what folks say.
He'll laugh, I guess, to think, forsooth,
Folks guess so very far from truth."
He came. "O Ned! the queerest news
I heard to-day from Clara Dewes!"
"Not half so funny, Min, as I
Was told to-day by Franklyn Nye."
"Wait, Ned; let me tell first," she said.
"Dear me! you'd never guess it, Ned.
She said—oh, dear! those stupid boors.
I guess I'll tell mine last—tell yours."
"Well, Min, Frank Nye was trying to chaff
About—by Jove! it made me laugh—

About—by Jove! it made me laugh—
About, you know—say, Min, can't you
Tell me yours first? Now, how'll that do?"
"Oh, never mind—'tis best unsaid.
Vy, weldy in the state book it Nad"

"Oh, never mind—'tis best unsaid.
You wouldn't care to hear it, Ned."
"Oh, yes, I would. But I'll tell first
My news, Prepare, Min, for the worst!
Well, here it is: He said—Frank Nye—
That we are 'spoony'—you and I."
"Oh, Ned, how strange! Why, that's what sheI mean Miss Clara—told to me."
"No, Min. By Jove! the deuce it is!
So her news was the same as his?
What bosh! Enough of this! I've come
To tell you I shall soon leave home
To stay a year—most likely two.

To stay a year—most likely two.

I say, what makes you look so blue?

Tears, Min? Good gracious! what's up now?

Come, tell a fellow what's the row?"

I—I—'is nothing—truly, Ned—

But—don't go—stay at home, instead."

Two flushed, red cheeks, two dark-brown eyes—

Two gray eyes opened in surprise— The gray eyes meet the eyes of brown-The brown eyes droop their lashes down.
A pause—and then a whistle low—
By George!—well, Min, I don't know—"
But something cut the sentence short—
The protection live tried and the statements.

Two pouting lips tried to retort. Two manly lips refused the quest-I'll leave you now to guess the rest.

A manly fellow, straight and tall-A wee, brown maiden, dainty, small—
Two eyes of gray—two eyes of brown—
Gray eyes in dark-brown eyes look down.
A small, plump hand held firmly in
A larger palm. "My darling Min!"
Again is breathed a low "good-bye"—
A scarcely audible reply

A scarcely audible reply, Folks weren't so very wrong, hey, Min? I guess 'twas we were 'taken in,' But, if they hadn't guessed the truth, We'd never known ourselves, forsooth."

Infancy.

A BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a seating place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is a Roman virtue that wins each godlike act, and plucks success—even from the spearproof crest of rugged dangers. HARVARD.

NANTUCKET.

BY AN OFF ISLANDER.

The poet may sing of the old oaken bucket. And all the loved spots that his infancy knew; But dearer to me are the charms of Nantucket, When fond recollection recalls them to view. The ship-channel lanes that need skippers and soundings,-

Where they go to, no "coof" or land-lubber can tell.

The crowded Main street, with its varied surroundings,

And even the sound of the town-crier's bell-The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy, The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

Whatever disasters occur on the mainland: If savings banks break, or if burglars annoy If murd'rers die happy, or worse still, get pardoned,
If floods overcome, or if fires destroy,— The peaceful Nantucketer needs no newspaper With head-lines and captions, the story to tell; Secure in their tight little homes on the island They wait for the sound of the town-crier's bell-The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy, The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

Should a schooner, bark-rigged, from the "Cape" or New Bedford.

Anchor off the Straight wharf with a cargo of fruit-

"Sweet potatoes and peaches, bananas and peanuts, Green apples and lemons," with prices to suit, How quickly doth Billy, the peripatetic, Make haste through the island the tidings to tell; How quickly he touches a chord sympathetic When he heralds the fact with his brass-throated bell-

The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy, The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

But when a great crisis arrives, and a "corner" Is created in beef by some sharp financier, And prices go up-and a broker still sharper Sees his chance and goes in with a wise auctioneer. Then Billy, twice-armed, with his bell and his trum-

Diaphonic both in their cadence and swell, Forecasts the "corned beef" to be thrown on the market.

And announces its advent by ringing his bell-The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy, The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

I am getting in years, and I'm growing splenetic; I no longer take baths at the "Clean Shore" or "Cliff:"

Blue-fishing I hate, and squantums grow tedious, And all that I want of the South Shore is a sniff. But the dear old antique, time-honored Nantuck-

How dearly I love it no mortal can tell: Its lanes and its sand, and its "tips" and its auctions, Its Billy, and even, yes, even his bell-The dulcet-toned Billy, the tender-voiced Billy, The Billy who owns that mellifluous bell.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 17, 1880.

Dear Grandmother.

Grandmother paces with stately tread Forward and back through the quaint old

out of the firelight, dancing and red, Into the gathering dusk and gloom; Forward and back, in her silken dress, With its falling ruffles of frost-like lace. A look of the deepest tenderness In the faded lines of her fine old face.

Warm on her breast in his red nightgown
Like a scarlet lily the baby lies,
While softly the tired lids droop down
Over the little sleepy eyes.
Grandmother sings to him sweet and low,
And memories come with the eradle-song
Of the days when she sang it long ago,
When her life was young and her heart
was strong.

Grand mother's children have left her now;
The large old house is a shadowed place;
But shining out in the sunset glow
Of her life, like a star, comes the baby's
face.
He lies where of old his father lay;
Softly she sings him the same sweet strain;
Till the years intervening are swept away,
And the Joy of life's morning is hers again.

Grandmother's gray head is bending low
Over the dear little downy one;
The steps of her pathway are few to go;
The baby's journey is just begun.
Yet the rosy dawn of his childish love
Brightens the evening that else were dim;
And in after years, from her bome above,
The light of her blessing will rest on him.
—Christian Union.

Ir you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

IN ANSWER WAITING.

Written for the Herald

BY DR. GUSTAVUS HAAS. I am waiting darling, patiently, For thy answer to mine; Waiting for thy promise, dear, That will whisper, "I am thine."

The hours are quickly gliding by— Stars light the beaut'eous sky; Oh, let thy voice re-echo. My patient loving cry.

I am alone and often sad, Without a friend at heart: I shiver less thy whisper speak, "Forever we must part."

The rising of the pallid moon, Fills my sout with fear; The rustling of the autumn leaves, Forbodes unhappy care.

The storm tossed ocean beats. In anger day by day. Ah, no, it cannot, must not be, That thou wil't say nay.

Your promise to me years ago, Should not now broken be: Your heart I trust is faithful, To yows then made to me

Oh, the smlle upon thy cheek Brings back ecstatic joy; The pressure of thy hand says, With my heart thou 'ilt not toy.

I am waiting love, listening-While softly I hear thee say, "In a month we will be happy; It shall be our wedding day.

THE DAYS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

A STIRRING SONG OF THE REBELLIOUS
TIMES IN IRELAND.
Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eigh?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the braves,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too,
All, all, are gone; but still lives on
The fame of these who died—
All true men, like you, men.
Remember them with pride,

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made,
But, though their clay be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth—
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their elay
Full many a race may start,
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand,
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill be ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all, both kith and kin,
It reached a dreadful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse, Before our names were fixed, And we were being washed by nurse, We got completely nursed, and so you see, by Fate's decree, Or rather nurse's whin, My brother John was christened "me While I was christened "him."

This fatal likeness ever dogged Our footsteps when at school; for I was always getting flogged Since John turned out a fool. In fact, year after year the same. Absurd mistake went on; And when I died the neighbors ca ors came

Cor Cordium.

The freshness of the wood is mine,
I lie in boths of mountain air;
The forest's depth of beech and pine,
Fold grandly round me everywhere.

The thrush's song is sweet and low:

A water-spirit stirs the ferns
Down where the silvery trickles flow
O'er em'rald brims of sylvan urns.

On leafy glade and granite walls
The sunshine's misty splendors stream,
Afar a lone dove sorrowing calls
As if the wood moaned in its dream.

I see where purple lichens glow,
Where mosses drink supreme content.
Where spreads the clamatis like snow,
The curtains of its spotless tent.

I see what chronicles are graved On splintered cliff and weird ravine, And how the teeming ground is paved With beauteous forms of what has be

The pine-tree's sigh and brooklet's mirth
Are in my heart with joy and pain,
And all the sad and sweet of earth
Pleads in the pathos of the strain.

Far o'er me palpitates the blue, As if Love hovered softly there And, from her tender bosom, drev The holy calm that fills the air.

Oh, sky above, the world below!
What is the secret of your speech?
Oh, why, beyond your glorious show,
Does soul with restless yearnings reach

What is Life that life conceals?
The inner force? the primal fire?
The potency that makes, and feels,
And baffles most as we aspire?

What is the end, the good at last,
When each appointed task is done,
When every phase of change is past,
And being's goal of conquest wond

The mystic pageant comes and goes;
The old is new, the sad is gay;
The Everlasting Order flows
While hearts grow still and suns decay!

While neares.

Amid the Infinite I grope;
I faint with reaching for a shore,
But hear the angels, Faith and Hope—
"To Love shall life be more and more."

—Scribner's Magazine.

THE LABORER.

As moves the human mass amon As much a part of the Great Plan That with Creation's dawn began, As any in the throng."

Labor and wait, and hope and trust In Him who rules the high and low; See earnest, is thrul, firm, and just, In all your strivings here below; Work with a latter aim, and shun Each low, degrading, base desire; Strive for that goal so surely won By all who to the true aspire.

Shand up—erect! and murmur not,
Nor heed the proud who pass you by,
Though they may spurn your lowly lot,
And med you with averted eye;
For He who judgeth all aright—
Who sees no stain in lowly birth—
Will surely grant a guerdon bright
To all the tolling sons of earth.

Mou may not win a hero's name
For daring deeds with sword and shield;
Ent you will earn enduring fame
Upon a far more noble field.
Rawth's fairest flowers, with fragrance rare,
Will bloom in every glen and glade,
And blithesome birds will warble there
Their early morning serenade.

THE TREE.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No; leave them alone Till the blossoms have grown."
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung; "Shall I take them away?" said the Wind,

as he swing.

"No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown."
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer alow; Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries, or no?"

no?"

"Yes; all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, as he bent down his laden boughs low.

——[From Biornson's "Arne,"]

Do not command children under six years o age to keep anything secret, not even the plea sure you may be preparing as a surprise for: dear friend. The cloudless heaven of youthfu open-heartedness should not be overcast, no even by the rosy dawn of shyness, otherwis children will soon learn to conceal their own secrets as well as yours.-RICHTER.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY HOME?

Not stately piles of brick and stone, With lofty walls and towering dome Whose ancient halls to courty tread Have echoed in the years now dead.

Not oaken doors and staircase broad, A banquet hall and bounteous board, Where viands rare and sparkling win The fruit of trees and blush of vines,

In jeweled cup and silver plate, By lackeys served, the palate wait, While myriad jets throw dazzling light On antique gem and soulpture white.

Net drapings rich of Tyrian dyes, And silken spreads where Beauty lies, Nor perfumed air and garlands rare, Can brush the lines from brows of care.

Not these alone, for love may dwell, And hearts with purest rapture swell, While art and skill, with cunning hand, Can ne'er earth's gifts at word command.

A lowly cot, with moss o'ergrown, A cheerful fire on old hearthstone, A frugal meal, an humble bed, A daily life with Jesus led—

A Bible old, with well-worn page, Affection due to reverend age; O'er such a home as this, I ween, Angels have passed on wing unseen.

And when through airy circles back To heaven they've made their shining track, Things they'll bear to God above In homes on earth where through sits Love.

DREAMING.

BY M. A. Y. I am dreaming While the gleaming

Of the white-capped waves is beaming O'er the waste of waters, seeming Silver-tipped—with treasure teeming— Idly dreaming.

I am dreaming When, arising,
Beams the sun, the night surprising,
All the scene with gold disguising;
Lost in wondering and surmising, I am dreaming.

Still I'm dreaming When out peeping Shine the stars, and upward leaping Gleam the waves, still onward creeping, Never silent, never sleeping-Always dreaming.

Idly dreaming While sea mosses Glimmering green with ocean glosses; At my feet the white wave tosses, Forming figures weird, and crosses

I am dreaming. I am dreaming, Gladly leaving Far behind me pain and grieving, Seeing but the ocean's heaving, Thought and memory fancies weaving— Sweetly dreaming.

ALL IS WELL.

BY J. G. WHITTER.

Her window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there, at dawn and set of day,
In prayer she kneels!
Dear Lord," she saith, "to many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

Biown out and in by Summer gates.
The stately ships, with crowded sal
And sallors leaning o'er the rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore,
Spice-laden from the Indian shore I see his swift-winged Isadore
The wave divide.

O, Thou! with whom the night is day, And one the near and far away, Look out on you gray waste and say Where lingers he.

Alive, perchance, on some lone beach Or thirsty isle beyond the reach Of man, he hears the mocking speech Of wind and sea.

O, dread and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from the lost one bear—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
Or dying waill

Come, with your dreariest truth shut out
The fears that haunt me round about;
O, God! I cannot bear this doubt
That stifes breath.
The worst is better than the dread;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead,
As eppin hope, and trust, instead
Of life, in death!"

It might have been the evening breezo That whispered in the garden treest. It might have been the sound of sea That rose and fell; But with her heart, if not her can The old loved voice she seement as a sea

ONLY A TRAMP. BY J. RUSSELL FISHER. "Jest raise my head a trifle, sir, an' move my limbs a mite;
Perhaps I'll rest more easy, like, when once I'm settled right.
Is pose I'm not o' much account to persons o' your stamp,
But then I hev some feelin' still, although I'm but a tramp.
Them legs o' mine are numb an' cold; I reckon, sir, they're broke;
While somethin' rises in my throat, on which I almost choke;
My head keeps spinnin' round an' round, am aches like all possessed,
An' then I've got an ugly gash, jest here, across my chest; across my chest;
Then sometimes, when I sink away, an sort
o' lose my breath, o' lose my breath,
Ithink the shades are creepin' round that
border close on death!
Ah, well! I s'pose it matters not if I should
die to-duy,
For not a single tear will fall when Natis
called away. "You want to know jest how it is I'm layin' here to-night,
So bruised an' forn, with all o' earth a fadin'
fast from sight?
No lovin' hand will close my eyes, or wipe No lovin' hand will close my eyes, or wipe away the damp
The tey touch o' death must bring alike to king an' tramp.
The world will move along the same, without a trace to tell
That from their midst a human sout has passed, perhaps to hell!
Some times I've thought that, hed the world a little kinder been, a little kinder been, I might a led a better life, an' known far less o' sin;
Had some forgivin' brother's hand stretched
forth to lead me back,
I might a left the downward road, an'
reached the higher track;
But when I, tremblin', sought the light, a
cruel word or frown
Would tear my grasp from better things, an'
cast me farther down! "I've read within the blessed book, when I "I've read within the blessed book, when I was but a boy."
How o'er one prodigal's return the angels sang for joy;
An' how the Savlor on the cross the dyin' thief forgave,
For it was jest sech fallen ones He came on early to save.
Sometimes I've felt a longin', like, to seek the better way,
An' crept into some stylish church, where Christians preach an' pray;
But soulchow, from the very first, I'd al'ays pfainly see
That there was no religion there for humble plainly see
That there was no religion there for the men like me.
Tourith't reach those lofty hights, beyond whose borders lay
The seace to fill my achin' heart, an' roll the stone away!
The heart of think how Jesus said, 'A little enild may know,'
An' wonder ef 'twas pleasin' Him to worship But, sir, excuse my wanderin' brain-I'm feel'n'queer to-night,
An'all my weary, bitter past, is plain before
my sight.
Jest loose that bandage now a bit—the blood has ceased to flow,
An' I can stand but little pain, my strength
has run so low! has run so low!

I know that when the mornin' dawns old
Nat will not be here,
An' there's a point or two as yet, I can't
somehow, get clear.

I spose the proper thing for me would be to
thy and pray;
Batthen my longue won't frame the words
I'm longin' so to say.

I want to ask the mighty One in pity to to I'm longin' so to say.
I want to ask the mighty One in pity to for-Ant teach me now jest how to die, as I have failed to live; failed to live;
If He can read this wayward heart, I think
He'll see at last That for my God an' fellow men all hatred now is past. Ant now I want to tell you, sir, jest how I met my death.

An' I have little time to spare in which to use my breath.

I'd like the world to know the tale, for then, perhaps, you see,
The memory of the deed may bring a kindly
thought o' me. You know the spot among the hills where You know the spot among the hills where Brady's cut was made,
An' how the railroad turns the bend, with such a downward grade;
How ef a rail was taken up jest there above the bridge,
No human power could save a train from goin' o'er the ridge!
Is pose you've seen the jagged rocks, a hundred feet below,
An' watched the water seethe an' boil, with foam like driven snow.
No doubt upon your horrid fate you've thought with bated breath,
If from the narrow ledge above, the train was hurled to death! "Well, jest three nights ago, I stood upon that narrow ledge, where, from the hill, the shelving rock bends outward, like a wedge.

Behind me, down toward the bridge, some twenty rods or so,
Two of the mighty iron rails lay in the gulch below.

The midnight of hwas almost due, we ghed down with human souls.

Ant rough! loudly for its prey beneath, the river rolls!

By chance I overheard a plot to wreek ant rob the train,

An', like a flash, a great resolve was fixed within my brain.

In searchin' through my buried past, I couldn't call to mind.

A single deed that I had done to benefit many kind;

Then, deep within my inmost heart, welled up a purpose high.

To stand at midnight on the bluffs, an' save that train or die! train was almost due, we ghed that train or die!

"An' now, far up the mountain side, I hear a sullen roar,
That tells me, plain as word could do, I've but a moment more.
Then, with my lantern high aloft, I clamper up the steep,
While, from the waitin' thieves below, rise, curses loud an' deep;
They hear the swift incomin' train from where they hidden lay,
An' fear the glimmer of my light will hold their scheme at bay.
Then sharp across the silent night a ride peals below—
A pang darts swiftly through my chest, an' blood begins to flow!
But, with a single warnin' cry, I stagger willing that hears. blood begins to how.

But, with a single warnin' cry, I stagger wildly ou,
Determined that, before I die, the battle must be won.

My head is swimmin' blindly round, an' dinmer grows my sight,
But, courage! comin' round the bend I see the engine light. the engine light

"With all my strength I shout aloud, an'
wave the light on high,
While far adown the mountain side the
echoes moan an' sigh!
But onward comes the fated train—on, on,
with mighty speed,
An' o' my warnings loud and shrill pays not
the slightest heed!
Scarce fifty yards divide us now—while dimly through the night
The yawning chasm by the bridge looms
blackly up to sight!
Then, gathering all my failing strength, I'
shout aloud once more,
While overhead the mighty bluffs resound
it o'er an' o'er.
At last the engine belches forth one mighty
cloud of steam,
An' what transpires around me now I see as
in a dream;
The brakes are plied with mighty force, the in a dream; The brakes are plied with mighty force, the train comes on more slow,
While one demoniac yell of rage floats upward from below. ward from below.

"My strength is almost gone at last, but with my failin' breath.
I shout aloud one last appeal: 'Beyond is certain death'
They hear the cry! The train is saved!
Thank God! she stops at last,
An', for that freight of human souls, all danger now is past!
But I with one triumphant cry that rings o'er binff an' ledge,
Unguarded reach the rugged verge, an' stagger off the edge!
Down, down I go, with lightning speed, far down to certain death!
While all my dark and bitter past comes o'er me in a breath.
At last I strike the rocks below, an' ite alsenseless mass.
While the mountain breezes, soft an' low, sigh round me as they pass.
When mornin' dawned a minin', band in pity brought me here,
An' what has happened round me since has not been very clear.

"While layin' here before you came, all quiet and alone,
I kept a thinkin' of the tares that I for years
had sown;
An' once, when I had closed my eyes, an'
tried to fall asleep,
I seemed to hear a whisper low; 'You'll'
soon begin to reap.'
I started up, all sudden like, an', tremblin',
gazed around,
But not a human face or form could anywhere be found: where be found;
An' then I knew, without a doubt, my time
had come at last, had come at last,
An' all the weary toil an' strife for me would
soon be past.
Then all at once the blinding scales seemed

lifted from my sight, An' right before my eyes I saw my mother clothed in white! She placed her hand upon my brow, an' bid the throbbin' cease,'
An' instantly, upon my soul, there fell ac perfect peace!

An' then she spoke! Clear as a bell her voice fell on my ears,
An' with the genile tones of old she bade me calm my fears.
She said that in that blessed land, where all

Sne said that in that blessed land, where all is bright an' fair, All hungry souls are fed alike, they know no vagrants there;
That many who, while here on earth, were only known as tramps,
Would hold the highest places there, in all the heavenity camps!
That many whom I'd heard in church so often preach an' pray,
Would take their places farther down upon that judgment day;
For He who keeps the records there their inmost hearts will know,
An' prayer an' praise is little worth, when offered up for show;
That they who bear the brightest stars, an' stand quite near the throne.

Are those whose lowly deeds of love earth had been least known.

"An then, I thought, she took my hand, as, when a little child,
I knelt at even by her knee—so pure an' undefiled;
An' o'er her face, all radiant like, a stream of glory played.

As for her wayward, dvin' Nat, she bowed her head an' prayed;
'Oh, Lord! forgive my erring boy his dark and bitter past; ary load of sin and take him Remove this w

home at last.

Be with him, Lord, as now he salls across death's raging sea,

And guide him safely o'er the tide to glory

and o me.'
The vision vanished with the prayer, the radiance dimmer shone,
Then faded in the gathering gloom, an' I

laid here alone.

Is pose the sail a fevered dream, without a seaulit clear,
But, for the time, it seemed to me that heaven was very near!

"An' now I want to ask you, sir, a prayer e to say, will lift the heavy gloom that gathers o'er my way; I want to gain that heavenly land, where all is bright an' fair.

is bright an' fair,
An' then I know I'll be at rest, for all are
equal there.
My mother's waitin' there, I know, and
watchin' by the gate;
Her song would be foreverstilled, if I should
be too late. you're pleadin' now for me, a An' while rtwo jest say sought Him long ago, ef I had Of how I'd known the way; But no one ever spoke to me of wickedness

an' sin, Or pointed to the open door that I might enter in;
So I am left without a guide in this my
dyin' hour,
But I will trust it all to you, believin' in your
power."

"Oh! Thou who governs land and sea, and guards the sparrow's fall.

Remember now this lonely one, and hearken to his call;

Disperse the gloom about his path, and cheer his onward way

To where eternal glories shine in everlasting day.

ing day. blaced his hopes, his life, his all, upon He plac

the altar here, And dies a martyr for a world that sheds no

And dies a martyr jor's world that sheets no pitying tear!
His prisoned soul will soon be free, his boat forsake the shore;
Be Thou his guide across the wave to peace for evermore;"

The prayer was done—I turned to Nat; he'd calmly passed away,
While o'er his face a placid smile of sweet contentment lay.
His boat had passed the harbor bar, and anchored safely there;
But that his sur, went down in gloom—who'll venture to declare?

Marching Through Georgia,

By request of an "Old Soldier" we print the famous old song heard at so many army reunions:

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand

While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the jubilee, Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes you free. So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the

While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes and there were Union men who wept with Joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had notes a for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Sherman's dashing Yankee blades will never reach the coast,
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
But they had forgot alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train, Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main, Treason fled before us, for resistance was in

vain, While we were marching through

That through the soul came thron
Whith one was e'er so thear, so kmi
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make it's sneering comment.

Still, through our pality str and strict Grows down the wished alea!; And longing moulds in clay what life Carves in the marble rea!; To let the new life in, we know. Desire must ope the portal; Perhaps the longing to be so Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise Good God not only reckons Good God not only reckons
The mements when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons.
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

A LOVER'S ASSURANCE.

The storm is coming on space.
The trees begin to shiver.
Big drops of rain drum on the pane,
And set me all a-quiver.
The clouds are black as mk, and on!
How vividly it lightened.
And this premonitory hushO Joe, I'm saily inghtened.
"No wonder, darling, you're arraid
In such a storm as this se.
But never fear the lightning dearI'll blind your eyes with kisses."
It's driving down upon us nowThe very home is rocking;
Wind-currents roar, rain-torents pourOh, how my kiness are knocking!
The thunders crash and roll as though
The sky had spirt assuder;
Joe, I shall surely faint away,
I'm so afraid of thunder!
"Darling, you might well faint away
In such a storm as this is.
But never fear the thunder, dearI'll slience bring with hisses."
It's such a catching season, Joe,

I'll silence bring with aisses.
It's such a catching season, Joe,
I'm in a constant panic.
There's that about a thunderclond.
Which seems almost Satame.
What did you say, Joe? That you wish.
"Twould come on every day so?
You cruel fellow! let me goYou do not dare to say so?
"Of such a cruel wish, my dear,
The explanation this is:
The grass and grain need frequent rain,
And I—need frequent kisses."

UPON THE SHORE.

Here, on piled bales the merchant looks; All these, he boasts, are mine; There, the poor fisher sets his hooks, And mends his broken line.

Here, vessels proud and steamers gay, There, wrecks on sand-banks low; Here reef, there port, and constant play Of waters' ebb and flow.

Here sunshine, there dark stormy cloud, Here silence drear, there song; Here marriage veil, there death's cold Here right, there foulest wrong.

Two maidens sit upon the strand, And as the waters rise, This, roses drops from snowy hand-

This, roses drops from snowy h That, tears from sunken eyes

Low moans the one, a weary child, With sorrow-laden brow: "Oh, sea! oh, sea! so dark and will, How like to life art thou!"

The other laughs, with laugh no care Has changed, with music rife! "Oh, sea! oh, sea! so smooth and fair, How like art thou to life!"

The great sea-swallows, tempest tost,
The music and the moan;
Both tears and roses there are lost,
The wide sea roars alone!
—[From the German of Anast. Grun

SOME DAY.

"Some day" we say, and turn our eyes. Toward the fair bills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memory.

Some time their hands shall clasp our hands Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time, but oh! not yet: But we will wait and not forget.

That some day all these things shall be. And rest be given to you and me.

So wait, my friends; though years move slow, The happy time will come, we know.

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BURNING ELOQUENCE.

THE REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES COMPARED.

Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's Famous Ad-

cloned R. 6. Ingersoll's Pamel's red at Indianipolis, Sept. 21, 2876.

I am opioned to the Democratic part, and I will tell you wip. Every State that seeched from the United States was a Dimorate State. Every continuous of secession that was a day to be a discontinuous of secession that was a day to be a discontinuous of the continuous of secession that was a day of the care the old disc from the law of the old of the continuous of the continuous of the care the continuous of the care the law of the

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nove slow,

ladder), if you high withers, his trentalous as he care how many fules non that track. But the with his chuckle bead and its tail full of cockle-burrs, d short, and digging in the feels the breath of the comockle-burr tail, he is the chapack and says, I am down on My friends, the Republican on his cockle-burr tant, he is the chap has the track and says, "I am down on unlity." My friends, the Republican he blooded has in this race. I stood thick ago in the city of Paris where Bastile, where now stands the column surmounted by the figure of liberty, sht hand is a brothen chain. In its a banner; upon its shining forehead ing star, and as I looked upon it I teh is the Republican party of my The other day, being along the read, to a place where the road had been but the guide-board was as they had entry years before. It pointed diligent-direction of a desolated field. Now, de-post had been there for twenty Thousands of people had passed, but teeded the hand on the guide-post, was there through storm and shine, inted as hard as ever, as if the road cash the desolate field, and I said to when it the Democratic party of the tates." The other day I came to a cre there had been a mill; a part of ere yet. An old sign said: "Cash L." The old waterwheel was brokenen warped by the sun, cracked and many winds and storms. There ean a grain of wheat ground there y years. There was nothing in good the dam; it was as good a dam as I and I said to myself, "Such is the tic party." I was going along the other day, when I came to where I once been a hotel. But the hotel had burned down; nothing rehere but the two chimneys, monuthe disaster. In the road there was gn, upon which were these words; imment for man and beast." The sung upon it in the summer. Now a stopped at that hotel; but the totic and kept swearing to it. "Enant for man and beast," and I said to Such is the United that he could be a sung upon it in the summer. Now a stopped at that hotel; but the totic, and kept swearing to it, "Enant for man and beast," and I said to Such is the Democratic party of the ares."

And struck out north like blooded racers,

We caught our horses, cinched the saddles,

I mind the moon was just a-rising,
The stars looked like a million eyes,
And as we rode they seemed to wonder,
And squint and blink in real surprise.

Still on we went-the night was passing,

There Bill declared that we would get 'em, And run 'em in some big corral; But when they reached the blank old river, They all rushed in and through pell-mell.

They stopped to drink above Pueblo,
Then took the road to Cottonwood;
Their feet just went like tenor drums, sir;
A cavalry charge ain't half so good.

Where did we find 'em? Now you've got me, We heard from every man we met Of forty mules a-going northward, And Bill Job swears they're going yet!

The Lost Sheep.—On the Alestch Glacier I saw a strange and beautiful sight—the parable of the "Ninety-and-nine" reacted to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherds over the intricate windings between the crevasses, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told. But on the way one sheep had got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunate-ly one of our party had a field-glass; with its aid we discovered the lost sheep far up amid a tangle of brushwood on the rocky mountain side. It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left has hundred and ninety-nine sheep on the glacier waste (knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe), and went clambering back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put it was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all anconscious of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw

Till he, the world's great Tribune, knew but no will alone. No stern, ice-blooded casan, no calculating lord. Weighing 'gainst Cleopatra his honor and his sword—But Antony, a hero, for whom my crown and throne Were doubly worth the losing so that his love were won! Like very gods we feasted, the sparkling wine outpoured. Still sacrificed to Bacchus, as Eros we adored. Wrapped in his warm embraces, while Sirins lit the dome. What cared I then for Egypt, or what cared he for Rome? He held—Rome's haughtiest Consul—this, every boon above. By my rich kiss made royal, immortal by my love. My fragrant breath inhaling, which e'er inflamed anew. The freuzied blood sent molten his throbbing pulses through Half maddened by the rapture, his touch's magic charm, I clasped, and kissed, and held him, to fire, delight, and calm. So lay we, steeped in pleasure, till dawn had veiled the stars. I yielding love like Venus to him, my Roman Mars. Until the war-note's summons died 'mid soft music rare, While breath of lotus-blossom grew faint on odorous ar While heart of lotus-blossom grew faint on odorous air Till he, who came to conquer, lay conquered by my side. Gave up for Cleopatra, the world, his fame, his bride. Of all my glorious triumphs, this shall their lustre dim: He, Latium's conquering Consul—I, conqueror of him! SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

Bible Facts.—The learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, was imprisoned in the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb he wrote in his Bible the following:

In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times, the word Jehovah 5,855 times, and

So systematically wrong?

"Dear me," my mad informant said,
"Have you no eyes within your head?
You sneer when you your hat should de
Why, we begin where you leave of!
"Your wisest men are very far
Less learned than our babies are!"
I mused awhile—and then, oh, me!
I framed this brilliant repartee: the word Reverend but once, and that in the 9th verse of the CXIM Psalm. The 8th verse of the CXVIIth Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the VIIIth chapter of Esther is the longer verse; 35th verse, XIth chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the CVIIM Psalm four verses are alike, the 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st. Each versed the CXXXVIth Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than stryllables are found in the Bible. The XXXVIIth chapter of Isaiah and Nixth chapter of 2d Kings are alike. The word Girl occurs but once in the Bible.

MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[After the death of Cæsar, was formed the second Triumvirate, of which Mark Antony was the greatest. Having firmly established his power, he hastened to display its pomp. Passing over to Greece, and making some stay in Athens, he thence proceeded to Asia, journeying from kingdom to kingdom, attended by conquered monarchs and giving away crowns and states with lavish hand. To exhibit now his glory, and render more brilliant still his triumph, he summoned Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, to appear before his tribunal at Tarsus, to answer the charge of conspiracy against Rome; that she who had held Cæsar captive in her chains might bow to his power. In all the splendor of her beauty, most gorgeously displayed, the Semiramis of Egypt approached. Scorning the very appearance of homage the haughty Eastern syren came with the sole intention of captivating Antony. He, fascinated by her charms, forgot his ambition and became her willing slave.]

The arms of the proud Roman had triumphed over all, His eagle flew, victorious, o'er vanquished tower and wall; The chiefs of the Athenians, the sovereigns of the East, Honored his haughty progress, his stately train increased. While tribute here he levied, a crown he there bestowed, What wonder, then, forgetting that I, whose proud blood came From Cheops and Cephrenes, of Ptolemy's great name—That I, upon whose bosom Love lay with pinions furled, Had but to raise my eyelids to subjugate the world! What wonder, then, forgetting that I, of Pharaoh's line, Onconquered monarch, reigned by right yet more divine—By right of woman's beauty, than crown far higher power! Forgetting this, he summoned, and set apart an hour When I to him should answer at Tarsus, on the plea Of treason 'gainst the city—'gainst Rome, conspiracy.

O Isis and Osiris! I heaped your altars high;
I fed the black bull Apis, laughing at triumph nigh.

And swore, by sacred Nilus, by Typhon, and each god, To measure with the Consul my smile against his sword, To make him feel that Egypt was queen in more than name, And Cleopatra's secure more potent than his fame.

For, as in arms of Venus the fiery Mars lies still, So knew I that this Roman would bow him to my will. In galley bravely gilded, with sails of Tyrian dye, And oars of silver sweeping to sound of melody, Reclined I on rich custions, spangled with stars of gold, Whose gleam my eyes' dark splendor outshone a thousand fold, While rose and sank my bosom, e'en as the swelling tide, In languid, soft pulsation; loose tresses, ebon-dyed, Fell heavy o'er the pillows, as drapery o'er me fell, And veiled the curves voluptions, which Cæsar loved so well; Rare fragance of burnt incense, with breath of casia blent, Perfumed the airs that fanned me, with passion eloquent.

More fair than Trojan Helen, I, Egypt's Empress, came In all Astarte's glory, the Roman's pride to tame.

The head of the Trumvirs, he, proudest of the three, Gazed on me but one monard then bowed he down to me. Like as the snows on The arms of the proud Roman had triumphed over all, His eagle flew, victorious, o'er vanquished tower and wall; The chiefs of the Athenians, the sovereigns of the East,

The Mule Stampede.

Well, sir, I'll tell you that queer story, It's true as Scripture that we read; But there are things we can't account for, And one of them's a mule stampede.

Bill Job and I were on the prairie,
One long, hot day in last July;
Down where you see the Spanish mountains,
Twin peaks that reach up to the sky.

Well, as I said, 'twas hot as blazes, And so we hauled off for the night, And made a camp down in the valley At five o'clock, and struck a light.

Je

For, hot or cold, we want our coffee, Flapjacks and bacon, reg'lar, too; So William made a fire for supper, While I tied up a mule or two. B

The mules? Oh, yes, we had some forty
To take on down to Santa Fé,
Owned by a man who lived in Denver,
U. S. trader, who made it pay.

Two aged mules I put on picket,
And drove the pins where they could pass
Around the yucca heads and cactus,
And fill themselves with buffalo grass.

After a while I heard Bill calling, And on a pan go rub-a-dub;
And so I left the mules a-grazing
To join the boy and tackle grub.

Well, when we got away with supper,
We out with pipes to smoke and rest;
I told a yarn about the Indians,
But William trumped it with his best.

And there we lay and took it easy, Talking of home, and swapping views f mines and cattle and sheep and greasers, Of San Juan strikes and Leadville news.

Bill for a while kept looking upward, And then, in words that seemed like sighs, id he, "Old boy, there's two stars yonder That look just like a pair of eyes— A pair of eyes that once I worshiped.

And loved the owner of indeed!

She's dead though, now, and—Jack, by thunder
Them mules are on a big stampede!"

T And sure enough, without a warning, The whole band started on a run,

Dream. licemen march all folks away Policemen march all folks away
Who practice virtue every day—
Of course, I mean to say, you know,
What we call virtue here below.

With them, as surely as can be, A sailor should be sick at sea. And not a passenger may sail Who cannot smoke right through a gale.

A soldier (save by rarest luck)
Is always shot for showing pluck,
(That is, if others can be found)
With pluck enough to fire a round.

with pluck enough to fire a round.
"How strange," I said to one I saw,
"You quite upset our every law,
However can you get along
So systematically wrong?"

"Although your babes are wiser far

What we call virtue here below.

For only scoundrels dare to Go
What we consider just and true,
And only good men do, in fact,
What we should think a dirty act.
But the strangest of these social twirls,
The girls are boys—th; boys are girls!
The men are women, too—but then,
Per contra, women all are men. Where vice is virtue—virtue, vice; Where nice is nasty—nasty, nice; Where right is wrong and wrong is right— Where white is black and black is white— Where babies, much to their surprise, Are born astonishingly wise: With every science on their lips, And art at all their finger tips. To one who to tradition clings.
This seems an awkward state of things,
But if to think it out you try,
It doesn't really signify.

For, as their nurses dandle them,
They crow binomial theorem,
With views (it seems absurd to us)
On differential calculus.

The other night, from cares exempt, Islept—and what d'you think I dreamt I dreamt that somehow I had come To dwell in Topsy-Tu-veydom!

On differential catedius.
But, though a babe, as I have said,
Is born with learning in his head,
He must forget it, if he can,
Before he calls himself a man.
For that which we call folly here,
Is wisdom in that favored sphere;
The wisdom we so highly prize,
Is blatant folly in their eyes.

A boy, if he would push his way, Must learn some nonsense every day, And cut, to carry out this view, His wisdom teeth and wisdom too.

Historians burn their midnight oils, Intent on giant-killers' toils; And sages close their aged eyes, To other sages' lullables.

Our magistrates, in duty bound, Commit all robbers who are found; But there the beaks (so people said) Commit all robberies instead.

Our judges, pure and wise in tone, Know crime from theory alone, And glean the motives of a thief From books and popular belief.

But there, a judge who wants to prime His mind with true ideas of crime, Derives them from the common sense Of practical experience.

"Although your babes are wiser far Than our most valued sages are, Your sages, with their toys and cots, Are duller than our idiots!"
Though this remark, I grieve to state, Came just a little bit toolate;
For, as I framed it in my head, I woke, and found myself in bed. Still I could wish that, 'stead of here, My lot were in that favored sphere! Where greatest fools bear off the bell I ought to do extremely well.

As if the devil was in each one.

Never stopping a word to say,
Mounted in haste, and put for the sinners,
Already at least two miles away.

But on we went, and made a rampus That would have waked the dead that night;
"Twas rich to see the wolves unlimber,
And antelopes skip out of sight!

The air was growing cold and raw; Fast as we went the mules went faster, Until we reached the Arkansas.

At Dead Man's Ranch, as fresh as ever, They up and skipped like birds away; And what was strange they went on skipping, Clear through the night until broad day.

And so at last we found it useless
To slash ahead on such a ride,
And just let go the whole blank outfit
As they warbled up the big Divide.

That day, we heard, they got to Denver, And made it lively passing through; At ten the next they sighted Greeley, And struck across the Cache la Pou.

"BIG BLUNDERS."

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST LECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Common Bistakes Pointed Out-How His Agent Illustrated Them in Selecting a Hall.

charm,

oth verse of the CXIth test. In the CVII

Them in Selecting a Hall.

Rev. T. De Witt Talnage gave the first of his course of lectures in San Francisco at the Metropolitan Temple last evening, the subject being "Big Blunders." The big blunder of his agent in selectingsuch a place for the lectures bore the natural fruit of but half a house. The attendance was not half what the lecture deserved, nor what the reputation of the lecturer would have drawn to a decent place. The ill-fame of the house offset the fame of the speaker, keeping away many carnest, religious-minded people who would have been glad to hear the celebrated preacher, and would have done so if he had held forth in a respectable place. This feeling was so strong and general that many of those who went did it with qualins, and the general result was summed up in a house of about who went did it with qualms, and the general result was summed up in a house of about 600 instead of the 1500 that might reasonably have been expected in a proper place. The lecturer was introduced by request by Rev John Hemphill, who excused himself in doing so on the plea that he had made the big blunder of contracting another engagement, which compelled his immediate withdrawal. One evening next week, after having inspected Chinatown, Mr. Talmage will lecture, giving his impressions of

That lecture will be given in the Grand Opera-House, and the attendance will demonstrate the correctness of attributing the comparative sparseness of, last night's house to the character of the place the lecture was delivered in. It is impossible to renort the lecture so as to give an adequate lea of its amusing and interesting lentures, the facial play, the expressive intonation and mimiery, the anecdotes and the alegories, after the style of Bunyan's Holly War and the Pilogrim's Progress. The full text would be only the dry skeleton of the lecture. Mr. Talmage spoke for an hour and forty minutes to the great entertainment and amusement of his audience. He speaks with ample gesticulation and platform pedestrianism, has good mimicry power and a face that sets people to laughing by its genial pleasantry, but the voice is a marvel of masality. The manner of Talmage, but the voice is the manner of Talmage, but the voice is the wonden nutmes and the basswood ham. He began by saying: "The man who never made a blunder has not yet been born. If he had been he would have died right away. Lapplause and laughter.] The first blunder was born in Paradise, and it had a large family of children, agricultural blunders, necroantile blunders, religious blunders, ecclesiatical blunders, and blunders of all sorts. But the ordinary blunder will not attract my attention to-night. It must be large at the birth, and it must be great in stature; in other words, it must be a big blunder. Let me say at this point that my idea of a literary lecture ought to be SOMETHING VERY PROFOUND.

I had three or four lectures like that once. They were dreadfully profound. But I have not delivered them for a good while, because there were always two difficulties with those two very profound lectures. One was that my religion is sunshine, and if I can to-night put my shoulder under my burden is difference between there were always two difficulties with those two report of earth sometimes gets become to my rirend, and if I can to-night put my should be

THE OVERLAND TRIP

cossed Continent," mixed with the subject of his lecture. It proved, however, to be only atemporary side-track he was on, from which he took the road all right again thus: "Right along here between these things I saw one blunder, one stupendous blunder, a national blunder. I saw it between the mountains—Mormonism. The vulture whetting its beak between the mountains, mightier than, when Brigham Young lived. Seven humbered and lity people arrived a few weeks ago; two more cargoes coming; \$1,000,000 spentevery year to settle things with Congress—mighty blunder! Why didn't they let Gieneral Johnston, in 1858, wipe it out? Solomon got his doleful views of life in polygamy. Laughter, Six hundred wives nearly pestered the life out of him. [Continued laughter,] Some houses I noticed in Utah have for each wife a wing. But I don't care how large you make a house, there never was ah use large enough to hold two women married to the same man. Laughter and applause.] Mormonism has its pleasant side and its sad side.

THE MORMON WITH FIFTEEN WIVES,

THE MORMON WITH FIFTEEN WIVES,

THE MORMON WITH FIFTEEN WIVES,
Some of them in towns, some of them in cities,
scattered over Utah. does not feel so bad as
we do on leaving home in the morning for
business, wife lingering around the door and
following us down to the steps and swinging
on the gate to see us as far as possible; we
going back once or twice, although very much
in a hurry, to get another—word. [Laughter.]
But the Mormon with fifteen wives shuts the
door promptly behind him and goes forth,
forgetting the thincs which are before. (Laughter.) The wife behind is not so
anxious about him, for she knows that the
wife at the next station will take care of him,
and so the ordinary wife's interest is divided
by fifteen. The entire loss of him would be
to each of the fifteen only a very small fractional part of grief. That is the amusing side.
The other side is the dishoror of womanhood
and the disgrace of this nation. If the Government of the United States don't remove
that big blunder, God will drop on this nation
a thunderbolt; and I tell you it will be removed. It will not be removed by the ordinary action of law. They have got enough
law there now—law against polygamy and
against all vice. It will be put down only by
the gans of the United States Government.
[Applause.] Arrived in this city, I found one
great, absorbing question. Upon it a great
many people have asked me to speak, and I
will before I leave the State—the Chinese
question. [Applause.] I must investigate it.
I am investicating it. No Christian can
dodge the question. The way this

CHINESE QUESTION

Is decided will be the decision of the destiny
of Scan Edwards.

question. [Applanse.] I must investigate it. I am investigating it. No Christian can dodge the question. The way this CHINESE QUESTION

Is decided will be the decision of the destiny of San Francisco, the destiny of Cahifornia, the destiny of the United States. [Great applanse.] When I have an opportunity of putting the plow in, I will put it in up to the beam and perhaps up to the handle. [Laughter and applanse.] But to-night I thought I would have a talk with you about the blunders which we are all tempted to commit. I think one of the greatest of blunders is attempting to do too many things at once, multiplicity of occupation. I have a friend who is a very good poet, a very good painter and a very good speaker, but he is exceptional. This ceneral rule is that a unach and one thing well. Perhaps there are two things to do, the first to find out your sphere; the second to keep it. [Applanse.] The general rule is, mason, stick to your prowel; carpenter, stick to your plane; lawyer, to your brief; minister, to your plupit, and don't go off lecturing [Laughter]; farmer, to your plow; fireman, but onel locomotive at a time, if you please; navigator, but one ship; professor, but one department. Castles have been built in this way out of eggs; palaces have been built in this way out of eggs; palaces have been built in this way out of eggs; palaces have been built in this way out of eggs; palaces have been built in this may out of eggs; palaces have been built in this way out of eggs; palaces have been built out of spoons, out of hides, pigs' feet, fine-tooth combs, ice, water, bones, shells, out of hose and hoes, some out of thunder and lightning. The difference between conditions in life is not so much a difference in the fruitfulness of occupation as it is in the endowment of men with that great, magnificent attribute of sick-to-i-i-veness." This doctrine was further illustrated by showing the reverse side of the picture in allegories of Plodon, Loomdriver, Blackstone, Large-practice and Dr. Bonesetter, each of wh pecupation.
BLUNDER THE NEXT:

BLUNDER THE NEXT!

Indulgence in bad temper. Good humor will build the best architecture, best bridge the stream, build the best wall, weave the best carpet. Let two men start out together, one with self-equipoise, the other with no control of his temper. The one with self-equipoise will come out ahead every time. A man is never at such a disaivantage as when he loses his temper. This was illustrated by the not very apposite aneedote of a man who shot his dog when very angry, and when asked why he was beating the dead body with his gun, answered that he wanted to let the dog know that there was such a thing as future punishment. The doctrine of the second blunder was illustrated and enforced by the similitude of the failure of the representative noise of frowl & Spitchal, and the success of Merry-

a community gets a grudge against a man and everybody considers it a duty to give him a kiek. Under this head the evils wrought by malicious gossip were pictured at length under the allegory of the failure of Wellto-do, whose ruin was due to the growth by repetition of a gossiping remark like "I believe he is hard up just now." Blunder the next,

EXCESSIVE AMUSEMENT.

lieve he is hard up just now." Blunder the next,

EXCESSIVE AMUSEMENT.

The speaker believed in amusement; he could not live without it. He described in a hysterical style a game of baseball, and glorified the man or big boy who invented the game. He never saw a man going fishing but he wished him a basket full of catifish or flounders, but he forgot in his big-hearted good-nature to wish the man a pocket full of knives with which to skin his catifish. He said he never saw a man going out for a drive, an amusement which he luridly pictured, without wishing him a pleasant drive without was a poor maxim. Both were sins. He sang the praises of checkers and other games, and said that "Better wear out than rust out" was a poor maxim. Both were sins. Recreation was re-creation. But these things should be enjoyed in moderation. Many clergymen of the last century lost their theology in a fox chase; many a splendid business has had its brains kicked out by fast horses; many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havamas of the best brands. I offer this as a principle. Those are harmless amusements which do not interfere with home joys and enjoyments; those are ruinous enjoyments which give one a distaste and the prospect of the last cereation. When a man likes any place on earth better than his home, look out! [Applause.] Blunder the next. The formation of the wrong kind of domestic relations. The advantages of a extravagant, shrewish and incompetent one, were dilated upon at great elength, and illustrated with a large fund of anecdete. If a man be harassed and unfortunate in business and he finds

A CHERFUL HOME

When he leaves his store, he will go back the rest day with rest d

fortunate in business and he finds

A GHEERFUL HOME

When he leaves his store, he will go back the next day with renewed courage to meet his broubles. During the panic of 1857 there were many men went through it safe because of the help thus afforded, the courage gathered at their own hearths. Many a man reeling under the blow of misfortune has been upheld by the wite's arm, and let me say that it a man has got a wife like this he has no right to complain if the whole earth is against him. [Applanse,] Solomon says that 'a good wife is from the Lord." but takes it for granted that we may easily guess where the other kind comes from. [Laughter.] The shortcomings and disadvantage of the other kind, however, were amply illustrated by the speaker.

Elimder, the leat! Attempting life without

Blunder the last! Attempting life without enthusiasm and enterprise; over-caution on the one hand and extra enthusiasm on the other. I think there is no such man in the world as he who is descended from a Connecticut Yankee on the one hand and a Dutchman on the other. That is royal blood. [Laughter.] It almost always gives a man success; the Yankee blood saying "Go ahead," while the Dutch says "Be prudent." This was well illustrated at a steamboat explosion where a Yankee and Dutchman were blown up, and when the Captain inquired of the latter what became of the former, he was answered "Ven I vns going up he vas coming down!" That is just the difference. They say that Americans are shortlived. We deny this. A man lives a great deal in a little while here—twenty-four hours in ten minutes. [Laughter.] Men think faster than they used to; they lit faster, swear faster, cheat faster. We ily without wings and run sitting still.

The lecturer then proceeded to specify some of the changed conditions and habits of life which our fast style of existence hes produced, which did not commend themselves to his mind as improvements on the good old ways. Blunder the last! Attempting life without

HOLY WRIT.

SERMON OF REV. T. DE WITT TAL-MAGE AT CALVARY CHURCH.

A Forcible Argument in Support of

The Bible and the Value of its Teachings—A Great Congregation
The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached at Calvary Presbyterian Church last night to an overflowing house. Were the commodious building thrice as large it would have been unable to contain the multitude which came to listen to the distinguished divine. There was no standing room, the very publit here. was no standing room, the very pulpit being so crowded as to prevent the reverend gentleman from indulging in his customary pedestrian exercise while speaking. In substance he spoke as follows: The Nineteenth Psalm of Dezidandaham

have ceased. Old books of history, poetry, morals are no longer in sympathy with their subjects. Of all the books which ever existed only three or four have had any effect upon our times. Books have a life, and many of the libraries of our day are merely centeries of dead books. Some lived long. Some died as soon as born. Some died in the author's hands and some in the scientist's study. Monuments have been raised to authors and their books; would to God that some monument would be raised to the dead books to prove how short lived were their teachings. But not so with

ONE OLD BOOK,

The Bible. It has lived for centuries, though
unathemas and curses were hurled against it.
It has crossed the British channel and the
Atlantic ocean. It has traversed this continent, and to-day 60,000 ministers stand with Atlantic ocean. It has traversed this continent, and to-day 60,000 ministers stand with their hands on this grand old book. But it has not yet accomplished its mission. I was not surprised when I saw some time ago an old nian taking a Bible from his pouch, reading it a few minutes and then kissing it reverentially. How many to-day kiss the book in Courts of law with such a thought? I had a precious legacy left to me when my parents died. It has comforted them and me. This is the old Bible. Here their tears fell when it consecrated their marriage. Their fingermarks are all over it. I shall charge my children to keep and revere this book above all others. May my memory he accursed if ever I forget my mother's Bible. I shall demonstrate to-night that the Bible is right in style, light in effect and right in doctrine. I shall demonstrate that it was written by the Lord through the inspired anostles. The very fact that the Bible has lived, not one chapter gond, demonstrates that it was written by God. Why, when they commenced to war against it there were just 250 copies of it in a trence. It has gone among the lively French, roused up the quiet Saxons, inspired the English, and to-day governs by its spirit this mighty continent. I know that

the English, and to-day governs by its spirithis mighty continent. I know that

A GRAND ARRAY OF NAMES.

Is brought up against it at this day. But for every one of these I'll oring you ten as great. So in all ages there have been men mighty in the name of God. Joseph Henry was a great believer in the Bible, although he knew all the facts in geology. He knew all the facts about fish, yet he believed in Jonah. He was a temperance man, yet he believe that Jesus changed water into wine. Once there came a great leprosy over this world, the leprosy of sin. Many were cured by the book. Will you take fheir evidence, or that of those who lave never tried its doctrines? The explorer Keith found the remnants of that very city, built of colored stone, the existence of which scientists have denied so long, although the Bible records that it did exist. Lieutenant Lynch of the United States navy drops his fathoming line into the Dead sea, and from it he draws pieces of the very sulphur which devoured Sodom and Gomorrah. Nineveh was said to be three days' journey round, and to have been destroyed by fire and by water. How long has this Bible record been ridiculed? Yet at this day it is proved that such was the case. Who was right; infidelity or the Scriptures? God has written the truth on rocks and mountains. Nature is filled with proofs of the truth of his word. Years ago two members of Congress discussed

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

rocks and mountains. Nature is littled with proots of the truth of his word. Years ago two members of Congress discussed

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL
Considered in the light of reason every Friday night. Long after they met once more at the President's levee. Then, said one to the other, "John, any light?" "No; no light." They advanced, shook hands and parted forever. They never will get any light through reason. It is ruin to try and solve the question by force of reasoning.

But I say again, the Bible is right in style. My brother, it is because you do not know how to read it, for the way you read would not interest an angel from Heaven. When you read a novel do you read a little here and there? No, you begin with the first page, and some of you don't put it down again until you have reached the last page. The Bible is interesting it read in that way. It is a terse book. No pearl-diver ever brought up such levels as strew the Bible. The great backs of this day are merely the Bible diluted. John Bunyan saw in dreams what St. John saw in reality. Waiter Scott's chiracters are Bible. Johnson and Carlyle's writings are only magnificent distortions of this book of books. All through the lanes and alleys of creation are covered with Bible style. Other writers have described sorrow. It was left to Samuel to describe David's sorrow until they could weep no more. Others have described the wickedness of those who maltreat their parents, but it was left to the Bible to describe it, so that to-day even infidels quote its verses. It is the armory of all well-tempered weapons,

THE HIVE OF SWEETNESS.

THE HIVE OF SWEETNESS.

It is the firmament in which suns and moons and stars of beauty, goodness and every virtue wheel and blaze and triumph. There is no liseord, no contradiction, but there is variety. But no discord; only harmony. God knew hat all kinds of people would want to read his book. Children and old men, men in mer prime and women in their beauty. Hissorians and noefs find something to interest

passages from it, every word of which, as the a ton. I don't wonder that when Christ was born in Bethlebem there. The world stay is born in Bethlebem there. The world stay is nothing of mercy except what it gets from this book. Let a man suffer shipwreck in life, each does this world say to him? I ts purns him. But fod thunders from the skies; Come back, come back. What though, a fallen woman should repent, is there mercy for her among men? Let her istunger, let her die, tumble her into a grave and say no orayer over her. Push her back, make her fall, show her no pity, spurn her, thuse must be no mercy in this world for her. But this Bible is full of it.

IT IS MERCY

From end to end. It offers beace and ley to all. Christ will take back all and give them mercy. But I say again the Bible is right in effect. Many wen in this andience to-night are curious apout their destinies. They plead guilty to being sinners, yet they would not come to the right source for pardom. This gospel is full of sympathy for all the affirmings of the world. The kingdom of heaven not the bludren. Men weep over this book over night and joy comes in the morning. Put it into the bands of accountants, your business partners, and they will find that it will not let them keep one dishonest dollar. It will that the hard a destibed with the Bible? Put it into the hands of the siek and dying; it will surround a destibed with the glory of heaven. Put it into the hands of the siek and dying; it will surround a destibed with the glory of heaven. Put it into the hands of the siek and dying; it will surround a destibed with the glory of heaven. Put it into the hands of the siek and dying; it will surround a destibed with the glory of heaven. Put it into the hands of the siek and dying; it will surround a destibed with the glory of heaven. Put it into the hands of the siek and dying; it will surround a destibed with the glory of heaven. Put it into the hands of the siek and dying; it will surround a destibed with the glory of heaven. Put it into the

Bible from the dusty shelves. The thought of a wasted lie is a terrible one.

THE TIME COMES

In the life of every man. There are many young men here to-night. How I would like to see them start into a religious life. How would your consecration affect the thousands of young men in the shops, the clubs, the stores and the counting-houses? God help us to do our duty to-night. This whole autience must come into the Kingdom of God to-night. When some of you go home to-night you will feel and know that the day of grace is aimost gone. The day goes gradually, slowly, surely, yet men delay and say it is time enough. Yet it goes, and men go with it until it is too late. They go on gathering money and honors. A little more always, they procrastinate from year to year, rom day to day. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Now is the accepted time. The time with many of you is aimost gone. May each and all of you wear upon his head a crown, and upon his right hand a star." After singing the doxclogy the immense andience slowly dispersed.

Dr. Talmage will lecture at the Grand Opera-House this evening on the "Chinese in California."

CLERICAL COMPLACENCY.

What Talmage Thinks of his Carleaturists.

"That's very amusing," said Mr. Talmage, and he laughed in his quiet way. Mr Talmage's laugh is as indescribable as his lectures. It isn't a loud or a hearty laugh such as one would expect from a person capaole of such enthusiasm on the platform. It partakes some of the character of a chuckle, but it is nevertheless a very sincere expression of nevertheless a very sincere expression of merriment, and evidently affords the reverend gentleman much satisfaction. "Yes, it's very

merriment, and eyidently affords the reverend gentleman much satisfaction. "Yes, it's very amusing," said he.

What struck Mr. Talmage as being so amusing was a picture in an Castern publication illustrative of his experiences in Leadville. He was represented as executing, in a very artistic manner, the sixth figure of the cancan as danced in the frontier melodeon. Had he any ambition to apply for an engagement in a Caristmas pantomime, the reverend gentleman might have been proud of his attitude, but, as a preacher in good standing, there was nothing in the illustration to greatly delight in. He examined the drawing attentively, east a sidelong slance at the portrait of a very blace and very thinly-attired female, who shared the page with him, and handed back the paper to the fortunate owner.

"It's very strange," said he "how they could get such an idea. Why I never was in a Leadville dancehouse in my life. I merely passed down the street with a friend and just glanced in at the windows of a tew of them."

The matter seemed to weigh so lightly on the Doctor's mind that a Chronicle reporter present felt constrained to ask him how it

felt to be thus pictured and recklessly written

"Oh," said he "it's nothing when you get used to it."

on, said no restricting when you generate the reporter, with a vivid recollection of highly-colored prints of Mr. Talmage in Eastern publications and long articles widely descriptive of the reverend gentleman's alleged eccentricities, suggested that he was "used to it."

"Oh, yes," said the Doctor, with another of his peculiar chuckles. "I can't say that I'm is total incorange of what's written about me.

keep me posted and I'm rather grateful to

keep me posted and I'm rather grateful to them."

"You don't read it, particularly the."

"No, indeed." spid Mr. Talmage; "I don't read it. I' I did I'd be thinner than I am, and you see I have the telicity of being stouter than my pictures represent me."

The reporter as individued that this indeed was sometaing to be broad of, considering the aptitude of person with which the lithographer has endowed the reverend gentleman.

"My influences," said the Doctor, with a sudden gravity in his voice and look, "are from a higher source. But I tell you what I do mind," he continued, brightening up as quickly as he had grown somber, "I mind your beautiful climate and."

An excuse saved the reporter, and he buttoned up his coat and stepped out to be almost swept off his feet by the heartiful climate, as it rushed in over the Mission hills and whistled 'round the lamp-posts.

TALMAGE'S THEORY.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Sufficient Righteousness in the World to Rectify All Evils-If Not God will Blot Out the Earth.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Grand Opera-House last evening had the pleasure of facing a large and very fashionable audience, as was to be expected when the distinguished gentleman lectured in a respectable hall. The lower portion of the house was crowded and lower portion of the house was crowded and the galleries were comfortably filled. With a punctuality as remarkable as it was encouraging the lecturer essayed to commence his task a few minutes after 8 o'clock, but a number of people who had made the big blunder of rushing in late compelled him to sit silent for some time. As he rose and stepped towards the footlights, Mr. Talmage looked so much like Mr. Talmage the tourist that only a critical examination disclosed the difference. The like Mr. Talmage the tourist that only a critical examination disclosed the difference. The coat was the same loose-breasted, unclearical garment in which Mr. Talmage has been sauntering round the corridors of the Palace Hotel during the past week. The pantaloons bore unmistakably signs of not having been drawn from the fashionable clothiers for the occasion. Only in the arrangement of the decorations with which nature had endowed him and the selection of a necktie had Mr. Talmage shown any undue regard for the conventionalities. A docile hairbrush had attempted to delude the public eye into the belief that the lecturer had submitted himself to the tonsorial artist. His tie was white-a pure immaculate strip of linen emblematic of the good Christian who can examine the Chinese question

WITHOUT A THROB OF PITY

At the thought that the streets are paved with loose cobbles. In all other respects Mr. Talmage looked as if he had got up from his frugal meal and, being suddenly reminded of his engagement at the Opera-House, stepped over and reached the stage a few minutes ahead of time. Before giving his sentiments on the Chinese question he stated that he had had the matter forced upon him. Journalists, merchants, pro-Chinese and anti-Chinese had asked him to speak on the question, and said nerthants, pro-Uninese and anti-Uninese had asked him to speak on the question, and said he, "I'm compelled to speak or dodge it." He premised that in this free air there was plenty of liberty to speak on the Chinese question or any other, and assured the audience that what any other, and assured the audience that what he proposed to say was his own. By way of testing the temper of his hearers he told an anecdote of a reverend gentleman of slender, literary ability, who, following the bad example of worldly orators, stole by wholesale from standard works. The result of this objectionable method was that one Sunday the reverend gentleman found himself discomfited by

end gentleman found himself discomfited by

AN INERRIATED WAG,
Who called out the name of each author as the preacher read off his patchwork sermon.

That's Wesley," the irreverent person shouted, as the clersyman delivered one stolen passage. The good man, though considerably flurried, proceeded until the wag yelled again, "That's Archbishop Leighton." This was too much for the pious preacher's patience, and he roared out, "Shut up, you idiot!" "And that's yer own," said the irrepressible scalawag. A roar of laughter convinced the lecturer that he had an exceedingly good-natured audience, and he plunged into the Chinese question. After the usual compliments to the intelligence and honor of his hearers, "I'll speak familiarly of it." said, he, with a broad smile, "and as much at home as Daniel O'Connell was in Dublin, when he stepped out and said, 'How are you, boys, and the women that own you," "I am not," continued the lecturer, "a politician. I have never been to Congress and never expect to go.

MY RELIGION

MY RELIGION

Is of the oldest kind; as near as I can tell, about 6000 years old. It teaches me that the world began in Paradise and is going to wind up in Paradise. I reuse point blank to take a discriminating view of human affairs, and all Iask all grumblers and growlers is 'go out of my suashine.'" Here Mr. Talmage drew a picture of a sunnise on the ocean beauthat threw in the shade the deathless criot

was perfevely gorgeous, full of white salisgliding in the distance like the spirits of the night walking ithe billows, wave crests in crystal and jasper and anthracite like the crown of the world flung at the throne of the freat ithovah." From this sublime height the leed for came kown with a rush that took his audience's breath away. "And that's why," said he, with a conversational twang, "I positively refuse to take a gloomy view of mything. My creed has two tenets: The Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

"I positively refuse to take as Joseph Patherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

THE LABOR PHASE

Of the Chinese question I refer to the political economist. My habits of thought are not in that direction, nor shall I say very much on the subject of Chinese immigration, but talk somewhat about present relief. If I am sick I want the doctor to treat me for present rheumatism—not for future neuralgia and gout. The Chinese are here, and I have seen the best of them and the worst of them; the loathsome, putrifying, dripping, rotting cancer of Chinese wickedness on the one hand, and the magnificent work of the Presbyterian mission of Dr. Loomis, the Methodist mission en Washington street, the Congregational mission near the Park, the Episcopal mission—and other most Christian efforts for the better-ment of the Chinese population. The self-denying work of these men seems to kindle in me an enthusiasm that tingles from scalp to heel. The abominations of Chinatown have been explored and acknowledged until they are known as well as the existence of your hotels of unparatteled beauty, and your climate, which is to me heavenly. The most practical question for every father and mother and for every citizen is, how to get rid of these abominations. Let me tell you first how this wickedness

WILL NEVER BE GOT RID OF.

WILL NEVER BE GOT RID OF.

wickedness

WILL NEVER BE GOT RID OF.

It will not be done by political parties as such. It seems to me that San Francisco is suffering from too much politics. Your ofter partisan fights have put this city back ten years. If the Lord would only send an epidemic that would kill off all your disturbers they would be the most profitable funerals ever known in San Francisco."

Here some one near the rostrum hissed repeatedly, but the opposition was drowned by the continued applause. The lecturer tinued: "But these men will not die, Arthing pickled in whisky lasts a great while." This sally provoked fresh mirth, and Mr. Hamage proceeded with an argument that neither political party will solve the Chinese question. "The anti-Chinese planks," said he, "are merely to catch votes, for both sides want California." He described the changed sentiment in the East with regard to the Chinese and attributed it to the desire to win votes. "Already we've had two Secretaries out here and in September and October big Eastern politicians will be lying around as thick as the seals at the Cliff House, and they'll squirm just as much and bellow just as loud. Depend not upon these political parties as such. I prophesy that the success of either will do nothing towards the solution of your Chinese troubles. Arain, the exceeding wickedness of Chinatown will not be extirpated by pated by

wickedness of Chinatown will not be extirpated by

Bruising or killing the Chinese.

There is no reformation in brickbats. In a
case like this there is no room for violence.

The vote is mightier than the club. The
most insignificant, abandoned, besotted,
leprous Chinese in the hospital to-night will
live as long as God lives. He is a man and
immortal. The sun shall die of old age, and
all the stars that glitter shall be swept off by
the Almighty's breath as the small dust of
the threshing-floor, but the man I speak of is
immortal. Any theory that ignores that
and treats him as a brute will put Christendom in revolt, for God has made of one blood
all nations. He who gives one penny towards the support of this Christian enthusiasm in your city for the betterment
of the Chinese population does more for the
practical settlement of this question than 10,000 orators for 10,000 years descanting on
the horrors of Chinatown. There is a great
lack of common sense in Christian work at
this day, as much as the man showed during
the war when he went into a hospital and
gave a tract on the sin of dancing to a man
both of whose legs had been amputated. A
man wrapped in furs and with gloves lined
with lamb's wool will go into a hovel of
wretchedness and look around and see no bread,
and no fire, and no comfort, and say to the
woman, 'All you want is faith.' That is
false.

SHE WANTS A LOAF OF BREAD

SHE WANTS A LOAF OF BREAD

SHE WANTS A LOAF OF BREAD

And a scuttle of coal as much as she wants faith. If, then, neither of the political parties as such, nor public violence, can exterminate the wickedness of Chmatown, what will? I answer, a general, prompt, heroic and overwhelming execution of the laws already enacted. Let not the people throw off responsibility on their rulers. Public officials can go no further in the execution of the laws than they are sustained by the people. If the people of San Francisco would come tegether in their opera-houses ind their churches and demand the full and immediate execution of the law against licentiousness and against the unhealthy crowding of the population, the last abomination of Chinatown would perish in one week. You say, Howcould this be done? Let the present police of the city be marshaled. Then let 500 special policer on be sworn in—men taken, it you will, from the churches of this city. Let them be rut to drill with eight or ten officers whose heart is in, the work, and at Li o'clock at night let them march on Chinatown, and in one night you will break up to the fresh air, and arrest all the Chinese fresh acultaws, and put them in one of the exemporized prisons and arrest the white

after your vehemence of purity was reported in China there would not come from that land ten more of the female fiends of whom you complain. At Leadville, Col., a few weeks since, the Vigilance Committee hanged two scoundrels, and the next morning sixty scoundrels let town. What you want is a Stonewall Jackson raid through the haunts of iniquity. The reason that things are so bad in Chinatown is because you consent to it by your silence. Some of you may think this chimerical. Come now, I will take the contract. Give me the regular police and five hundred specials, and I will exterminate the last of those Chinese hells, and only a few men will be necessary to stand guard to keep them from being re-established. This is not like luiquity which hides itself and must be discovered by the authorities. Your authorities know where it is. They showed it to me; they showed it to hundreds, yet it lives to curse your city. The municipal authorities are inactive, because the people are indifferent. If Congress by law were to make it impossible for a Chinaman ever to enter the Golden Gat, that would not stop the iniquity already rooted here. There is enough here now to last a thousand years, unless the sense of religious indignation of your virtuous citizens thunder it

indignation of your virtuous citizens thunder it away; but

indignation of your virtuous citizens thunder it away; but

DON'T LEAVE THE WORK HALF DONE.

Sin is no better white than olive, yellow, or copper colored. There are hundreds of outlawed American, French, Irish and German women in the city who need to be arrested and incarcerated." This idea the lecture elaborated and enforced at considerable length, to the extent of "carrying the reformatory crusade relembershy to the gates of immoral upper tendom." It was a comprehensive plan for the extermination of all sin. Every city gets to be known for certain characteristics. San Francisco was the city of magnificent opportunities, Shall I not say, France for manners, Germany for scholarship, Italy for art. England for manufactures, the United States for God? Congress will consider whether or not more Chinese shall be admitted, but the honest men and women of San Francisco are to decide for themselves in great popular assemblages whether or not public officials shall be compelled to cast out Chinese wickedness. In New York William Tweed and his associate robbers stole \$120,000,000,000, but the people assembled in Cooper Institute, the Academy of Music and their churches, employed Charles O'Conor, and the public plunderers were hunted into prison. If the people of San Francisco rise up for the rectification of these evils—whether Chinese or American—the work will be done. Let the 280,000 good people of San Francisco piu down the 20,000 bad. Instead of the question, Shall the Chinese go? you need to propound the question, "WHO SHALL GO?"

This comprehensive question the lecturer answered," by including in the proscribed class

"WHO SHALL GO?"

This comprehensive question the lectranswered, by including in the proscribed cevery enemy of order and law, regardless age or sex. He then proceeded to comwhat he designated the false idea the moral problem in San Francisco much more difficult than in other officult than in other officult han in other officult he assured his audience that, having a nessed the underground wickedness of N York, he felt fully justified in saying the horrors of Chinatown are nothing to the Said he: "In the Sixth, Eleventh, Forteenth and Seventeenth wards of New York seems of crime and poverty that ma Chinatown tame in comparison. The teament-house of New York is the ante-cham of hell. A hundred families in one house die by inches!" Discussing the dangers Chinese immigration, the lecturer soffed the idea of any race dominating the Angasaxon. He cited history to snow how the Anglo-Saxons had extended their power mathey now own one-eighth of the flobe in hold the highways of commerce. He describe town Spain lost her territory piece by pies. "That," said he, "is an illustration of in mations without education, intelligence or rigion fade away before the Anglo-Saxon Tae Chinese question is coing to be settled the question of slavery was settled." The turer described the difficulties of settling

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

THE SLAYERY QUESTION.

How Congress debated it for a quarter of a century without success, and every effort seemed in vain until God rose up and settled it at Shiloh and Gettysburg. There is righteousness enough in the world to regenerate it, and if not, the God of nations will rise up in the majesty of his wisdom, the finity of his power, and blot it out.

In conclusion Mr. Talmage said that on every occasion oflered him he would prove to the people of the East what he had observed here, namely: "That common sense and god order are coming up in California, and political idiocy going down."

He knew it to be a fact that if Eastern capitalists were assured of protection of property rights in California a large amount of money would find its way to the Pacific cost to be profitably invested. Throughout the lecture the applanse was frequent and hearty. This evening at Oakland Mr. Talmage will lecture on "The Bright Side of Things."

INJUSTICE arises either from precipitation or indolence, or from a mixture of both. The rapid and the slow are seldom just: the unjust wait either not at all or wait too long.-Lavater.

THE PRESIDENT

California's Welcome to the Head of the Republic.

OAKLAND'S GRAND DISPLAY

The Trip from the Sierras to the Bay.

THE UTTERANCES OF STATESMEN

The Secretary of War and the General of the Army.

HONORS IN SAN FRANCISCO

A Military Parade and an Ovation by the People.

THE SERENADE AT THE PALACE

Speeches by the President and General Sherman.

MRS. HAYES' RECEPTION AT DAKLAND.

The Greatest Celebration of Admission Day.

For the first time in her history California yesterday received the Chief Executive of the Nation, and entertained him in a manner alike worthy of her guest and creditable to the State. The people, one and all, irrespective of party feeling, uninfluenced by political or executive action, turned out and did honor to the chief officer of their country, and through him to the nation he represented, his nation and theirs. The occasion was not marred by a single cloud, and from the hour when the special train crossed the State line to the last serenade welcome of the evening, no untoward event occurred to mar the pleasure both of the welcomers and the welcomed, in one of the redletter pages of State and municipal history. The reception by Supervisor Stetson, selected for that purpose by the Superivsors and the people, that the freedom of the city should be presented by a proper representative of the municipality, was an expression of the feeling of San Francisco. Oakland, too, did herself and the President honor, for never did the Tree City more prettily adorn itself, or more generally and heartily turn out to welcome any one, or more generously hand over to her sister city the guest she would have liked longer to retain. That the President appreciated the efforts to do him honor, he very eloquently and sincerely declared. That the city appreciated his coming, the day was mute and adequate evidence.

IN THE SIERRAS.

The Welcome of California to the President.

President.

Seldom has a 18 re homogeneous company been gathered together than that which left this city on Wodnesday evening, en route for Colfax, there to meet President Hayes and accompany him and his party across the State from the mountain to the sea. The names at those forming this company of welcome were

I to this paper on Wednesday mgm arresentative of the Chronicle all that befell the jovial guard of honor. all that be sell the joy all guard of honor, terms homogeneous and joy all are used for the reasons (first, that though composed of members from more than one political body, every vestige of party feeling was obliterated—and a common impulse to give the Chief Magistrate of this nation a hearty and fitting welcome was superior to every other feeling; and (seeond), because, when headed by Governor Perkins and containing such choice spirits as General W. H. L. Barnes, W. W. Dodge, J. A. Fillmore and D. B. Jackson, it had the slements of very hearty and pronounced joy afty. Brought up to Colfax not much before midnight and left switched off a short distance from the station, the three sleepers containing the convivial septuagint were soon emptied, and it is believed that mountain town will not soon forget the hearty and inspiriting emptied, and it is believed that mountain town will not soon force the hearty and inspiriting spectacle afforded by these champion fraterniters. Not that anything overstepped the strict boundaries of propriety which should be drawn when on the road to meet a temperate President; the elevation and gathering of so many unleashed public and prominent men simply produced their effect.

The CREONICE representative, availing himself of a passing engine and car, ran up to Blue Canyon, to which station the Presidential

Blue Canyon, to which station the Presidential party had been brought at 8:40 on that evening (Wednesday), from Truckee, at which town they had arrived from the Lake Tahoe trip a little after 6 o'clock p. M. Truckee was decked out in its best to receive the Presiwas decked out in its best to receive the Presi-dent, the stars and stripes flying from every flagstaff and some attempt being made at house deceration. The usual large crowd was waiting at the hotel to meet

THE DISTINGUISHED TOURISTS,

And of course the President and General Sherman had to respond to the greeting. Both appeared and bowed, but the insatiable desire of many men to hear another man talk could not be so easily satisfied. Both had to make short speeches, that of the President being particularly happy. He announced himself as being highly pleased with all he had seen, and said he expected no more pleasurable time during his trip than that he had enjoyed during the past day. With compliments on the cuercy and perseverance of this coast he closed by predicting for ita brilliant future. After the party had been transferred ments on the energy and perseverance of this coast he closed by predicting for its a brilliant future. After the party had been transferred to the waiting train, Mrs. Haves was loudly called for and cheered with wild enthusian when she appeared at the President's side. When Blue Canyon was reached it was seen to be brightly illuminated, the houses being lighted up, colored lanterns being suspended from pole to pole, the station being gay with flags and a number of citizens being gathered. No speeches were made, but both Hayes and Sherman got out and shook hands with all seeking a friendly grasp. Here too was found the regular east-bound overland train. Charles Crocker of the Central Pacific Railroad and James Gamble of the Western Union Telegraph Company, being present with several traveling. ing present with several traveling companions, called on the President and wife, being introduced by Superintendent Pratt. General John Bidwell was also a passenger, laden with an invitation to the President and deneral Sherman to make a visit to his farm near Chico, concerning which he had a cor-respondence some time ago with General Sherman. The President accepted the invita-tion, especially that part of it which included the visit to the Cherokee Flat mining district, as having seen the production of silver in Nevada he was, he said, anxious to witness the working of gold in California. These visitors having departed, the party was left to their rest until such time as was necessary to start the next morning (Thursday) in order to

GOVERNOR PERKINS AND HIS PARTY Soberly waiting at Colfax. Soon after the President's arrival at Blue Canyon he was handed the following dispatch:

SAGRAMENTO, Wednesday, 9 P. M.
President Hayes: We will let you rest to-night,
and all meet you at Colfax in the morning.
GEORGE C. PERKINS, Governor.

The President did not seem very much disappointed at this news of an undisturbed night's repose, and remarked, with something like the echo of a well-known hymn; "Very well: we shall meet the Governor in the morning by and by." The pure, fresh mountain air enticed several of the party into wandering about in the romantic neighborhood—of the cars—for some time, but before 11 all had retired. Whilst thus disposed it will be well to give a correct list of that party, a party sufficiently extensive to occupy seven cars. Its members were: Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes; the President's two sons, Birchard A. Hayes and Rutherford P. Hayes; General William T. Sherman and daughter Miss Rachel Sherman; Governor Alexander, Ramsey, Secretary of War; Mr. and Ars. John W. Herron of Cincinnati, Mrs. John G. Mitchell The President did not seem very much dis-

Colonel Anderried; Dr. D. L. Huntington, U. S. Army, Washington; Mr. Furness, General A. D. McCook, U. S. Army, Colonel Thomas F. Barr, Judge Advocate, U. S. Army, and Mrs. S. O. Hunt, a young matron of Oakland, who has been staying in Washington and who came as a traveling guest of Mrs. Hayes. At Wells, Nev., the party, received the addition of Major-General Irwin McDowell and Colonel Keeler; at Ogden Major R. P. Hammond, of the Central Pacific Railroad, came on board to act as a special escort, while at Tahoe City It was joined by R. H. Pratt, Superintendent of the mountain division of the Central Pacific Railroad, and Samuel Miller, Excursion Agent of the same line. The cars occupied were Railroad, and Samuel Miller, Excursion agent of the same line. The cars occupied were these: Stanford's private car California, set apart for the exclusive use of President and Mrs Hayes, a Union Pacific dining-car, the Directors' car of the Union Pacific, a special palace-car of the Union Pacific, a sleeper from the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy read and two Central Pacific sleepers. The engine was No. 156 the great iron-horse called into use No. 156, the great from horse called into use for such particular occasions as the present, driven by Barney Kelly, M. J. Goodrich acting as conductor. Sun-up was but a promise when at 4:55 A. M. (Thursday) the Presi-

dential train drew out from Blue Canyon and dential train drew out from Blue Canyon and commenced the mountains' descent. Àt 5 o'clock the sightseers, for whom there is no mercy however exalted their station, were aroused to see the Great American canyon, the President making his appearance in neglige apparel, and so recently asleep became wide awake to the grand beauties of the scene by a single glance thereat and enthusismically declared that the very door. astically declared that the vast, deep val half-filled with diaphonous vapor was one the most, if not the most, magnificent sights he had ever beheld. A second short halt made soon afterward at Cape Horn Mills gave the President an opportunity of seeing great mountain show-place, but great mountain show-place, but although struck by the abrupt profundity of the grand valley, awarded the paim for scenic beauties to the great canyon. When starting in to man from Alta to Gold Run, Barney put on a full head of steam, pulled open the throttle-valve and went rattling, swaying, whistling down that piece of road like a whirlwind or another

TAM O'SHANTER'S MARE.

The distance is just five miles; time, five minutes to a half second. The momentum was not only something terrific, but the oscillation was little less than that of a crack cillation was little less than that of a crack sloop in a choppy sea. At one curve the dining-room car gave a leap and shudder, dashing the dishes and pans higglety-piggledy and damazing the completeness of the crockery sets. Just after leaving Cape Horn a pleasanter, because quieter, incident took place. Though the air was then warm and the sun was shooting level darts. Mrs Hayes was reminded in quite a tasteful manner that they were still within the snow limit. On behalf of the residents of Blue Canyon and those of the Summit, U. C. Palmer, night operator. of the residents of Blue Canyon and those of the Summit, U. C. Palmer, night operator, presented the lady of the White House with a large block of half-frozen snow in which was lodged a bouquet of snow-plants, those hardy children of the forest that lift their bright-red faces out of the frozen rain as se-curely as roses from a sun-bed. Mrs. Hayes received the unusual gift with warm thanks; and had the how containing the grow and and had the box containing the snow and the snow-flowers carefully put on the platform of a car, where the snow melted and the flow-ers soon drooped. The propinquity of Col-fax was announced to those on board the Presidential train by a rapid series of reports, which, when the curve was turned, were seen to proceed from giant cartridges laid beneath an 180-pound anvil and exploded by an ancient miner with a hot iron and whose principal endeavor seemed to be to explode the cartridge and hoist the anvil and explode the eartridge and hoist the anvil and the man laying it at the same time. Here the jovial committee boarded the train, the different members being introduced by the Governor to the President and his companions. Nothing formal was attempted, and the meeting was more an interchange of pleasant words than anything else. Common topics only were touched upon until after breakfast, when a successful attempt was made to straighten out the knotted question of the two supposedly conflicting celebrations of Oakland and of San Francisco. Colonel W. H. L. Barnes appeared on behalf of this village, ex-Attorney-General Williams having been retained by the city across the bay. Both counsel stated what was in order to be done, the President paying to each a calm done, the President paying to each a calm and very respectful attention, although a slight twinkle of the eye now and then seemed to indicate a jocose appreciation of the tweedledum and tweedledee aspect of affairs. In his reply the President showed how diplo matic nature or usage had made him. "I had assumed," he said, "I had assumed that the affair of Oakland was a joint celebration of the two cities. I ought, perhaps, to have

difficulty may be found." And so in a conversation in which nearly everything was "assumed" by the President, for that seeins to be a favorite word of his Excellency's, it was arranged that Oakland should have the priority, as by promise bound, but that that city should be left for this village by 2:30 exact. As a venture at something witty, Barnes remarked that "Oakland celebrates Admission Day whilst San Francisco

Barnes remarked that "Oakland celebrates Admission Day whilst San Francisco celebrates the President," to which the President put a good capper by replying that such being the case he ought to spend most of his time in Oakland. Soon after the adjustment of this difficulty the Chronicle representative took a vacant chair near the President and asked him if the would like to lay the object of his visit to California before its people through the columns of the San Francisco Chronicle. "Yes," replied the President, "for that can be easily done. I have come here to establish a good precedent, and I should have done so before but for certain circumstances."

"And those circumstances?" suggested the reporter.

reporter.

"Are these," said the President: "There are but few times during his term of office when the Chief Executive can proceed so far from home and pay so long a visit as that to the Pacific coast must necessarily be. It is really only after the short session of Congress that this can be accomplished. It was my intention to have come here last year after the adjournment of Congress in March, but the extra session of 1879 precluded that and forced the date of the visit to come after the summer session of this year." summer session of this year."

NO POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE.

"Then," said the reporter, "your projected transcontinental trip has been for some time an open secret in Washington, I presume."

"Exactly so," assented the President. "For at least these three months past it has been a well-known fact, and I may as well say through your paper, as I shall in public, that prior to departure I had yet to find a Republican or Democrat.—I say Democrat, for I am on terms with a number, who objected to the trip in any way, shape or form, or who imputed to it any political significance or object."

puted to it any political significance or object."

"Then this visit must be looked upon as having no such significance?"

"Oh, entirely so. I do not even gome to make speeches and am certainly unprepared for any such tax upon my powers of address. The Chicago Convention being over and I being entirely out of the Presidential fight, it seemed to me that no other construction than that of a President's natural anxiety to know

seemed to me that no other construction than that of a President's natural anxiety to know more of the farther parts of the great Republic over which he has been placed in charge could possibly be placed upon this visit."

"And have these further parts surprised you. Mr. President?"

"That they have," he answered. "From Omaha westward it has been to me a new America. The dry and rainless extent is something quite unfamiliar to Eastern folk; it is making the acquaintance of what I may call the Land of Two Seasons."

"But you have found beauties as well as

but you have found beauties as well as sites, it is hoped."
number of such," answered the Pres-

ith some degree of enthusiasm, were indeed enough beauties seen in trip from Virginia City to Truckee to mbered for a lifetime. The crooked a Virginia to Carson, the drive from

d from Virginia to Carson, the drive from some to the summit of the mountains of of it. It is not to be considered to the constant of the control of the constant of the const

Leaving California scenery, what is your mion of Californians?" asked the scribe. Those whom I have seen," answered the scident. "have more than pleased me, ey are so open, so natural that the contrast ween these qualities and Eastern reserve muite striking."

is quite striking."

"Is the plan of your future movements a settled one." queried the reporter.

"Well, very nearly so, I believe," answered the President. "To-morrow (Friday) I accommany Governor Perkins to the Petaluma Agriguttural Fair; on Saturday we visit General of Develt on Sunday was remain and the position.

of October, via Arizona."

THE PRESIDENT'S FRIENDS.

General Sherman requested to be cor
merely as a compagnon de copagnot the
dent, as too, did Secretary Ramsey, a
latter gentleman stated freely

precipitation of both. The ist: the unjust long.-Lavater

s, smiling at the recollection, "so I took prose-pail, washed it out, and from it we ank." bugh long familiar to Californians from ctures, and more recently from a personal a brief line sketch of President Ruthers, I have swill not be inapropos. A man the medium height, square in the dors and of goodly girth. He stands ely on two feet that are not minute, and speaking moves, but very little; two thick hands which, when not covered an ill-fitting pair of silk gloves, are seen sunburnt and covered with freekles, and carried uprightly on these square deers is large without being massive, haven high, straight forehead, underneath are two rather colorless but kindly which move rather restlessly when their is a listener. The nose is large and reduced is the straight of the face florid and esent still more reddened by exposure, hair is worn with the forelock brushed reddish, sandy color, though both now ray. His manner of speaking is plain unaffected. He listens attentively, has red the art of being agreeable and, to word, appears thoroughly get-atable.

MRS. HAYES.

Hayes, who is talked of and was sought to people almost as much as her husband, at women call an agreeable person. A

Om a word, appears thoroughly get-atable.

MRS. HAYES.

MRS. HAYES, who is talked of and was sought by the people almost as much as her husband, is what women call an agreeable person. A trifle over moderate height, she is of plump figure without being stout. With her plain black dress, the plain black straw bounet tied under the chin in a bow of plain black ribbon and with black hair worn plainly brushed down over the forchead and half covering the ears after the fashion of 1840, the effect at first is rather somber. A moment's study of the face removes that idea. Colorless but with a healthy pallor, with regular features, a flexible mouth, which by frequent smiling reveals a full set of white teeth, with handsome browneys and a generally winning expression, Mrs. Hayes is a very charming woman.

Secretary Ramsey looks the typical John Ball in lace and figure, whilst General Sherman's odd, kindly phiz and tall, quick-moving figure are well known to everybody here.

AT SAGRAMENTO.

In due time the steam-whistle of the Sacramento Woollee Mills announces the approach to that city. On drawing up in the depot a platform car quite prettily decorated with rass, wreaths and flowers, and surmounted by a triumphal arch, the whole made gay with red, white and blue bunting, was seen. A salvo of artillery, the strains of "Hait to the Chief" by a band, and the cheers of a crowd that thronged the depot were then heard. A gangway was run from the Presidential car to this platform, on to which the President and several others stepped. After three hearty cheers Mayor Turner of Sacramento stepped forward and somewhat nervously delivered the following introduction:

I have the honor and pleasure of introduction of the Republic to welcome the ruler of the reacted, and we extend the welcome thresp

THE PRESIDENT'S SPERCH.

President Hayes then stepped forward, and after a pause of some minutes spoke as fol-

(Pause.) Not authorized de east of the Rocky mountai low me as a witness, at least

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Secretary of War Ramsey being next called in advanced and spoke as follows:

Nowhere in the whole journey have we received so until the spoke we were the second so we

towed, and amidst the cheer which gre-her appearance and the tripping mus-"Yankee Doodle." the train left Sacrame the kindly brown eyes of Mrs. Hayes an faded shoulder-straps of "Uncle Billy wrinkled General's coat—hastily drawn is a valise—receiving the final cheer.

wrinkled General's coat—hastily drawn from a valise—receiving the final cheer.

SUSUN AND BENICIA.

The neede of Suisun turned out in mass, not only the older inhabitants, but all the children in their Sunday clothes. Hand, shakings again, the little ones being lifted up to grasp the President's finger-tips. Again at Benicia were the young people to the fore, the platform being lined with the budding graduates of this educational center. Whilst Mrs. Hayes descended from the car and passed along the line of the firesh, young faces, bostowing words and smiles with kindly fact on all alike, the President was being addrassed by L. B. Mizner, appointed for that purpose by the Benicia Committee on Reception.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens: There is no need for me to introduce President Hayes. As the Chief Executive of this great nation has to well known for any such ceremony. To yoursels sir, to the General of the army, to the Secretary of War and to the rest of your distinguished party. Benicia extends its welcome. Here, where the waters of the Pacific ocean meet the land over which you have been traveling for three thousand miles and with the children and teachers of three great scholastic institutions of the State, you are revelecomed. You are now but a short distance from where there are hundreds of thousands waiting to receive you, and though their greeting may be more imposing it will not be any more heartfelt than that of Benicia.

Mayor Barry and Judge Lynch of Benicia were then inbroduced and A. Y. Benicia were then inbroduced and A. Y.

more imposing, it will not be any more heartest than that of Benicia.

Mayor Barry and Judge Lynch of Benicia were then introduced, and A. N. Towne received as an old triend. The President stood by the car-railing in the attitude of one who would respond, but the expectant crowd was doomed to disappointment, for during his introductory pause the train moved off to the ferry-slip. The school misses, the populace and the St. Augustine Cadets followed, and when the Solano had crossed the Carquinez struits they clustered around the cars and cheered with a will, General Sherman coming in for his distinctive share. The ships at the wharves showed every signal at once, and the British Princess of Liverpool dipped the Union jack three times as the train sped on to Oakland.

IN OAKLAND.

IN OAKLAND.

A Grand Ovation Tendered the Presidential Party.

Oakland was fittingly arrayed yesterday for the reception of her honored guest. From every flagstaff the stars and stripes fluttered on the breeze, over hundreds of doorways lavish displays of bunting told the private appreciation of the occasion; Broadway was wreathed in evergreens and bedecked with red, white and blue, and on main street and by-street, in corners and by the sidewalks, vehicles of every conceivable shape, crowded to suffocation, held a portion of the throng of lookers-on. Every window looking on the line of march held its quantum of faces; every awning was laden with a crowd, and on roofs, lookers-on. Every window looking on the line of march held its quantum of faces; every awning was laden with a crowd, and on roofs, sidewalks and every possible point of visual vantage was clustered a black mass of humanity, comprising more people than the uninitiated observer would supply the between the west boy shore line and Saturated the uninitiated observer would supply the between the west boy shore line and Saturated the uninitiated observer would supply the between the west boy shore line and Saturated the uninitiated observer would supply the between the west boy shore line and Saturated the uninitiated observer would supply the between the west boy shore line and Saturated to the teneral past Center and Adeline stations to Market street and came to a grinding, grandiloquent halt before the Reception Committee and a cloud of carriages gathered to meet it. The Oakland Light Cayalry, Colonel W. C. Little commanding, were drawn up in line on West street as the guard of honor. The Presidential barouched drawn by six white horses adorned with garlands of smilax and roses about the collars and bridles, stood close to the station-house. President Hayes stepped out, was greeted by Horace Tubbs of the Recention Committee and escorted to the carriage with Governor Perkins. The second carriage contained General Sherman and Mr. Ramsey; the third Generals McDowell and McCook, the rest of the party and the Reception Committee disposing themselves in the other carriages. A loud cheer went up as the cavalcade started, and the cavalry leading, the march was taken up down Eighth street to Washington and down Washington to the Courthouse, where, on the Broadway side, a large platform covered with flags had been erected on the granite steps.

flags had been erected on the granite steps.

Mayor Blethen's Welcome.

An immense crowd gathered in front of the Courthouse, where the reception was held. A platform had been built out from the topmost step of the Courthouse to the inner edge of the sidewalk, and appropriately dressed for the occasion. The crowd reached from the edge of the platform to the upper step of the House of Records opposite, filling every intervening foot for the whole length of the block. The Presidential party occupied the first row of seats. The President appeared walking arm-in-arm with Governor Perkins, who presented him to Mayor Blethen. A few minute's delay occurred in the appearance of General Sherman, and while waiting for him out the Segretary of Well waiting for him

lant soldiers.
Fellow-citizens, I now have the honor of senting and introducing to you his Exceller Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the Uni States.

Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States.

The President's Reply.

The President advanced to the rail, over which he leaned, holding his tile in one hand and a handkerchief in he tother, with which he wiped from his face the perspiration which the sun, beating directly down on his head with unusual ardor, caused to stream plentifully from the Presidential brow. He spoke for a little over five minutes with remarkably slow and distinct enunciation, and in volume enough to be heard by every one in the great audience. He said:

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Civizens of Oakland: I am glad to meet you. I was told that my presence here to-day was especially desirable because there was to be a celebration of the Admission of the State of California into the Union, that this day was called Admission Day. It naturally occurred to me that instead of being called upon as a speaker I should find myself entertained by some citizens here who would give us an historical address, and although all who are at all well-informed in the history of our country are likely to be tolerably instructed in the history of California. I did hope and expect to receive a great deal of new information and instruction in regard to that mest interesting period and those most interesting events in American history. I am not sure but you are putting off upon me that which I supposed was to be prepared as part of the feast that I was to partake of. I do not complain of this. I believe in pioneer days and celebrations of the early settlements of our various States, that lead us to going back to the smaller days, perhaps

THE PURER DAYS OF OUR COUNTRY'S #ISTORY.

It has been remarked that a man who does

and celebrations of the early settlements of our various States, that lead us to going back to the smaller days, perhaps

THE PURER DAYS OF OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

It has been remarked that a man who does not regard his ancestors is not likely to be of much importance to his posterity; and, although this State is rather young to have an extensive talk about ancestors, yet I have been with my friend General Sherman a little too much of late not to know that the fortyminers and the Argonauls were a considerable people. ICheers, Indeed, as we approached the line of California, more and more General Sherman drifted away from the events of the recent war, with which we connect his name, and commenced to entertain us with descriptions of the society and of the scenes about 1846 and '7 and '8 and '9 in California. IRenewed applause.] And not to be outdone by the General of the army, the Secretary of War, also a pioneer, not of California, but of Minnesota, has, given us his experiences in the early settlement of that State, and it is a noticeable fact that, probably from the first—from the first esttlement of Jamestown, in the signia, the settlement at Plymouth Rock, the settlement in that good old State at Marietts, Ohio—that the history of all those periods and your own early settlement is surrounded by trials and difficulties and dangers, and gives opportunities for the exhibition of the anniversary of the admission of California, into the Union. (Applause.) The people of that part of the United States from which I have recently come—the States east of the Rocky mountains and the States of the Adantic coast—have not commissioned me to represent them here, but I think I am author—lised to say that the good people of that region all feel an interest in that which interests

ised to say that the good people of that region all feel an interest in that which interests you. They are glad to hear of your prosperity. They are

you. They are glad to hear of your prosperity. They are

PROUD OF YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS.

They admire you for what you have accomplished and they look to you on the Pacific coast to build uo a community here that shall dominate the Pacific, that great ocean for commerce whose trade in the past has always made great the nations that commanded its trade. (Applause.) I do not doubt that you will be equal to what is expected of you by your friends at the East. I assure you that you are talked of, and that, too, perhaps more than you suppose. From every neighborhood, from almost every family there has gone some favorite son or daughter to Cahiornia, and whatever touches California touchus the whole United States. [Cheers.]

The only regret I have to-day in connection with my visit to you is to learn that you have net as yet begun to share, at least in full measure, in the prosperity, the restored prosperity which the United States over the mountains everywhere has begun to enjoy. You know, I suppose, as well as I.de, perhays better, that it has now be truthfully said that in no country in any age was there a

you one whom I suspend to you one whom I suspend to regonaut of you all: General herman, [Prolonged cheers.]

General Sherman's Remarks.

As General Sherman arose to speak, laying his intigue cap on the table, he was greeted with a hearty round of cheers. He spoke as follows:

Triends and Countryment—When I was in California we generally managed these things amongst ourselves. [Laughter.] We generally picked out some young lawyer to make an oration and to fill up the time, and when we invited strangers from a distance we allowed them the privilege of looking on and enjoying it. I hope you have not changed your character as Californians. I hope you still remain the same generous, manly fellows you were in the days of old. I believe you are the same or the come of the same, and therefore I can speak to you as brothers, as friends, freely, trankly, without care, without quarding my words. We all turned towards California about a week ago, assued that we should be here at this moment. We have generated that we should be here at this moment. We have generated that we should be here at this moment. We have generated that we should be here at the weather and through the hills. When I have been the carth and through the hills. When I have been the carth and through the hills. When I have been to the carth and through the hills will have been to the carth and through the hills will have been to the carth and through the hills. When I have been to the carth and through the hills will have been to the carth and through the hills. When I have been to the carth and through the hills will have been to the carth and through the hills. When I have been to the carth and through the hills will have been to the carth and the carthage at the weather had been to the carthage at the weather had been the weather had been the weather had been the weather had been the heart had been th

the great work of

REDEFMING THE EARTH

And making it blossom and fractify. I than
you very much, indeed, for your attention the President and for your kind manifests
tion of teelings towards me. An old Pioneer.
I carry my badge always on the onter wal.
Here the General pointed to the Pioneer
I carry my badge always on the onter wal.
Here the General pointed to the Pioneer
badge worn conspicuously on his breast, elicit
ing great enthusams. Resuming when quieing great enthusams. Resuming when quiewas restored he said. There is the old
Pioneer badge and I am proud of it. If I have
done anything else in life to be proud of it has
been by trying simply to do a man's share
whilst in life, and I am certain always to turn
to Califoraia as a man to his first love. I hope
to spend two or three weeks on this coust, not
to see merely public demonstrations of this
kind, but to go unto your houses, into your
stores, your shops and became acquainted with

The Secretary Secretary of War Ramsey was next call or. He said: My friends and fellow-citizen Secretary of War Ramsey was next called for. He said: My friends and fellow-citizens, there is no reason why I should command your attention for any length of time, hence I have no expectation to do so. I am no orator, and for that reason would impose upon you and do injustice to myself if I remained upon this stand any length of time. I am simply here in company with the President of the United States, who in that appreciation of the Hinted States, who in that appreciation of the high office which he holds has thought it his duty to come out and visit the needle of this great land. And I am glad to see that in his long journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific he has had shown to him all those great attentions of the people which we witness here: their appreciation of his management of the public affairs of his high office. To be the chief magistrate of fitty millions of freemen, my friends, is no easy thing. To have the disposition upon his part that he has shown here to learn the condition of the country, to learn the wants of the people, is what is most commendable. He comes here, then, in that spirit. He wishes to learn from intercourse with the people the condition of the country, and so far as he can to impress his

in that spirit. He wishes to learn from intercourse with the people the condition of the country, and so far as he can to impress his

KNOWLEGGE OF THEIR WAXTS.
Upon the legislative, and so far as he is able to do, upon the executive administration of the country. I am glad to witness this large collection of people here to-day. In the mountains and in the valleys, in the villages and in the cities and the towns the people turned out to show their appreciation of his visit. But my friends, I am not going to detain you. This I understand is the celebration of your natal day. As the President has stated, have been a pioneer myself. I have been a 49er, but in a different region of the country, in 1849 in the hyperboraen region of Minnesota, where men supposed there could be no agriculture and no cultivation, and where man could not go and live. Yet, thanks to that energy and that spirit to accomplish great things in the world which actuate the people of America, whether they live in the Northeast or the Southwest, in the North, the South, the East of the West, they have there upon the naked plains of Minnesota, built up an empire that is worthy of all administing In that day when we went, there we found nothing spread open before us but the naked plains and the wild Indians inhabiting what was supposed to be the only luhabitable part.

A SMALL TRACT OF COUNTRY
Bounded by barren wilds. We have brought together there nearly SOO, OOO people. They have built cities and towns and railroads and villages and churches and schools, and all the other concomitants of American evillization. Now, my friends, I feel somewhat proud, coming from a remote country like that: proud to be the fellow-citizen of men like these. But I think we, in return, have cause to be proud of being fellow-citizens of this great Republic, with all its intelligence, thriit and enterprise, not only here among your-selves, but the thousands north, south, east and west, I say it is not a very small thing to be the fellow-citizens of so great a republic.

boning you may be prosperous in all time. Applause.]

Undeniable calls being made for Governor Perkins at the conclusion of the Secretary's seech, he arose and said:

My Friends: It would be presumption for me to attempt to say anything after the eminent statesmen of our hand have spoken to make the property of the statesmen of our hand have spoken to make the property of the secretary's seech, he arose and said:

My Friends: It would be presumption for me to attempt to say anything after the eminent statesmen of our hand have spoken to make the property of the secretary is seen to attempt to say anything after the contours here to-day. But my friends, I congratulate to speak the property of the president of the high office of President of the high office of President of the high office of President of the position as our worthy President has with so much credit to himself and so much honor to this great nation. [Renewed applause.] Although we as Californians may be properly of the president with the president

have almost forgotten my-company. I am always with havery fully as well as those who no bore him. I allude to Genera the I want the privilege of prent, [Theers and calls for McCook.]

General McCook. ook said: Being an officer of ates army, I claim a home and upon United States soil. theorem I shad upon United States soil.
theorem I am in California I am
met as good Californian as any of you. I
hank the Givernor of your noble State hore
or the time mention that he has made of
mysoil. It mands be expected of me time!
will make a peech here to day, because that,
you have not at the police mention of my
mand, end thanking you all for your respectful
titention to me, I will bid you good-mornng.

General McDowell.

Repeated calls were then made for Major General McDowell, who responded as follows happen to Oakland if this enthusiasm in lass generous and less spontaneous last which we have witnessed to do as my leader and distinguished he deneral of the army did, who, like man who said no and still consented, but all the good reasons in the world would not make a speech and then on a good one. [Laughter,] I will do end McCook does—wish row condend and you have given to the manual say how deeply thankful I am worthy reception you have given to the uniqueshed President of the United

In response to the call of Governor Perkins the undience joined in three hearty cheers successively for the President General Sherman. Secretary Ramsey, General McCook General McDowell, and concluding with three for the Governor.

Procession in Oakland.

At the conclusion of the speeches the pro-cession, which had been forming on Broad-way, above Fifth street, wheeled into line and began its march up Broadway in the follow-

began its march up Broadway in the following order:

Police Battalion, under command of Captain Fletcher, Chief.

Union Gatling Bard,
Grand Murchal and Staff,
General John F. Shechan and Staff, Commanding Fourth Brigade, N. G. C.
First Artillery Band.
First Artillery Regiment, Fourth Brigade, N. G. C., Major
H. D. Randet Creed Haymond,
Fifth Battalion, Second Brigade, N. G. C., Major
H. D. Randet commanding,
Company A, Light Battery, Second Brigade,
A. G. C., Captain R. G. Brush commanding.
Band.

California Pioneers, B.
Native Sons of
Oakland Light Cavalry
Eaptain W. C. L.
President's Carriage—R
ident of the United
Kins, Governor c.
Blethen, May id.
G. Eastland, President.
he Golden West.
scort to the President,
the commanding.
therford B. Hayes, Presides; George C. PerCalifornia; J. E.
f of Oakland.
a. War surrounding War, surrounding

Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. Second Carriage—Alexander Ramsey, Secretary of War; W. T. Sherman, Lieuten-ant-General United

of War; W. T. Sherman, Lieutenant-General United
States Army;
Hon. George W. Bakocek, President City Council.
Third Carriage—General Irwin McDowell, General McCook, Hon. Thomas H. Williams,
of Reception Committee.
Fourth Carriage—United States Senator Newton
Booth, Congressman Frank Page,
General J. F. Houghton,
Staff of General McDowell,
Staff of Governor Perkins.
Veterans of the Mexican War in carriages.
Ranlett Cadets.
Alameda Fire Department,
City Council in carriages.
Board of Supervisors in carriages.
Board of Education in carriages.
Smith's Oakland City Band.
Hayward's Fire Department.
Oakland Fire Department,
Cakiand Fire Department,
Oakland Fire Department,
Oakland Fire Department,
Oakland Were the City Hall, covered with
streamers, flags and shields, interspersed with
garlands of evergreen, the columns of the

streamers, flags and shields, interspersed with garlands of evergreen, the columns of the Fourteenth-street entrance being hung with curtains of red, white and blue bunting. The Hall of Records, opposite the Courthouse, was elaborately decorated in similar style. The Belleville block was handsomely adorned; the Winter House on Fifteenth street wore flags from top to bottom, and the Oakland Light Cavalry armory was handsomely fitted with flags and bunting, as was General Houghton's residence. The stores generally along Broadway displayed red, white and blue draping mingled with evergreen, and a city in gala costume was everywhere evident.

After countermarching on Broadway and traversing the side streets by way of Franklin and Durant to Jackson, the procession marched down to the corner of Jackson and

and the occupants were infinally received in the parlors by M and Miss Houghton, Mrs. Mowe, M Elisha Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. and Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. and Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Sordon, Mrs. Sordon, Mrs. Sordon, Mrs. Sordon, Mrs. Sordon, Mrs. Sordon, Mrs. John Deane, Miss Weth bee and Messrs. Baker, Casey, Belden et others. At the conclusion of the hand-sing and ehat, President Hayes and Governor kins resumed their seats in the carriage. President declined to review the troops, ing that he was quite then and a pressed for time. He thanked them cording the honors accorded him, and said day amid cheers. The entire party drove to the foot of Broadway, where special steamer awaited them.

MRS. HAYES' RECEPTION.

The President's Wife the Guest of the Ebell Club.

At the train the ladies of the Presidential party were received by Mrs. A. A. Surgent and Mrs. William Sherman, and escorted to the residence of Mr. Sherman, where a lunch was partaken of, after which they drove to Daniel C. Hewes' elegant residence on the corner of Fourteenth and Oak streets, where a zeception was given by the Ebell Society. The ladies of the Society had decorated the entire establishment very elaborately, and in correct taste. The first parlor on the right, upon entaste. The first parlor on the right, upon entering the house, was devoted to the second section of art. An easel and palette, the emblem of the section, was of floral structure, and held the large letter "H," commescion that principal feature was a variety of ferns, which were used as drapery over doors, the mantel and chandelier. Across the door leading into the conservatory was a band of ferns holding the word "Salva," each letter wrought in a solid color. The mantel gave the appearance of a grotto, so completely was it enveloped with flowers and ferns. From this room the middle parlor—devoted to the first section of art—was entered, and it was here Mrs. Hayes received. The prominent color in the decorations being pink, none but pink flowers were used. Across an arched way leading from this room was

pink flowers were used. Across an arrhed way leading from this room was LAGE DRAFERY.

Over which were heavy garlands of smilax mingled with pepper grass, and upon the wall back of this arch was a large wreath over eight feet in length composed of honeysuckle, ferns and amaranth, reaching nearly to the ceiling. In one corner was a bank of evergreens, and on either side of the arch was tall, waving pampas grass. The doors, grates, windows and chandeller were draped in garlands of ivy, while honeysuckle wound itself around marble statuary. Bouquets were placed against the wall in every available onlace, composed of ferns and pink flowers. A large hanging basket was placed in the bay window just in front of the lace curtains, which fell over pink silk. From here the room devoted to music was entered; everything here was of a lovely shade of canary color—ivy and pepper grass blended with every yellow flower that could be found, among which were dablias, gladiolas, and the homely, honest sunflower. The plane was iterally covered with floral designs and loosely-urranged flowers in handsome vases. Crossing he hall the biology room was seen. Here bright red flowers mingled with smilax and gampas. Two pieces of marble representing such an infant sleeping were imbedded in wreaths of roses and rosebuls, placed upon tands in front of the windows. The buffet was completely laden with bits of white, in the porch surrounding the entire back part of the house and looking upon a beautiful lawn the surrounding the entire back part of the house and looking upon a beautiful lawn the surrounding the entire back part of the house and looking upon a beautiful lawn the surrounding the entire back part of the house and looking upon a beautiful lawn the surrounding the entire back part.

In the porch surrounding the entire back part of the house and looking upon a beautiful lawn The Tables Were Arranged.

Upon which a hearty and substantial lunch was served, which was ornamented with gayly-colored flowers in large crystal-bouquet-stands. A feature at the table was the peculiarity of the napkins, being, as they were, those used by the Chinese. At half-past I the Presidential party, which required six carriages, arrived, and were received by Mr. Hewes and his son-in-law, Mr. Bartlett, assisted by the following committee of the Society: Miss M. K. Culbertson, the President of the association; Mrs. W. Sherman, Mrs. P. D. Brown, Miss M. L. Varney, Mrs. S. J. McChesney, Mrs. M. Ganole, Miss Isabelle Prince, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. G. H. Mitchell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Cornwall Barratt, Treasurer; Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, Mrs. W. B. Hyde, Mrs. Dr. Annette Buckle, Mrs. James Gilson, Mrs. H. Strong, Mrs. Daniel Gilrucks and Mrs. H. T. Fish. Besides the ladies of Oakland who escorted Mrs. Hayes and received with her were Miss Rachel Sherman, Mrs. Herron, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. S. O. Hunt and Mrs. Audenried, the ladies who have been traveling with her from the East. Mrs. Hayes was dressed in a plain black alpace traveling dress, a black bonnet and black gloves, one of which she wore. The ladies, both guests and others, were quietly attired in short street suits of plain colors.

Crossing the Bay.

At the ferry entrance General Barnes, Judge Boalt, W. M. Bunker and Dr. Whitney of the San Francisco Reception Committee received them and escorted them on board, they being followed by the Light Cavalry, the Pioneers and the Oakland aids. Shortly after the boat left the dock Joseph G. Bostland, President of the Pioneers, was pre-

ARGONAUTIC DAYS
Were known in an instant, and subjected to easer queries as to wives, parents and chil-

hen. "It's like living life over again to come-tere among you fellows," said he. "Swasey, lod bless me—no, he's an older Pioneer than am. I came iz '46. Kohler—Ou; sho—it's ou use to tell me anything about kehler. I knew him when he was a middy daneing and lirting with the girls. How's your wife, eager? Mother living yet? Well, I wouldn't believe it. I'm glad to see you, glad to see fou."

The reunion was extremely pleasant and enjoyed by none more heartily than the General, and his dry jokes and happy spirits set

the throng frequently into rounds of laughter

the throng frequently into road.

and appliance.

Arrived at the wharf the Pioneers and cavalry marched off the boat and formed outside the ferry-yard. The wharves and shripping were thronged with spectators, and a lond cheer went up as the boat entered the slip. General Barnes escorted the President off the boat, Mr. Phelps escorting Mr. McCook and Dr. Whitney, General Sherman.

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

At Last in the City of the Golden Gate.

A number of conflicting dispatches sent the Reception Committee to the ferry long before Reception Committee to the ferry long before 3 o'clock. The wires were in a painful state of uncertainty with regard to the intentions of the distinguished visitors. One minute came the news that they would leave Oakland immediately, the next minute the capricious instrument was ticking out the assertion that they would not start for an hour. Finally, at 3 o'clock, positive information arrived that the President was about to board the El Caption, leaving Mrs. Hayes and others of the party to come by the regular boat. The gates were at once thrown open, and the inclosure began the slow and difficult task of swallowing up the long line of carriages. The Presing up the long line of carriages. The Presidential carriage, drawn by six bays decorated idential carriage, drawn by six bays decorated with rosettes, was the first to disappear. The less pretentious team devoted to General Sherman followed. Then passed out of sight the modest carriage in which the representative of her Britannic Majesty, gorgeous in black and gold, and the representative of the Republic of France, glorious in white, black and gold, sat pleasantly chatting. One by one the ill-defined inclosure took them from the gaze of the curious crowd, until it became a startling mystery how they could be sately disposed of in such a narrow space. After the last carriage had faded from the public eye a few privileged pedestrians were admitted and the gates were relentlessly shut against the multitude.

A FALSE ALARM.

eyo a few privileged pedestrians were admitted and the gates were relentlessly shut against the multimde.

A FALSE ALARM.

Preparations for the reception of the distinguished visitor began, watches were consulted and careful calculations made of the exact moment at which the El Capitan would be sighted. The diplomatic corps and the Supervisors and the Reception Committee were marshaled into their proper positions, and presently in the distance, made dingy by that peculiar haze which hangs over our bay in the summer, the eager watchers saw the tall smoke-stack of a ferry steamer. She was plowing her way industriously toward the Reception Committee, and as a view was obtained of the flags streaming at her bow there was a general exclamation. Here she cosmos! The diplomatic corps drew closer together, and the Reception Committee adjusted its rosettes, Supervisor Stetson felt in his pocket for his address and the reporters produced their note-books. They were to be disappointed, however, for at the critical moment when the steamer seemed about to run into the slip, the pilot put her helm hard-up and swinging round in the strong tide she showed the lines of the Bay Uty.

THE ARRIVAL.

There was a general depression, but in a few minutes Colonel Jackson's voice was heard again in admonition. Here she comes," said Mr. Stetson; and before the Reception Committee could get into line the El Capitan was dashing towards the slip, with bands playing and flags flying from every point where one could be advantageously hung. As the vessel slacked her speed and glided into her moorings the President could be seen on the upper deck leaning on the surport of the city conspicuous from the deck, and the President appeared to be taking a deep interest in the explanation. This reflects great credit on the descriptive powers of the General, as about all that could be painly seen was the clock tower.

representative of the exalted position of

t our hands every courtesy this instance personal regard

r family.
ent accepted the resolutions dged the compliment with a

THE PEOPLE'S WELCOME.

Jackson, as Chairman of the Reommittee, then delivered the fol-

The Governor of California has a kindly welcome to this State-trite of this municipality has just the freedom of the city; mine is ice to give you cordial greeting citizens of San Francisco. You ed the western

al prompting, and in strict choolice of Chief Magistrate its worthy occupant who on the history, we are here needs and creeds, to pay

our homes and our hospitality.

THROUGH THE CITY.

Colonel Jackson's speech evoked the warm praise of the foreign Consuls and at the conclusion the President warmly shook his hand, and congratulated him. The delivery of the address was made imperative on the Colonel by the sudden determination of Governor Perkins not to deliver a second address. A telegram to that effect was received while the Reception Co. nittee was waiting at the whart.

gram to that effect was received while the Reception Co-nittee was waiting at the wharf.

The President made no response. After conversing pleasantly with the Reception Committee for a few minutes he was led to his carriage and the procession commenced. The appearance of the distinguished visitor was heralded with shouts of welcome. He was accompanied by Colonel Jackson and Mr. Stetson. There was aslight delay while the militia were taking the lead and then the long cavalcade started on its journey. The line of march was admirably well chosen. The day was pleasant. There was a fortunste and pleasing absence of the high afternoon wind that usually makes a procession a legitimate device for human torture.

THE PEOPLE.

The sidewalks were thronged with orderly, well-dressed people, the windows were full of people equally prepossessing, and if the President did not form a favorable opinion of our community he is less impressionable than he looks. The procession moved up Market to California, where the handsome decorations of the California Wire Works attracted much favorable attention. From California street the line of March was to Sansome, to Sutter, to Montromery, to Washington, to Kearny, to Market, to Sixth. On Kearny street, from Washington to California, the streets were crowded with Chinese, who paid close attention to the President and received no slight notice from him. The word had evidently spread among the Asiatics that the chief

notice from him. The word had evidently spread among the Asiatics that the chief official of the American people had arrived, for, compared with other processions, there was an unusually large representation of cooly sight-seers.

for, compared with other processions, there was an unusually large representation of cooly sight-seers.

POLICE ARRANGEMENTS.

The utmost order was everywhere preserved, owing to the new departure taken by the police, who were stationed along the route of the procession at such intervals that it was possible for them to keep the erowd in cheek. They worked industriously, and the result was that the march was unimpeded and the possibilities for a good military display greatly increased. This fact was particularly noticeable during the countermarch on Market street. Such a result has heretofore been difficult and unsatisfactory owing to the impossibility of keeping the street clear. There was no such annovance yesterday. The countermarch was performed as smoothly as the direct advance. Each part of the procession had the same chance to see the other that the public had to inspect both. All appeared satisfied, the President being no exception.

THE PRESIDENT'S URBANITY.

From the moment that his six bays passed out of the narrow ferry-gate until they halted at the broad entrance of the Palace Hotel he never ceased to smile and bow. He was as gracious to the sewing-girls who thrust their heads out of the factories down town and waved a welcome to him with a linen hand-kerchief as he was to the ladies up-town that supplemented their smiles of friendship with the flirt of lace. No demonstration of welcome seemed to escape the recognition of his ham and the general verdict was highly flattering to his urbanity. The countermarch from Sixth street to New Montgomery having ended, the inlantry drew up in line and the President was driven to the hotel. When sufficient time had been given him to take his station at a window over the main entrance the march was casmed. The words of command went along the line of blue and the rimmovable column bristled with life and bayonets once more. One by one the companies paraded down the broad thoroughtare and swing into the narrow streets, until the last tired but patriotic private fel

THE MILITARY DISPLAY.

The Companies that Bore of the Honors in Marching.

The military portion of yesterday's parade

A Serenade and Speeches at the Palace.

remembers the Second carried off the hone beyond a doubt. It was cheered repeated along the line of march, and several of companies were overwhelmed with praise Colonel Smedberg handled the command

beyond a doubt. It was encered repeatedly along the line of march, and several of its companies were overwhelmed with praise. Colonel Smedbers handled the command in the finest style, making no errors and showing the regiment to its best advantage. Critical observations of the marching of the brigade were taken by Chronichs reporters at three different points on the line of march, and the result may be summarized as follows:

First, in line came the Third Regiment Infantry, Colonel A. Wason commanding. Company A, Captain J. F. Meagher, Company C, Captain T. Fitzgerald, and Company D, Captain D. J. Sullinan, did the poorest marching of any of the commands of this regiment. Company B, Captain Robert Cleary, did much better, the distances being well preserved, the alignment good and the marching fair. Company H, Captain J. H. McMenomy, did some excellent marching, and twice performed fine wheels. The command looked extremely well and beyond a doubt did the best of any in the regiment.

The Second Regiment Infantry, Colonel W. R. Smedberg being personally complimented by the President for its splendid appearance. Company H, Captain George Bigley, marched poorly, distances being poorly preserved, head and eyes often turning and the pieces being carelessly handled. While in line on New Montgomery street over Balf of the command left the line to seek the consolation afforded by an adjacent beer saloen. F. Company, Captain Francis W. Bacon, came next in line, parading 104 men. While the President and suit passed in review the statue-like steadiness of this command drew from General Sherman an inquiry as to their name, and a salute from him to Captain Bacon. E. Company, Captain Francis W. Bacon, came next in line, parading 104 men. While the President and suit passed in review de heir paned and the pieces being carelessly handled. Whalie in Didining being many times applauded, and their general appearance being surprisingly good. D Company, Captain W. H. Brockhoff, marched well, showing, however, agood deal of unsteadin

before, but hardly as well as they might have done.

The Union Guard, Company A, Gatling Battery, Captain A. J. Fritz, followed, without the guns, and making an unexpectedly disappointing appearance thereby.

The Light Battery, Captain R. G. Brush, however, turned out in force, with guns harnessed and all hands present, making an excellent showing, as usual.

The First Cavalry Battalion, Major R. H. Orton commanding, composed of Company A, H. W. Gray, B, Captain C. C. Keene, and C, Captain M. Greany, also turned out mounted, and as usual did excellently.

The Chinese.

A large number of Chinamen lined the side-walk from Commercial to Washington streets. The remarks passed by them expressed great surprise that the "Ta Tsung Tang," the great Governor-General, as they termed the President, rode in a carriage with other men. In China a high official is always carried along in a sedan chair by six bearers. They also inquired of one another why he did not wear any uniform to distinguish him from the other officers. The presence of several prominent citizens in the cortege with whom they have business relations seemed to afford them considerable delight. Nothing approaching enthusiasm prevailed amongst the Celestials. Several of the prominent merchants say that if a suitable head man could be found, they might possibly form a deputation to call upon the President, but they have no desire to push themselves forward in any way. The dragon flag was flying upon the Consulate, the hall of the Kwang Chow Company on Pine street, and upon various buildings in Chinatown.

and upon various buildings in Chinatown.

Arrival of Mrs. Hayes.

Mrs. Hayes left the Hewes mansion and came to this city by the 4:20 boat. She was secreted by Sub-Treasurer Sherman and General Goodman of the Central Pacific. The party comprised Mrs. and Miss Sherman. Senator and Mrs. Sargent, Miss Culbertson, President of the Ebell Society, Mrs. Seamons, Mrs. Sirong and Mrs. Hyde, in addition to the second of the Presidential party. Mrs. Hayes, went to her residence in Oakland. The party were met at the ferry wharf by A. N. Towne, of the company, who placed them in carriages and escorted them to the Palace Hotel, where they arrived shortly before the President.

Every, barner in the six high, white corridors was blustag at full blast. A duet of electric lights high in the air shed penetrating mysto every corner of the great white castle, and brought out in brilliant relief the red, white and blue of the flags, the gold of the central star overhead, the parti-colors of the banners and the green of the festoons, making the ensemble not unlike the fairy palace to which General Sherman compared it. The grand screenade began at half-past 8 o'clock the court corridors at that hour being massed with ladies and gentlemen, and the first floor, on which the President's rooms were located, being so crowded with fashionables that locomotion was a matter of no little difficulty. For an hour the band discuminated various melodies, the Presidential party being meanwhile at supper in their apartments. Shortly after half-past 9 Mrs. Have, escorted by Senator Sharon, promenaded the corridor circle and was the center of observation, until cheers and a clapping of hands annonneed the President's coming. Escorted by Colonel Jackson and Supervisor Stetson, he wilked to a table in the center of the west end and mounted it, being greeted with cheers by the throng in the court below.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS.

After music by the band Supervisor Stetson stepped forward and sad:

Ladies and Fellow-Ditizens: After what has transpired to-day I need only say "The President of the United States."

Thus introduced, President Hayes said:

"My friend has set me a very good example. After what has transpired to-day I surely ought not to detain you with a speech, and yet that puts me in a peculiar position. In view of the welcome I have received to your extraordinary city it would be a little untractous in me not to express my feelings, and look as if I lacked a true appreciation of your kinness if I did not make some acknowledgment. But no language at my command at any ordinary time and certainly none when I am dilled, as now. Therefore trust that you will excess me, and true that you, in your own minds, w

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way, walk fell dire

Sherman."

GENERAL SHERMAN.

The General mounted the table amburst of applause, and said with his usual politics.

"I had gone to my room for a quiet snow when the President sent for me. I don't much like speaking, but if there is anythin the world that would inspire a man it seeme like this. Nothing more beautiful believe, exists anywhere than this fairy pall of yours, lighted by electricity that the proper thing to do justice to these galler full of beautiful ladies. Not only one, it three, but six stories—"" 'Seven, General remarked a voice, "Seven the continued the General, amid lanter, "and down there at the both a crowd of American gentlemen just is every other crowd of American gentlemen just is every other crowd of Americans, dying to be somebody make a speech. [Laughter] don't seem to make any difference whet you talk sense or nonsense, it's all the sm But California is a point of land toward win all minds eastward turn with an interest and to that awakened by no other land earth. They think you people have yo pockets filled with gold. I haven't seem lifty-dollar slug for some time. I see y have got down to twenties, tens, dollars a also to good hard cents. [Frantic yells.] your achievements in the arts and industrating the seem of the state I am amply repaid. Peple used to wonder to me how I fed Sq. Soldiers in the pine woods of Georgia. It them I learned how in seeing white-hair make a journey of 2000 miles over a count where there was not a human habitatic.

them I learned how in seeing white-harea and men and women, and infants in arms, make a journey of 2000 miles over a country where there was not a human habitation. The California Pioneers taught me some lessons I have never forgotten, and are the best I think I ever learned in my life. There is no land where the people are better dressed, better satisfied intellectually and socially with their families about them, than the people in California. You have a thousand things to be thankful for, and you have some disadvantages, but I hope and pray to-night that contentment may be the lot of every man within the sound of my voice. You have much to be thankful for—plenty of dust and things. [Laughter,] Gentlemen, I am glad to see you. Good-night."

The General was frequently interrupted by applause and laughter. Mrs Hayes was then assisted to the table, and bowed in response to a cheer from the throng. The party then returned to their rooms and the spectators began to disperse.

A CALL FROM THE SUPERVISORS
The President was immediately afte interviewed in his rooms by the Bo Supervisors, with the exception of I Mason and Schottler, who were del

see and to you, as a man and the head of our nation, we beg to present this token of our half he head of our nation, we beg to present this token of our half he head of our nation, we beg to present this token of our half he head of our nation, we beg to present this token of our half he head of he had not he head of he had not he head our half he head of he he had not he

A FALLING AWNING.

Several Persons Buried Under-neath the Ruins.

In order to see the procession better yesterday, as it passed through the principal streets of Oakland, a large number of persons availed themselves of the opportunity to crowd upon the balconies, awning, and every available nook and corner along the line of march. Shortly before I o'clock, as the procession was marching up Seventh street an awning in front of the Republican headquarters, on Broadway street, on which between twenty-five and thirty people were standing, gave way, and they were precipitated to the sidewalk. But a few moments before the awning directly underneath it, and but for the warning given by the cracking of the old rotton timber which supported it they would instantly have been crushed to death. A forse which had been tethered to the post a short time before became frightened when it became to crack and giving a pull backwards snapped it in two. Quite a number of those standing under the awning were injured, and a number of them saved themselves by springing out of the way. None of those who fell with the awning sustained any very springing out of the way. None of those who fell with the awning sustained any very springing out of the way. None of those who fell with the awning sustained any very springing out of the way. None of those who fell with the awning sustained any very springing out of the way. None of those who fell with the awning a crowd of willing hands set to work to extricate the wounded and bruised. M. Hansen, a departy-sheriff of this sidy, who causes at No. 110942 Montgomery street, was day out from underneath the ruins, placed upon a door and carried into Riley's drug store, where it was found that his left arm was broken and that his spine was severely into a livery stable opposite, with a leg broken, and afterwants taken to her home, where she was attended by Dr. Wheeler. Mrr. J. H. Ham, who lives had his knee severely cut, and Frank Jacob, a boy about 14 years old, employed in the dry goods store of H. B. Coffee, near the spine, and with the assistance of their friend In order to see the procession better yesterday, as it passed through the principal streets of Oakland, a large number of persons availed

others, who were in his company, escaped harmed.

*hine. — Sunshine is bequifful and joy-in always. All things animate and inanimate a new life in its presence. Not a flower but ly recognizes it, not a song brid but carels ever under its touch. How the rivulets flash a broad waters shimmer to his glance, while ley atmosphere is goldenly a haze, and the did woods and mountains are all aflame with a martin that under the cloud and the night seemed like one stricken with a mighty sore witreads her round of space like a new-ed queen. Who amid the gushing sunshine mk of aught but life, health, joy, music, beausplender?

The Minister's Daughter.

In the minister's morning sermon He had told of the primal fall, And how thenceforth the wrath of God Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure, All souls, save a chosen few, Were doomed to the quenchless burning And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason A saintlier soul was tried, And never the harsh old lesson A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service On that pleasant Sabbath day, He walked with his little daughter Thro' the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows Sparrow and blackbird sung; Above him their tinted petals The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory
The minister looked and smiled:
"How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child!

"Behold in the bloom of apples And the violets in the sward A hint of the old, lost beauty Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink:
"O Father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no garden of Eden There never had been a fall, And if never a tree had blossomed God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By His decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him too;
But I wish He was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister grouned in spirit
As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered The words of the little one; Had he erred in his life-long teaching? Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol Had he lent the holiest name? Dld his own heart, loving and human, The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness, From the tender skies above, And the face of his little daughter, He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror Of Sinai's mount of law, But as Christ in the Syrian lilies The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb, Of old was His presence known, The dread Ineffable Glory Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.
—J. G. Whittier in the Atlantic Monthly.

shadow band.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

That is the land where baby dwells; All thines are shadows to his blue eyes. Houses and trees and flowers and shells And men and women and butterflies.

The moon is a shadowy, yellow thing, Which he reaches to grasp with his fingers

small, And the birds are shadows which flit and Mid shadow nests on the vine-clad wall.

All, all alike are the large and the less; Alike to baby are near and far; And his cries demand with an equal stress The rose on the tree and the far-hung star.

One only thing is real and nigh,
The touch of the mother close-embrace,
The mother's breast, with its sweet supply,
And the mother kiss on his soft, soft face,

These baby trusts, and baby knows
They never fall him or disappear;
And he pillows his cheek, like a budding
rose,
Content and safe in the known and near,

The shadows may come, and the shadows

may go, And dance and shift, and meet and part, But one sure thing does the baby know, And he clings content to his mother's heart.

The Water Mill.

BY D. C. M'CALLUM

Oh! listen to the water mill, through all the livelong day, as the clicking of its wheels wears hour by

hour away; How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves, As on the field the reapers sing, while bind-

as on the field the reapers sing, while bind-ing up the sheaves, A selemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast: "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth and main.
The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain;
The rippling stream flows ever on, aye, tranguil, deep and still.
But never glideth back again to busy water mill.
The solemn proverb spake to all, with toganing deep and vast.
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing, too;
Ant learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will n'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away;
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broadcast—
'The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have swiftly drifted by,
Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;
tove that we might once have saved by a single kindly word.
Thoughts conceived but no'er expressed, perishing, unpenned, unheard.
Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp if fast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength and will,
The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water mill;
Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way,
For all that thou canst call thine own lies in the phrase "to-day,"
Possessions, power and blooming health must all be lost at last—
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow man, thyself

consider last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark
errors of the past;
Soon will this flight of life be o'er, and earth

recede from yiew,'
And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true.
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times:
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and stage by stage,
As the pitlless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteen century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swalns at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old:
So they couple the crook of the Golden Age
With a hook in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round Heard news of his latest flame; and Tityrus made the woods rescund With echoes of Daphne's name. They kindly left us a lasting gauge of their musical art, we're told: And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

by ellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shaw,
And nothing for crinoline,
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And in spite of Lempriere's dazzling page,
Fd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.
—Henry S. Leigh.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habituated with the winter, and small obligations given habituated with a cyrose wreath at her head. ally, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphry Davy.

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Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Cast thy bread upon the waters-For results make no provision, But with faith that never falters Sow thy seed and fill thy mission!

Cast thy bread upon the waters. Willing souls make no complaining, And delay no guerdon offers: Cast it early, time is waning!

Cast thy bread upon the waters, Ere the golden bowl be broken-Ere the oracles that taught us Be but words untimely spoken!

Cast thy bread upon the waters. Cast it ere the cup is shattered, For the deed will yet allot us Blessings that are freely scattered!

Cast thy bread upon the waters, Out upon the boundless ocean, And before celestial altars Bow thy head in meek devotion!

Cast thy bread upon the waters, To that ocean is no limit,
For the symbol long hath taught us Some poor suffering soul may win it!

Cast thy bread upon the waters; O, for words and deeds combining! O, for types and models not as With a spurious luster shining!

Cast thy bread upon the waters; O, for things sublime and real!
O, for life that sweetly brought us Visions of its own ideal!

Cast thy bread upon the waters A divine command—O, heed it!
Whether it be loaves or coffers, Words of wisdom, all are needed!

Cast thy bread upon the waters. Let thine hand be firm and steady: And, with faith that never falters. Sow thy seed—the soil is ready! SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1881.

SONG OF THE ICEBERG.

From the frozen heart of the glittering north Exulting Pve burst away! On the ocean tide forever to ride— Ha! ha! who biddethme stay?

I am not old, for a thousand years
Have but brightened my crystal blood;
I fill my cup with the storm cloud's tears,
And gather the snow for food.

Men quake as the lifting folds of storm Uncover my ghastly face; There is wee in the sweep of my giant arm, There is death in my chill embrace!

To our ice-barred lands the vygmy race Unbidden essayed to pass— I beckoned my brothers to come apace, And we shivered their fleets like glass!

But there came a youth to our desolate realm, A pale and sleuder man; With nerve of aron he grasped the helm, And laughed at our idle ban!

He fastened his ship in a rock-bound bay—
"The ice is around her still!"
But we could not hinder his northward way
Or fetter that chainless will.

The silent shores of the uttermost sea With reverent feet he trod — We knew by the glance of his sleepless eye That he was the sent of God.

From the frozen heart of the glittering north
Exulting I've burst away!
On the ocean tide forever to ride—
Ha! ha! Who biddeth me stay?

I'll wander away to the tropic isles:
I'll traverse the realms of noon;
Anartic kinsmen are waiting for me—
I'll join their revelry soon!

But what is this in the atmosphere? And what is that eye of flame That burns and burns to my very heart, And withers my giant frame?

I have shivered the lightnings on my breast-I have mocked at the whirlwind's mood— But the sun ha'h smitten my shining crest, And the ocean drinks my blood.

AROUND THE YEAR.

Love came to me in the Spring-time, With the soft, sweet April showers; Her breath was the breath of the woodland, And her lap was filled with flowers.

Her step was a song in the silence; Is melody rose and fell As shedanced through the fragrant twilight To the bower we knew so well.

And the Spring glided on to the Summer With the fisme of its fervent darts, And the noon of the fleeting season Was the noon of our beating hearts. But the Autumn came with its shadows, And noon was no longer not: And the frost crept into our pulses, And Summer and Spring was not.

Righteousness is immortal.—[Wisdom I: 15.

Ignorance is a subject of pity, not laughter.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is



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[Written for The Boston Journal.]

The Waterbury (Ct.) American relates the tolowing romande story concerning the tall elm trees on Stiles's Hill, in the town of Southbury. More than 60 years ago two little girls were went to pass over the summit of this hill daily during the summer season, to drive their father's cows to pasture. They were impressed by the standy attributes of the elevation, and often the summer to gaze at the widespread landscape. One day they conceived the idea of planting each a tree upon the summit, which should be them a reminder of their childhood days in in the years to come. They put their idea into effect, and two stender elm shoots soon waved their green branches as solitary sentinels in the open space round about. Years passed by and the shoots grew into tall, stalwart trees. The girls grew to womanhood and passed out of the parental home into the great wide world. Occasionally they would meet one another and allude to the living reminders of youthful days, and often they would visit the familiar haunts of their girlhood and would sit beneath the wide-spreading branches of the manmoth elms. About fivers ago one of the girls died, an aged lady of almost eighty. Scarcely had the intelligence of her death reached the neighborhood of her youth than the residents observed that one of the old cims was dying. Its leaves wited and withered as though sorched by flame, and lahough midsummer, yet the foltage fell to the room, leaving the naked, lifeless branches and stock looking desolate enough. Decay quickly followed in the great tree trunk, and during a life wind, one night the following winter, it did to the carth. The other girl, though an octogranian, still lives, and the old elm which she lanted in her fresh young girlhood still lives, and that the old elm which she lanted in her fresh young girlhood still lives, and that the old elm which she lanted in her fresh young girlhood still lives, and that the old elm which she lanted in her fresh young sinhoud the following winter, it did to

His homestead to adorn.

Like beauteous flowers fast they grew, And as the years rolled by, Their little hands and pattering feet Kept constant company.

They roamed the tangled wildwood through, And waded in the brooks,
They chased the flitting butterflies,
Or hid in shady nooks,

For hen's nests hidden in the barn They searched the hay-mows sweet,
They gathered apples, fed the chicks,
And kept the garden neat.

True farmers' girls, in fact, were they, With ever willing hearts, And nimble feet about the farm To do their humble parts.

O'er Stiles's hill they drove the cows From pastures far away, When summer's sun brought tardy eve, And back at early day.

And often when they climbed the hill They stood with pleasure bound,
To watch the beauteous landscape spread About for miles around.

The summit of the hill was bare, No waving branches made For tired feet, a resting place Beneath their grateful shade.

One summer day, while lingering there, They thought, with childish ways, To plant two trees, mementoes of Their happy childhood days.

That should they come in after years To roam the old paths ger, The trees would be true fiving links With pleasures gone before.

Twas done; and soon two slender elms Upon the hilltop stood, Like sentinels to warn of storms, The valley sheltered wood.

As years pasted by, the green shoots grew To tall and stately trees, Whose widespread branches waved before The gentlest summer breeze.

So, too, the girls, with sturdy growth Of body and of mind, Attained to grace of womanhood, Well-cultured and refined.

They left the farm and wandered far Away from Southbury town, And wide diverging pathways trod, Before they settled down.

But 'mid the joys of city life Fond thoughts would freely come, Of hillside, vale and purling brooks, About the dear old home.

EEF

And oft the two would meet around The farmer's frugal board, Or sit beneath the mammoth elms, With memories well stored, And tell the tales of other days,

The planting of the little shoots The searching in the mows, The roaming through the tangled woods,

The paddling in the brooks, The chase for flitting butterflies, The hiding in the nooks,

The gathering of the apples ripe.
The garden filled with flowers, And other bright mementoes of Their childhood's fleeting hours;

And thus fond memories of the past Would they to mind recall,
While seated in the grateful shade
Beneath the elm trees tall.

Five years ago, one sister died. Endeared to all her friends, For eighty years, by loving deeds, And charms affection lends.

The news had scarcely been received By those in Southbury town, Ere one great elm was seen to droop, Its leaves to flutter down:

And though midsummer scarce had come, The foliage fell away,
And left the stock and branches bare,

As though of fire the prey. Decay soon followed in the trunk, And long ere winter passed,

It prostrate fell upon the earth, Before a furious blast.

The other sister still survives. Though fourscore years and o'er, And still her tree with sturdy growth Increases more and more.

But yet the neighbors, knowing well The facts here noted down,
With interest watch the lives of both, So long in Southbury town,

Convinced there lies between the two So strong a subtle tie, That if the one but cease to breathe, The other soon will die.

Who knows? We cannot see beyond, Nor tell from day to day, But that such incidents are part Of God's "mysterious way.

GUARD WELL THE CHILDREN.

The cruel flames, like an angry tide, Were sweeping in wrath o'er the city wide, Alike o'er the homes of high and low, Carrying blight in their awful glow; And the people in terror, from street to street, Ran to find shelter and safe retreat.

Some in their hands carried treasures dear They had prized and hoarded many a year; And some carried wealth of silver and gold Or precious gens, of value untold. And many a moan, and many a sigh, Went forth as they glanced at the luvid sky.

In one humble abode, that awful day, An one numble accele, that await day, On a pillow, a sleeping infant lay, And the parents fond, as the fire drew near, Thought of naught else but their darling there; And the father held close, as they hurried away The child, and the pillow on which it lay.

Along with the jostling crowd they passed, And this father closely his treasure clasped; So warm it lay, on his throbbing breast, So tenderly round it his arms he pressed! Till at last they reached a resting place, And paused for a look at the little face.

Gently the burden he raised from his breast, The pillow was there that dear head had pressed, But the babe was gone! Its form so slight Had slipped from its place and was lost in their

And methinks the angels wept, on high, As those hearts sent up their piteous cry.

We love our children. We hold them fast, We love our children. We note them last, close pressed in our arms, but still at last We look with a start to find them gone;
The pillow is there they rested upon, But our arms clasp not the babes to-day,
They've slipped from us in life's crowded way!

Oh, yet while we hold and call them ours, And their hearts are pure as the opening flowers, Let us watch, and pray, and guard with care, And then, when we find the pillow bare, This hepe will come to ease the pain—Some day we shall find our babes again!

San Francisco, Jan. 13, 1881.

—M. G.

THEN AND NOW,

You loved me once, * * ah, well I knew it then!
One night you kissed me, underneath the roses,
And said that we must never kiss again.
That was the parting * * that strange moment,
The when

The heart is weakness and its strength discloses. I knew you loved me then!

Yes love me yet ah, well I know it nowl by these few stolen kisses, sad as tender. That gave my spirit strength, I know not how, Falling like bensens on lip-and brow. To fill my soul with mingled gloom and spleudors. I know you love me now!

As then and now, O let it be for a yet
Le those dear lips still tell the sweet old story.
Let those kind kisses still drive grief away.
Lichten my heavy cross from day to day,
And mase my crown of thorns a crown of glory
For ever and for a ye!

GEORGE ARNOLD,

The Year of Nines.

EDITOR MORNING CALL:-I think the following, which I discovered by figuring, will prove interesting to your readers, and I submit it to you for publication in The Call: The present year, 1881, presents some curious combinations in regard to the figure 9. The Roman Indication in the chro-nological cycles is 9. The first two figures, added, make 9; the last two also make 9. If you add is and 81 we have 99, or two mines; substracting is from 81 gives 63, and 6 and 3 make 9; multiplying and \$1\$ we have \$9\$, or two nines; substracting 18 from \$1\$ gives \$3\$, and \$6\$ and \$3\$ make \$9\$; multiplying all the figures, \$1\$ \$8\$ \$1\$, makes \$64\$, divide this by \$12\$, for the number of months in the year, and it makes \$5\$ and \$4\$ over. Blvide \$1\$ said \$1\$ said \$1\$ said \$4\$ make \$9\$. Divide \$1\$ said \$1\$ said \$1\$ said \$1\$ said \$2\$ said \$4\$ over. Add the figures \$1\$ \$8\$ 1 and \$1\$ makes \$4\$ and \$9\$ over. Add the figures \$1\$ \$8\$ 1 and \$1\$ makes \$4\$ and \$9\$ over. Add the figures \$1\$ \$8\$ 1 and \$1\$ makes \$4\$ and \$1\$ over. Add the figures \$1\$ \$8\$ 1 and \$2\$ make \$9\$, or half of \$1\$ is \$9\$. Divide \$1\$ said \$1\$ makes \$9\$, or half of \$1\$ is \$9\$. Divide \$1\$ said \$1\$ makes \$9\$, or half of \$1\$ is \$9\$. Divide \$1\$ said \$1\$ makes \$9\$, makes \$9\$, or half of \$1\$ is \$1\$ said \$1\$ makes \$9\$. Duble \$9\$ and \$1\$ makes \$9\$, multiply \$1\$ and \$8\$, make \$9\$, or half of the balance and it makes \$9\$. Duble \$9\$ and \$1\$ makes \$9\$. Multiply the days in the months of the year, \$1\$ by \$9\$, and we get \$10\$, and \$2\$ diag \$1\$ \$8\$ makes \$9\$. Multiply the days in the month, \$3\$, by \$9\$ = 270\$, and \$2\$ and \$7\$ and \$0\$ make \$9\$. Multiply the hours in a day, \$24\$, by \$9\$ = 216\$, which figures added make \$9\$. Multiply the minutes in an hour, \$6\$, by \$9\$ = 540\$, which also make \$9\$. Divide \$35\$ days in a year by \$9\$, and we get \$9\$ and \$6\$ and \$6\$ make \$9\$. It will also be seen that the ninth month in this year of nines contains nine letters, and that the ninth month will have five conditions of the month's phases, while the others have only four. There are other similar results. It will be many years before there can be another such in the resulting combination of figures as \$1\$ signesents.

A Kiss at the Door.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I—
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently;
A small white hand upon my arm,
What could I ask for more,
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door?

I know she loves with all her heart. The one who stands beside.
And the years have been so joyous. Since first I called her bride!
We've had so much of happiness. Since we met in years before, But-the happiest time of all was.
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold, Who cares for weath of sing or good,
Of fame, or matchless power;
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
And I thought she did this morning,
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seemed that all the world,
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor, indeed,
Compared with what I hold!
And when the clouds hang dim and dark
I only think the more
Of "one" who waits the coming step
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
The frost upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to Heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

A Letter.

You blame me, love, that I have not sent you Letter and letter from day to day; Blame that the grace which my heart has lent you.

No written words have been called to Say.
Dear, is it not that I love completely:
Commonplace words are too weak to bear Songs that my heart have been singing sweetly.

Wishes and wants that are grown a prayer?

I lift up the blossom that lies beside me,
Kissing its life with a thought of you;
And should I ask for a gift denied me,
"Twere but to gaze in your eyes of blue.
Sweet, shall I write of my love forever,
Over and over, by line and line,
Vow that no time can our true hearts sever,
Vow that no faith is so firm as mine?

Nay, 'twere a wearisome tale repeating This to the one that is true and tried; Better to wait for your spoken greeting. Wait till you reach me your arms thrown

Wait till you reach me your arms thrown wide.
Then can I tell to your soul my story,
Tell it in words that I may not write;
Oft-repeating would deaden its glory,
And nothing but love will my pen indite.

— A thankful spirit has always fresh matter for thankfulness. To praise God for the past is the sure way to secure mercies for the future. Prayer and praise live or die together.—[Romaine.
— Marriage—The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children.

of a family is not willing to blush before his children.

— Good words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveller cast off his cloak, which all the blustering wind could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him.—(Leighton.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
One, two, three, fur. five, six, seven!—
'One, two, three, fur. five, six, seven!—
'S ven whole days! Why, in six, you know
(You said it yourse f—you told me so),
The great God, up in Heaven,
Made all the earth, and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds, and the butterfles!

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
Hear me count—one, two, thre, four—Four whole weeks and three days more;
Thirty one days and each will creep.
As the shadows crawl over yond; seep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shad lie
Watch! g the stars climb up the sky!
How can I want till a nonth is o'er?"

"But a year is so lo g!" he said.

Uplitting his bright young head.

"All the sessors must come and go
Over the hills with footst-ps slow—
Antumn and winter, summer and spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling.
Over the chasm deep and wide.
That I might cross to the other side.
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long!" he said Slow raising his stately head. "But there's much to win, there is much to But there's much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
At dhe must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would west
The crown of honor, must do and dare!
No tile has he to toy with fale
Who would climb to manhood's high estate!

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head
"One, two three, lour, nve six, seven!—
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! As swift their flight
A s swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, O God! is Elernity?"

—Harper's Basaar.

Two Mornings.

In armor strong the fearless knight At daybreak rode away, And from her window in the tower The lady watched all day.

There stood that morning by the gate A little page, to see, And wished to be, in years to come, As grand a knight as he.

All day the idle echoes brought, Like noises in a dream, The roar of fighting from afar, The dashing of a stream;

And when the stars came, one by one, The lady could not sleep; She feared the shadows in the room, She heard the waters leap.

The daylight lingered ere it came, And hardly with surprise She heard the tale the servants brought, With terror in her eyes;

How, at the close barred castle gate, At daybreak they had found The knight's horse, which came drooping Weak with a mortal wound.

Oh! all forlorn and riderless,
Stained with his master's blood,
With human sorrow in his look,
He, hurt and trembling, stood.

The lady did not speak. She came Beside the horse to stand; She kissed the bridle where the knight Had held it in his hand.

And all day she longed and feared To hear the soldiers' tread, When they came marching up the glen To bring the knight home dead.

She wished the women would not wail; She hoped that she might die; She longed to be the little page, Who hid himself to cry. Sarah O. Jewett, in Hyrper's Magazine for

WHEN LOVERS MEET.

That autumn night, so wondrous bright,
Still gleams through mists of years.
'Twas bathed in rays of silver light
And music soft from wavelets white.
Ah, me! it held no tears
That autumn night.

That happy night, all moonlight barr'd Sient on the ocean's shore. Purple heavens nun golden starr'd Their beauty by no cloud shape marr'd Above our love-clasped hands That happy night.

That starry night, when scarce a sound Disturbed the fractant air. When sweetest winds that hovered round Were not as sweet as gyres that bound Our hearts in fetters there

That starry night.

That silvery night, when perfect rest
Stole to my louding hear;
When for my love seemed found a breast,
Seemed found for aye a haven blest,
From which to never part
That silvery night.

That perfect night, when lips now cold Bestowed their sweets on mine, My love it died. The tale is told. But never more my life can hold, White autumn moons shall shine, A perfect night.

INGERSOLL.

The Eloquent Colonel Delivers a Breezy Lecture.

His Subject the Query, What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

The Orator Attacks Men, Sects, the Gospels and the Original Bible Manuscripts-An Address That Marked by Less Blasphemy Than Is Ingersoll's Wont.

Chicago Inter-Ocean, September 20th. McVicker's Theater was thronged yesterday afternoon as Robert G. Ingersoil stepped on the stage, at 2:30 o'clock, to deliver his newest lecture, "What Must I do to be Saved?" The general hand-clapping that greeted him showed that sentiments more friendly than cold curiosity had drawn the majority to the place. The highest gallery, packed to the last bench, was perhaps the noisiest part of the house. The average appearance of those present was, at as the 80 far could range, such as characterizes the best audiences to be found in the theaters. Well known ladies and gentlemen were scattered about, and on their faces was marked the closest attention and interest. "Pope Bob" is not always irreverent, and especially in the humorous line there was much that he said to evoke unanimous appreciation—or nearly so. The discourse was, as a lit-erary effort, one of the freethinker's strongest, full of epigrams and incisiveness, but rather toned down, in the opinion of some, from the "superabundant blasphemy" of some of its predecessors. Point after point flashed out under his brilliant oratory, and applause or laughter waited upon almost every sentence. Not the least enjoyed every sentence. Not the least enjoyed part of the speech was the reply to a political interpolation from the gallery; indeed, andience and orator alike were so gallery; well pleased that the dissection of the four gospels promised for a time to give place permanently to that of the two parties. However, as the lecture was OVER TWO HOURS AND A HALF LONG. The digression was well enough proportioned, and for the pleasure of at least a

respectable minority, it might well have stopped only with the speaker.

In the course of his introduction Colonel Ingersoll defended infidelity as enhancing the prosperity of nations. Spain, Portugal and Italy were the three worst nations. Spain, Portugal and Italy were the three worst nations in Europe, while the one nearest infidelity—France—was the most prosperous. There could be no danger in the exercise of absolute intellectual freedom. He would, therefore, inquire, Who wrote the New Testament? "I don't know. Who does know? Nobody. [Laughter.] All the fifty-two manuscripts are written in Greek; the disciples of Christ knew only Hebrew. [Laughter.] Nobody ever saw, so far Gisciples of Christ knew only Hebrew. [Laughter.] Nobody ever saw, so far as we know, one of the original Hebrew manuscripts. Nobody ever saw anybody who had seen anybody who had heard of anybody that had seen anybody that had written them. [Great laughter.] No doubt the clergy of your city have told you these facts thousands of times, and they will be obliged to me for have. and they will be obliged to me for hav and they will be obliged to me for nav-ing repeated them once more. In the original manuscripts the gospels are signed by nobody, the epistles are ad-dressed to nobody, and they are signed by the same person. [Laughter.] In-terpolations have supplied these defects and everybody who has studied the sub-It has been claimed that ject knows it knows it. It has been claimed that he have been mistranslations, and have a syndicate now making a translation, and I suppose I can't liv tell whether I believe it or not have the syndicate that the syndicate in the syndicate is the syndicate of the syndicate o really tell whether I believe it or not until I see that new translation. [Laugh-ter.] Christ never wrote a solitary word of the New Testament. There is an ac-

count that he once stooped and WROTE SOMETHING ON THE SAND,

But that has not been preserved. [Laughter.] He never told anybody to write a word; He never said, Matthew, remember this; Mark, don't forget to but that down; Luke, be sure that in your gospel you have this; John, don't forget it; [laughter] not one word, and it has always seemed to me that, coming from another world with a message infinitely important to mankind, He might at least have verified that message by His own signature. Why was nothing written? I will tell you. They thought the world was coming to an end in a very few days, and they even went so far among the apostles, as we do now before elections are a divided on the comments. days, and they even went so far among the apostles, as we do now before election, as to divide up the offices in advance. [Applause and laughter.] The New Testament was not finished for hundreds of years after the apostles were dead. Its assertions lived in the open mouth of credulity, in the wastebasket of forgetfulness, and if I had basket of forgetfulness, and if I had time I could pick out a hundred interpolations.

"Let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ I have infinite respect. [Applause.] Let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for that the place where man has died for man is holy ground; let me say, once for all, to that great and serene man I gladly pay the homage of my admiration and my tears. [Applause.] He was a reformer in His day. He was an infidel in His time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and His life was destroyed by hypocrites, who have in all aggregation. by hypocrites, who have in all ages done what they could to trample freedom out what they could to trample freedom out of the human mind. [Applause.] Had I lived at that time I would have been His friend [applause], and should He come again He will not find a better friend than I am. That for the man. For the theological creation I have a different feeling. If He was in fact God, He knew there was no such thing as death; He knew that what we call death was but the eternal opening of the was but the eternal opening of the golden gates of everlasting joy, and it took no heroism to face a death

THAT WAS SIMPLY ETERNAL LIFE. [Applause.] But for the man who said, 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

'My God, why hast thou forsaken me?' for that man I have nothing but admiration, respect and love. [Applause.]
"A while ago I made up my mind to find out what it was necessary for me to do in order to be saved. [Laughter.] If I have a soul, I want it saved—I don't want to lose anything [laughter]—anything of value. For thousands of years the world has been asking the question. thing of value. For thousands of years the world has been asking the question, how to be saved from the eternal wrath of the God who made us all. If God made us he will not destroy us. [Ap-plause.] Infinite wisdom never made a plause.] Infinite wisdom never made a poor investment, and upon all the works of an infinite God a dividend must finally be declared. [Applause.] The doctrine of endless punishment has filled the world with tears; I despise it, and I defy it."

He had read the Bible. He found the He had read the Bible. He found the clergy building on texts that were interpolated. St. Matthew never heard of his gospel, but the speaker would admit that he had written it for the purpose of argument. Matthew said the way to be saved was to have the virtues argument of the source on the mount. enumerated in the sermon on the mount. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake"—that's me, a little [laughter]—"for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"If you forgive other men their trespasses, I will forgive you." "There is an offer, and I accept it. I will never ask any God to treat me better than I treat my fellow men. There is a square promise; contract [laughter], and it does not say that you must believe in the Old Testament, nor be baptized, nor keep Sunday. No God can afford to damn a forgiving man.'

"Will he forgive Democrats?" a gal-

lery god inquired.
"Oh, certainly," replied the "Pope."
"Let me say right here [laughter] that I know lots of Democrats—

GREAT, BROAD, WHOLE-SOULED, CLEVER

And I love them [applause], and the only bad thing about them is that they vote the Democratic ticket [great laughter and applause]; and I know lots of ter and applause]; and I know lots of Republicans so mean and narrow that the only decent thing about them is that they vote the Republican ticket. [Applause.] Let me explain myself. For instance, I hate Presbyterianism, but I know hundreds of splendid Presbyterians. I hate Methodism [laughter], yet I know hundreds of splendid tethodism [stanget for splendid tethodism].

I dislike a certain set of principles called Democracy, and yet I know hundreds of Democrats that I respect and like. I like a certain set of principles—that is, most of them—that is called Republicanism, and yet I know lots of Republicanism, and yet I know lots of Republicanism. cans who are disgraces to themselves

and those principles. I don't war against men, but against certain doctrines which I believe to be wrong, and I give to every other human being the same right that I claim for myself. [Applause.] Of course, I don't intend tosame right that factories and the plause.] Of course, I don't intend to-day to tell what we must do in the election for the purpose of being saved." [Great applause, which broke out again

and again.]
Getting back to his subject the orator quoted further from St. Matthew, and commended his words, especially, "He shall reward every man according to his commended his words, especially, "He shall reward every man according to his work." He also commended Christ's saying to His followers, "Except ye become as little children." What an interesting dimpled darling John Calvin was. [Laughter.] Think of that birdling babe, known as Jonathan Edwards. Think of the infants that founded the inquisition with infernal instruments to torture poor human flesh. They were the ones who "had become as little children."

At considerable length the interview

At considerable length the interview between Christ and Nicodemus was re-viewed, Christ's injunctions being com-mended in the main. "The young man said, though I think

HE WAS A LITTLE FRESH [Laughter], probably mistaken, 'said unto Him all these things have I kept from my youth up.' I don't believe that. [Laughter.] Now comes in an interpolation. In the old times, when the church got a little scarce for money they always put in a passage praising. the church got a little searce for money they always put in a passage praising poverty. [Laughter.] So we have this young man asking, 'What lack I yet?' 'And Jesus said unto him. If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasures in heaven.' [Applause and laughter.] The church has always been willing to swan off treasures in and laughter.] The church has always been willing to swap off treasures in heaven for cash down. [Great laughter and applause.] But when the next verse was written the church must have verse was written the church must have been dead broke. [Laughter.] 'And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' [Laughing and loud laughter.] Did you ever know a wealthy disciple to unload on account of that load on account of that verse? [Great laughter.] Another verse I believe to have been an interpolation, 'And every one that hath forsaken houses and brothers and sisters and father and mother and wife and children and lands for My name's sake shall receive a hundred fold and shall inherit everlasting life.' Christ never said it [applause], never. I will never desert the one I love for the favor of any god. [Applause.] It is much better that we [Applause.] It is much better that we should love our wives than any god, and I will tell you why: You can't help Him and you can help her; you can fill her life with the perfume of perpetual joy. It is far more important that you should love your children than you should love Jesus Christ. It is far more important to build a home than a church; the holiest temple beneath the stars is the holiest temple beneath the stars is the home which love has built. St. Au-gustine urged men to fly from the arms of wives, if need be, to the desert and save their souls. While I live I

PROPOSE TO STAND BY THE FOLKS. [Laughter.] God will not allow to live in the eternal nakedness of pain the man

who has clothed others, who has been pitiful, who has been forgiving, and from the aspersions of the pulpit I seek to rescue the reputation of the deity." [Applause.]

The speaker took up Mark and said this evangelist agreed substantially with Matthew, up to "that infamous interpo-lation in the fifteenth chapter, of ambitious priests who would grasp universal dominion, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned."

The orator set out elaborately to prove this an interpolation, saying first, that none of the other gospels had any such reports of Christ's most important conversation. "What other reasons have I got? That there is not a particle of

sense in it. Why? No man can his belief. You must believe must. He might as well hay must. He might as well has 'Whosoever has red hair saved, and whosoever has not damed.' [Laughter.] Bring saved, and whosoever has not shall be damed.' [Laughter.] Bring on your believer, and let him, if the promise is good, cast out a devil. I don't claim a large one; just a little one for a cent. [Laughter.] 'And if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. Let me mix up a dose, and if it don't hurt them I will just join the church. [Laughter.] Some say that applies only to the apostolic age, but the promise is to them that believe until the whole world is visited, and Christ well knew that one-half of the world would be unknown to the other for 1,492 years. The only reason that signs should follow reason that signs should follow do be to convince the unbelievers, and there are as many unbelievers in the world now as then, and signs are just as necessary to-day as ever. I would like a few of them myself,"

[Laughter.]
That passage made the horizon of a thousand years.

LURID WITH PERSECUTING FIRES,

It contradicted the sermon on the mount, and turned Christianity into a civil system of simple belief. "I deny that Christ ever said it." [Applause.]

Luke said: "Forzive and ye shall be forgiven." Good. Christ on his cross forgave his murderers, and yet would

he damn to eternal fire an honest man of the nineteenth century for expressing his honest thoughts? Not much. The thief was promised by Christ to meet him in Paradise simply through pity. Christ could not condemn any man who

had pity.

John was not written till centuries af-John was not written the centures at-ter the death of Christ, and his writings laid the foundation for the "real pres-ence" and many other doctrines un-known before. The orator did not be-lieve them, and if there was to be a day of judgment he would walk up like a man and say he was mistaken great

man and say he was mistaken [great laughter], and would say unto God, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

Speaking of the Roman Catholic Church he said that she had persecuted to the extent of her power, and always would. In Spain she was rampant; in the United States she crawled, but the the United States she crawled, bit the object in both countries was entirely the same, and that was the destruction of intellectual liberty. [Applause.] Rome had pronounced celibacy better than that passion of love that had made everything of beauty in this world. No girl should be allowed to take the vail, and renounce the heauty of the world [great applause] until she was at least twenty-five years of age. "Wait until she knows what she wants." [Laughshe knows what she wants." ter.] I am opposed to allowing these spider like priests to weave webstocatch the flies of youth, and there should be a law appointing commissioners to visit such places twice a year

AND RELEASE EVERY PERSON Who desires to be released. [Applause.] I don't believe in keeping penitahiaries for God. [Applause.] No doubt they are honest about it. That is not the

question.
The lecturer read and commented on

question.

The lecturer read and commented on the Tridentine creeds and others, especially regarding the Trinity, and kept the audience roaring. A monument as great as the pyramids would be made by the bones of those slain by the Boman Catholic Church, "Catholicism is contrary to human liberty; Catholicism teaches man to trample his reason ander foot, and for that reason it is wrong."

He then took up the Episcopal Church for review. "That church, if had a few more ceremonles, would be Catholic, if it had a few less, nothing [Laughter.] The Episcopal Church in [Laughter.] The Episcopal Church in in [Laughter.] The Episcopal Church in in the house, a gentleman by the name of Seabny was sent over to England to get some apostolic succession; we didn'thave any in the house. [Laughter.] It was necin the house, [Laughter.] It was necin the house, [Laughter.] It was necin the current of the English archishops to essary for the English archishops to turn to Scotland. If the Seotch had to turn to Scotland. If the Seotch had to furn to Scotland. If the shad the refused we would never have had the refused we would never have had the refused we have the unbroken species to the heads and hands from Sk, Paul to the last bishop." [Laughter.] In this last bishop." [Laughter.] In this country the Episcopal Church had done country the Episcopal Church had done

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had l But] Wha verse amusements, as dancing and card praying, "and for all these things accept my thanks," [Applaise]

ing, "and for all these things accept my thanks." [Applause.]
Methodism was based on the idea that if people were going in floods over a Niagara into hell something should be said about it, and loudly. [Applause and laughter.] "They were right, if such a place exists." Mr. Wesiey believed he talked with devils, and that miracles were wrought for him—such as his horse being cured of lameness.

WESLEY AND WHITELED FELL OUT

WESLEY AND WHITFIELD FELL OUT About predestination, Wesley claiming that God put a plate at the table for every man. Probably no church in the world had done as much preaching for as little money. [Laughter.] "Good honest people, only mistaken." They used to separate men and women—a little barbarous. They now found that a man could praise God just as well between two women he knew as between men.

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"The next church, the Presbyterian, in my judgment, is the worst of all so far as creed is concerned. This church was founded by John Calvin, the murderer. [Sensation.] It thrives best in a poor soil." The speaker read recently a dialogue between John Knox and John Calvin. "Imagine a dialogue between pestilence and famine." This church made God a fiend. "I have said, and I say it again, I don't wish to be a charity angel; I have no ambition to become a winged pauper of the skies." Ingersoll was recently given a tract by a new ly angel; I have no ambition to become a winged pauper of the skies." Ingersoll was recently given a tract by a new convert who wanted to convert him. When asked if he could be happy in heaven with his mother is hell, the young convert said that God knew the best place for his mother. "I'd just like to be a mother with about five boys like that—and a good stick. [Laughter.] Heaven is where are those we love and those who love us. For one I wish to go nowhere unless I can be accompanied by those who have loved me here."

"I have no time to speak of the Baptists. But as Jeremy Taylor said, 'They as much deserve to be rooted out as the worst pest and nuisance of the earth.' [Laughter.] Nor of the Quakers, the best of all. [Applause.] There are all varieties of Presbyterians—Campbellites, for instance, people who think they must die in order to go up. There are

for instance, people who think they must die in order to go up. There are hundreds and hundreds of these sects,

hundreds and hundreds of these sects, all founded upon this creed that I have read, differing simply in degree."

People accused him of tearing down and giving nothing in return. This was not so. "In the first place, I propose good fellowship, good feeling all round. Shake hands. That is your opinion; this is mine; let us be friends. Science makes friends; superstition and religion make enemies. They say religion is immakes friends; superstition and religion make enemies. They say religion is important. I say no; actions are important. We have too many solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man I think he is an exceedingly stupid man. I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of sunny nature, the gospel of good health. Let us take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselves. And I believe in the gospel of good living. You

the gospel of good living. You cannot make good happy by fasting. It is a thousand times better to cook well than to know theology. I believe in the gospel of good clothes; I believe in the gospel of good houses, the gospel of water and soap, the gospel of intelligence, the gospel of education; the schoolhouse is my cathedral, the universe is my Bible. I don't believe in forgiveness. If I rob Mr. Smith, and God forgives me, how does that help Smith? In the old time if they sinned they had to kill a sheep; now they say charge it, put it on the slate. It won't do. For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and the one you injure. No man can be put in hell who has made a little heaven of his own in this world. But they say I take away immortality. I don't. If we are immortal, it is a fact in nature, and we are not indeted to priests or Bible for it, and it can't be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we hope to live. I would rather think of those I have loved as unconscious dust than to have even a suspicion that their naked souls had been clutched by an orthodox God. But I leave the dead where nature does. Whatever flower of hope springs up in my mind I will cherish, but I cannot be-CANNOT MAKE GOD HAPPY BY FASTING. Whatever flower of hope springs up in my mind I will cherish, but I cannot believe that there is any being in this universe who has created a human soul for eternal pain, and I would rather that

my God would destroy himself, I would rather that all should go to eternal chaos and black and starless night than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony. I have made up my mind that if there is a God he will be merciful to the merciful—upon that rock I stand; that he will be forgiving to the forgiving—upon that rock I stand; that every man should be true to himself and all; that there is ho world, no star, in which honesty is a crime—and upon that rock I stand. No true man, woman or child has aught to fear, here or hereafter.

Mr. Ingersoll was called back to the stage by continued applause, which waxed into cheers as he bowed good evening.

BOB INGERSOLL'S CREED.

Laconic and Epigrammatic Expressions from His Lecture "What Shall I Do to Be Saved,"

I do not wish to be a charity angel. Honest industry is as good as pious

idleness.

Every demonstrated fact is a verse in my hible.

Every schoolhouse is a cathedral in my religion.

Real charity is to help the poor to help themselves.

The Presbyterian God damns people to glorify himself.

No devil has ever been so bad as the Presbyterian God.

Christ believed the temple of God to be the heart of man.

be the heart of man.
There was never a Presbyterian halt so bad as his creed.

I have no ambition to be a winged panper of the skies.

If ever I go to heaven I want to take my reason with me.

If I owe Smith \$10 and God forgives me, that don't pay Smith.

If we can't have a heaven without a heil, then abolish both.

God will not damn a good citizen, a good father or a good friend.

Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave.

If there is a God in the universe he will not damn an honest man.

There is only one true worship, and that is the practice of justice.

Whenever a man can climb, help him

that is the practice of justice.

Whenever a man can climb, help him climb, and make him climb.

Fear is a kind of dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul.

After baptism you belong to the firm and get rascality at first cost.

I will never ask God to treat me any fairer than I do my fellow men.

Our murderers are all saved. They go from the gallows direct to glory.

People who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about saving them.

Make the best of this world; do the same of the next when you get there.

Let any church get control of power and you have the end of political liberty.

If I go to heaven and see even one of

If I go to heaven and see even one of those I love in hell, I'll want to emi-There

e is not a word in the Gospel keeping Sunday and going to The most sacred edifice every reared is home; the most sacred altar the fire-

As if an infinite God would stand angry forever and ever at the insect called man!

man!
Christ was a blasphemer in his day, and the Scribes and Pharisees crucified him for it.
The first church is the Catholic. She is the mother of all, and she believes

The men who saw the miracles all died long ago. I wasn't acquainted with any

Dignity is a mask some people wear to keep you from finding out how little they know.

Just in proportion as a nation is most religious it is nearest being a nation of

John Calvin and John Knox fitted each other like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast.

Presbyterianism looks upon a baby as a lump of total depravity; I, as a bud of humanity.

I want to satisfy every mother rocking her baby that she is not raising kindling wood for hell.

I would rather be annihilated than sit at God's right hand and know that a seen was damped.

If you go to hell it will be for not practicing the virtues which the sermon on the mount proclaims.

The church of Rome teaches that we can make God happy by burying girls in his penitentiaries.

can make God happy by burying girls in his penitentiaries.

If you forgive others God will forgive you. That's a fair bargain. You get nothing more than you earn.

Reason is the light of the soul, and it you haven't the right to follow?

The churches for hundreds of years have always been willing to trade off treasures in heaven for cash down.

It is more important to love your children and home than Christ; you can't help him, and you can't hurt him. The Episcopal Church is very fond of dignity. Let everything be done decently and in order, no matter who goes to the devil.

If Christ were to come again and the churches were to try to crucify him, as they did before, I would do my best to prevent it.

The Church of England exists by large

prevent it.

The Church of England exists by law and a man is saved by act of Parliament. I suppose thousands of souls have been damned on demurrer.

Whitfield believed in slavery because the negro stolen from Africa would be benefited by the Christian example of gentlemen who stole him.

If preachers would num their attentions of the preacher would be the content of the preacher of the preacher would number their attentions.

If preachers would turn their attention to cooking for the next three months they would do more good than they have done preaching in the last 300

A man has a better right to love his wife than love God. He cannot help God, but he can surround his wife's life with a halo of love and tenderness and

with a halo of love and tenderness and joy.

"They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." This was foretold of the preachers. But when they get sick themselves they fly to the doctor.

A little miracle now, right here—just a little one—would do more toward the advancement of Christianity than all the preaching of the last thirty years.

Study the religion of the body in preference to the religion of the soul A healthy body will give a healthy mind, and a healthy mind will destroy superstition.

Jesus Christ was a Nazarene peasant, a great, good and serene man, and I pay him the tribute of my love and my tears. But for the theological Christ I have no respect.

The best man ever God made deserved damning, according to the Presbyterians, the moment he was done, and I think that we must go back to the same then for repairs t

shop for repairs!
'If I meet in heaven some man whom I gouged on earth out of \$300, and which God forgave me, he'll be likely to make it uncomfortable for me and make me wish I'd settled in another

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. But when did you see a rich church member unload because of this text?

An infallible pope is no more absurd than an infallible book, and a good deal better in some ways, for you can change the pope but you can't the book, unless you keep revising it all the time.

The Protestants say miracles ceased with the apostolic age. The Catholics say they are going right along now just as much as ever they were; and I think they are. The new ones are just as good as the old.—Truth.

SONGS.

SONGS.

O I'm tired of the songs of sorrow.
And I'm tired of the songs of wos,
For this world is a sad, old place,
And a wearisone place, we know,
And the songs of sorrow we site,
hinke it no more happy, or klad.
But the solemn hours pass slower,
And the days are weary and sad.

For I've heard so many, many songs,
Of this wicked, quarrelsome earth,
Of the joy, out weighed by the pain.
And the pain that outweighs the worth,
'Till at last I have just concluded
That perhaps the world is all right,
And we only catch sad strains of its,song,
When we turn our eyes from the light.

When we that our eyes from the space.

If I think of the days that are gone,
Of the happiest days in the past,
How the Junes come up in their freshness,
And their glowing studows cast.
And I can almost hear the murmur
Of the voices, so tender and low,
That made my life such a grand, fair song,
In the years of the long, long ago.

Then if I think of the dreary days,
Days of sorrow, and doubts and fears,
I live sgain all their dreary pair:
Their pain, and heart-ache, and tears.
For this world is a sad, old place,
And a wearlsome place, we know,
And we make it no more glad,
By singing sad songs of its woe.

The Night After Christmas,

Twas the night after Christmas when all through the house Every soul was abed, and still as a mouse. Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas care, Were emptied of all that was estable there. The darlings had been duly tucked in their beds, with very full stomachs and pains in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap And Nancy rather far gone in a nap, When out in the nurs'ry rose such a claster, I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter?"

the matter?

ew to each bedside—still half in a doze,
e open the curtains and threw off the
clothes,
ille the light of the taper served clearly to

The piteous sights of those objects below. For what to the fond father's eyes should

But the little pale face of each sick little

For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick, I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick. Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the

same, What their stomachs rejected I'll mention

by name-Now turkey, now stuffing, plum puddings, of course, And custards, and crullers, and cranberry

sauce,
Before outraged nature went to the wall,
Yes—lollypop, flopdoodle, dinner and all.
Like pellets which urchins from popguns
let fly.

let fly, Went figs, nuts and raisins, jelly and pie, Till each error of diet was brought to my

To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back.
And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipecae."
When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?"

I ran and was scarcely back under my roof. When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jat-

When I make the ap's hoof:
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round.
When the doctor came into the room with a bound;
I we as wered with mud from his head to

his foot, And the suit he had on was the very worst

And he hardly had time to put that on his

And he havely had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack;
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like port and his breath smelt like sherry;
He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so, And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow,
But inspecting their tongues in spite of their teeth,

And drawing his watch from his waistcoat

beneath—
He felt of each pulse, saying: "Each little
belly

Must get rid (here he laughed) of the rest of that jelly." I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little

elf, And groaned when he said so in spite of my-self;

Self;
But a wink in his eyes when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe—but went straight to work
And dosed all the rest, gave his trowsers a jerk,
Add adding directions while blowing his

nose— buttoned his coat—from his chair he He

arose, en jumped to his gig—gave old Jalap a whistle, Then

whistle,
And Jalap jumped off as if pricked by a
thistle,
But the doctor exclaimed ere he drove out of

sight—
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good night,
Jones, good night!"

SOME TIME.

Some time I think you will be glad to know That I have kept you ever in my heart, And that my love has only deaper grown In all that time that we have lived apart.

Some day, when you have slipped away from care, And idly fall to dreaming of the past, And sadly think of all your lie has missed, You will remember my true love at last.

Or it may come to pass, some dreary night, After a day that has been hard to bear, When you are weary, heart-sick and foriorn; And there is none to comfort or to care;

That you will close your tired eyes to dream Of tender kisses falling soft and light, Or restful touches smoothing back your hair, And sweet words spoken for your hear?'s delight.

Oh! then you will remember and be glad
That I have kept you in my heart,
And that your heart's true home will still be there,
Although we wander silent and apart.

Retrospective.

Gleanings from our Files for 1880.

We present below a few of the more important events which have happened in our town during the year 1880, including a list of marriages and deaths, which will be found handy for the purpose of reference:

Jan. 10.-Meeting of citizens at Atheneum Hall, to take action on the proposed jet-

IN GENERAL.

Feb. 14.-Work of surveying for the Nantucket Railroad commenced.

Feb. 17.—Slight fire at the Sea Foam House, at the Haulover. Feb. 25.—Supper of the Nantucket Relief

Association. March 5.-Brisk thunder storm in the

March 10.—Mr. Andrew B. Coon, one of the voyagers of the little boat Golden Gate, arrived home.

March 16.—Special town meeting to consider the expediency of leasing the large ponds upon the island. Referred to a committee of three with full power.

March 18.—The initiative step in the Cof-

fin reunion matter taken, by the formation of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association.

March 28.-Schooner West Wind went

April 19.—charter granted to the Nantucket Railroad Company.

April 25.—Farewell sermon preached by Rev. J. B. Morrison. May 4.—Ground broken for the Nantucket

May 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Leander Cobb cel-ebrated their silver wedding. Mrs. Phebe Ann Barnard fell down a flight

of stairs, sustaining injuries from which she died on the 16th.

May 15.—Inquirer and Mirror appeared enlarged to twenty-eight columns.

May 24.—New boiler for the water works

placed in position.

June 23.—Pilgrimage of Annawan Encampment, No. 8, I. O. O. F., of New Bedford, accompanied by Nemasket Encampment, of Brockton, to our island.

July 1.—Dedication of the Nantucket

Skating Rink.

July 21.—Conference of Unitarian ministers in the vestry of the Unitarian church.

August 1.—Bug light discontinued.
August 16.—Meeting of the Executive
Committee of the Coffin Reunion Association. The date of the jubilee fixed for August 16, 17, 18, 1881, and a vote passed to erect two bronze statues.

August 17.—Conference of Evangelical clergymen, who had renounced liberal tenets, at the North Congregational Church.

August 29.—Celebration of the Nantucket Union Temperance Society.
August 30.—Slight fire in the house of Rev. W. H. Fish, at the Cliffs.
September I.—A carrier pigeon was set loose from Steamboat wharf, and reached

Fall River in an hour and forty-five minutes -a distance of seventy-two miles.

September 6.—Accidental shooting of a

lad named Lester Ellis by Everett Gibbs. September 28.—Organization of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

October 7.—Schooner Anawanda went ashore on Great Point Rip.
October 14.—Trial of Wannacomet Water

October 18.—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith celebrated their silver wedding.
October 24.—Rev. John A Savage entered upon his duties as pastor of the Unitarian

November 9 .- Golden wedding celebration

of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Easton.
November 22.—Dwelling house of Mr.
Benjamin F. Worth, at Polpis, destroyed by December 11.—Nantucket Institution for

Savings re-opened for business. MARRIAGES.

January.

George M. Lewis and Ida Frances

Edward C. Mowry and Mrs. Lizzle S. Woodworth.

Thomas Hussey and Nancy Pinkham.
 Edgar F. Whitman and Annie A.

Mooers. 23. Barzillai S. Thomas and Sophia L.

Aprit.

Capt. Joseph Mitchell, 2d, and Susan R. Hallett. Capt. William H. Tice and Avis

Swain Macy. Daniel C. Brayton, Jr., and Lydia H.

Chadwick.

May. 16. George S. Price and Ella F. Grant-George W. Brown and Emma C. Bearse. Daniel T. Dunham and Annie C. Borrison. 30. Robert K. Appleton and Helen E. Fol-

July.

22. Hadwen Swain and Susie A. Winslow.

August.

15. Robert C. Mooney, Jr., and Agnes Collins.

22. Benjamin F. Williams and Susan C. Appleton. Edward W. Folger and Sarah E. Fish.

October.

2. David Parker and Susan H. Chase. 12. William H. Chase and Lena Krebb. 21. Charles S. Bunker and Elizabeth L. Catheart. Charles F. Whelden and Stella M.

November.

11. John B. Norcross and Helen W. Chase.

14. Edward G. Thomas and Florence Chase. Alexander M. Myrick and Lydia B.

21. Uriah S. Coffin and Hepsabeth

Sprague. 25. Cl Charles B. Brooks and Josephine S. Sylvia.

DEATHS. January.

Henry W. Swain, 74.

William A. King, 83, 9. Mary Ann Raymond, about 79. Harriet S. Whiting, 46, 7.

February.

Lydia Coleman, 82. William Bartlett, 84, 11, 15. Lucretia Barnard, 28, 6. Sarah J. Eldridge, 34, 2. 12.

Nancy Swain, 70, 4. Charlotte H. Coffin, 30. Joseph William Hamblen. Rosanna Collins, 49.

March.

Phebe D. Austin, 65, 5. William H. Sherman, 45, 5. Walter Folger, 93, 3.

Phebe S. Pinkham, 88, 4. Sally M. Bowen, 74, 3, 10. Clarinda Ramsdell, 71, 10.

Judith C. Chadwick, 54, 8.

John Case, 82, 8, 14. Sarah Jane King, 24, 10, 3.

April.

Daniel Howell Dunham, 20, 6, 22,

Capt. Joseph Pease, 85, 9, 18.

19. Obed Bunker, 77, 11.

20. George H. Warren, 21, 5, 20.

Mary J. Burgess, 71, 9. Capt. Frederick A. Easton, 56, 1, 12. Capt. Frederick A. Chase, 79, 4. James F. Snow, 26, 11.

May.

Sarah F. Folger, 82, 11.

George Swain, 88, 6, 14. Phebe Ann Barnard, 67, 5, 8.

26. Capt. David M. Bunker, 81, 6. June.

3. Abby L. Gannon, 65. Elizabeth A. Swain, 70, 9.
13. George W. Stevens, 69, 11.

Reuben P. Folger, 72, 8.

Phebe A. Haggerty, 66, 3. Eliza S. Douglass, 82, 11, 18, Eva F. Gilbert, 25, 4. Abby J. Chase, 85, 8.

Winslow Gray, 75, 8, 2.

July.

1. An infant of George A. and Susie W. Ray. 8. Eunice G. Riddell, 85, 3. Eliza

Crocker, 89, 5. 9. Mary Manter, 79

Capt. Alexander Macy, 87, 11.

Eliza Ann Chase, 70, 11. Susan Holmes, 73.

Harvey Smith, 73.
Ariel Catheart, 83, 4, 12.
Capt. Charles A. Gardner, 66.
Jesse Coffin, 90, 10, 9. 23.

Capt. George Palmer, 72, 10.

Oscar Hull, 8 months. Almira Coffin, 55, 7.

Eunice A. Macy, 82, 5, 14. August.

Eliza J. Gardner, 55, 6.

Edward S. Folger, 4 months, 10 days. Otis H. Fisher, 6 months, 10 days.

Capt. John Ray, 61. Clementina Dearing, 38.

September.

 Lydia H. Grew, 87, 11.
 Capt. Joseph C. Chase, 70, 6, 18.
 Infant of Charles and Catharine Killeen.

11. Susan T. Sylvester, 52.

14. Emily Manter Ray, 1, 2, 21.
21. Nancy B. Allen, 76.
30. Joseph Morey, 85. Dionis Lottiebel Coffin, 2 months, 24 days.

October.

Henry Fisher, 80, 6. Ayer A. Langdon, 41.

Lydia A. Coon, 54, 5. Winifred Custis, 71, 5. James G. Edwards, 68, 9. Avis Linda Coffin, 8 months, 17 20.

days. Ethelinda O. Ramsdell, 40, 9, 21.

Charlotte Coffin, 93, 9.

November.

Nabby Maxey, 88, 6. Isaac Hallett, 74, 4. Phebe Mitchell, 85, 6.

Charles H. Ellis, 70.

Emeline Coffin, 76, 6, Capt. Charles W. Hussey, 64, 10. Capt. Richard C. Gibbs, 69, 8, 14. Delia M. Tracy, 71, 6, 6. Ann Harden, 80, 6.

December.

George C. Barnard, 77, 4.
Sophia S. Eldredge, 71, 7, 8.
Rebecca D. Allen, 82, 9, 9.
Josiah Macy, 75, 1, 7.
Frederick F. Parker, 79, 8 days.
Elizabeth Grant, 89, 7, 20.
Barzillai Grew, 80, 4, 23.
Sarah Townsond, 69, 10, 7

Sarah Townsend, 69, 10, 7. Eliza A. Folger, 73, 6, 8.

Mary J. Chase, 51, 2, 14. 31. Freeman Atkins, 83, 6.

"LITTLE QUEEN,"

Do you remember the name I wore,
The old pet name of "Little Queen,"
In the de: dead days that are no more—
The happiest days of our lives, I ween?
For we loved with that passionate love of youth
That blesses but once with perfect bliss—
A love that, in spite of its trust and truth,
Seems never to thrive in a world like this.

All was centred in "Little Queen"—
All was centred in "Little Queen"—
And never a thought in our hearts had we
That strife or trouble could come between.
What an utter sinking of self it was!
How little we cared for the world of men!
For Love's fair kingdo n, and Love's sweet laws,
Were all of the world and life to us then.

She rame down the curtain, and shi ted the scene.
She rame down the curtain, and shi ted the scene.
Yet sometimes now, when the days grow late,
I can hear you calling for "Lattle Queen."
For a happy home and a busy life
Can never wholly crowd out our past,
In the twilight-pauses that come from strife,
You will think of me while life shall last.

You will think of me while hre shan hast.

And, however sweat the voice of Fame
May sing to me of a great world's praise,
I shall sometimes long for the old pet name
That you gave to me in the dear dead days.
And nothing the Angel-band can say,
When I reach the shores of the Great Unseen,
Can please me so much as on that day
To hear your greeting of "Little Queen."
—ELLA WHEELER.

One of the best proofs that any one possesses a really enlarged view of men and things, is the capacity he shows for maintaining just and happy relations with the people immediately around him.

In Custer's Honor,

In Custer's Honor.

Honor the brave.—Napoleon.

Shall warlike songs no more be sung
Though humblest hands must seize the lyro?

Shall Fame forget her trumpet tongue,
And Valor quench her sacred fire?

Shall deeds of arms no more inspire,
Nor martial themes adorn the lay
That woke applause in Homer's day?

Alas! the times are harshly cold—
Unlike the brilliant race of old
Men worship at ignoble shrines;
To venal hordes the bard resigns,
With silent lips, his regal task.
No martial strains the nations ask,
No victors now in splendor bask
On thrones that kines in envy prize;
No thrilling plandits pierce the skies
When signal notes to conflict call;
The laurel wreath men now despise,
The gloom of greed o'ershadows all;
Across the path where conquest lies
Grim Avarice uplifts its wall—
Yet shall one voice defant rise
To celebrate a soldier's fail.

Custer the brave! Star of the West—

Custer the brave! Star of the West—
If godlike souls can likened be
To pecrless stars in Heaven's crest
That flash and glow with grand unrest
When night comes down on earth and sea—
O, gallant one, how few like thee
Have leapt to fame in this dull age;
How few illumed rich Honor's page
With annals of so proud a chase;
How few have run such high career
In Glory's bright and dazzling raco,
Or fleetly won such lofty place,
O, knight without reproach or fear.

Thy fields are fought, thy triumphs o'er; No more the thunders of the stri e Shall wake thy soul to keener life; No more the volleys hotly pour Along the ranks where swittly sped. Thy daring form and haughty steed; The white smoke of the massive guns Shall rise no more to Southern suns. Where voice of thine breaks on the air, Or war-winds kiss thy trailing hair. No more thy sword shall gleam and shine. In midst of square, in front of line. Nor thy proud lips, with fierce delight, Proclaim commands in moments dire. Whereat the hattle's slumb'ring fire Shall glow anew with redder might, Nor thy dread skill, like Heaven's blight, O'erwhelm the foe that scorns to yield, Or hurl mad columns on his flight. When triumph shakes the smoking field. Thy fields are fought, thy triumphs o'er;

When triumph shakes the smoking field.

The glory of those scenes is past.
The terror and the dread import;
No death wail floats upon the blast,
No standards toss o'er field and fort;
No gloony fleets with iron walls
Steal up the quiet, inland streams;
No hissing bolt of carnage falls
To rouse the soldier from his dreams;
No bugle through the green wood calls,
No missile o'er the rampart screams,
At twilight, dusk, or break of day
No hosts in silence form array,
or in the pomp of martial pride
Pour fearless from the mountain side,
At noon's dread hour, in wrath condign,
To break the foe's unconquered line;
No white camps deck the crested hills,
No music breaks across the plain;
No startling deed the spirit thrills
With exultation or with pair;
Nor lurid flames the night illume,
Nor horrors shame the ghastly day,
Nor lands adorned with summer's bloom
Are smote with slaughter and dismay,
But Peace smiles down from shore to shore
And Custer sweeps to death no more.

His lion heart is quiet now.

And Custer sweeps to death no more.

His lion heart is quiet now,
His fierce blue eyes are cold and dim;
Though laurels twine his noble brow
The voice of Fame is not for him.
The form that ball and piercing blade
So long in vain essayed to mar,
Beneath the peaceful turf is laid
To lend no more the storms of war.
The shock of arms, the earthquake tread
of countless hosts, the peal of strife,
Might roar above his lowly head
Nor thrill the hero back to life,
And where he sleeps shall softer notes
Wait gentler echoes to the gale,
For there no lordly challenge floats,
No cannon from their iron threats
Hurl forth their clouds of burning hail,
But tranquil skies and peace are there,
And woman's voice is heard in prayer,
Or pours in song, with saddened strain,
Low music o'er the mighty slain.

Tis meet that he should slumber so This meet that he should sumber so.
Whose princely spirit never qualled
When forward poured the threat ining foe;
Yet when the courtly truce prevailed,
By deed and mien and gracious word,
He fleetly found a surer way
To former's hearts than swittest sword
Could find in vortex of affray.

His knightly blade forever sheath;
His uscless arms no more display—
Hang on the wall his withered wreath,
And wheel the silent gons away.
The silken banner that the rain
Has deeply dashed with streak and stain,
That suns have marred and blood has tinged,
That holy tears have sanctified—
Fold thou away with mournful pride.

Its dainty fringe of yellow gold
Has rustled where war's surges rolled;
Its slender staff with brazen spear,
With splintered sides and silver scroll,
Has marked where brave men trod with fear,
Or heroes rushed with thundring cheer

These are the spoils proud nations prize—
Not massive heaps of yellow gold
Inatslaves might dig and cravens mold,
In knaves awass from human sighs;
These are the trophies dearer far
Ihan conquests of colossal war;
For these no fawning thief will bend
To barter country, race or friend;
There is no precious thing in these
For onse the greed of soulless men;
The wind that sweeps the western seas,
Whercon a thousand fleets have been,
Iath never wafted merchant bark
To distant shores with freight like this,
The blisting lie, the base design,
Are not for spoils of Glory's shrine.
Lol Mammon's slaves will mock and sneer
And hold such relies vilely cheap,
Yet find the land where Beauty's tear
Dews not the turf where soldiers sleep;
Where gold outweighs the gallant heart,
And tinsel pomp outshires the bays
The hero wins on battle days
When Duty points his dreadful part,
And find the land where rusts the sword
That, all untrammeled, greed may reign;
Where navies rot that roques may hoard,
And rulers seek their thrones for gain;
Where ill-got wealth, with vulgar scorn,
Derides the poet, sage and chief;
Where spoiless bays are rudely torn
From honored brows, that Daphne's leaf
May basely crown some swollen thief—
For that vile land what dastard craves?
It is the future home of slaves.

—Free Lance,

A CEM FOR EVERY MONTH.

By her who in this month is born No gem save Garnets should be worn; They will insure her constancy, True riendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.
The February-born will find sincerity and peace of mind, Freedom from passion and from care, if they the Amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

When on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave,

APRIL.
She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitzer tears
For vair repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.
Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE. Who comes with summer to this earth, And owes to June her day of birth, With ring of Agate on her hand, Can health, wealth, and long life command

July.
The glowing Ruby should adern
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From loves doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST. Wear the Sardon to thee No conjugal felicity;
The August born, without this stone, 'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.'

SEPTEMBER.
A maiden born when Autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind—
'T will cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER,
October's child is born for woe,
And life's wielssitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast.
And hope will lull those words to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below With drear November's fog and snow, should prize the Topaz' amber hue—Emblem of friends and lovers true. NOVEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth—
Place on your hand a Turqoise blue;
Success will bless whate'er you do. DECEMBER.

The Queen of the Fairies,

Bur, oh, how fair the shape that lay Beneath a rainbow bending bright; She seemed to the entranced Fay, The loveliest of the forms of light. Her mantle was the purple rolled At twilight in the west afar: Twas tied with threads of dawning gold, And buttoned with a sparkling star.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own. And thy cheek unprofaned by a tear, That the fervorand faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear. No! the heart that has truly loved never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close, As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets

The same look which she turned when he rose

Written for the Inquirer and Mirror.

A WINTER CHAPTER.

BY ARTHUR E. JENES.

The Island Home Ice bound Beyond the Bar!

He only feels his burdeds fall, Who, taught by suffering, pities all. -J. G. Whittier.

That is not all of prayer where bishops serve, Or cassocked priest reads from his English Book! Nay. When some ice-locked hamlet like our own, Looks from its watch-tower, on the baffled boat-With largess of affection gathered there, In friends and kindred, waiting for relief-But only sees the frowning winter sky, Hears but the wailing of the coming storm: Such anxious watching from the lonely tower, Is the true prayer; whose unheard accents rise Beyond the gilded vanes of the world's spires!

Meantime, our hearts grow tender, as the night Enshrouds the Beacon Light! hides the dread Bar, Then creeps about the patient steamer, whose Great iron heart keeps throbbing in its breast; Whose captain, brave, unflinching at his post,-And engineer, stout-hearted, faithful still, Surrounded by a tried and dauntless crew, Work on-untiring toilers of the Sea!

THE LAUNCH.

Another day. Heroic men launch forth, And speed across the white causeway of ice That lies between them and th' imprisoned boat! They soon return, bearing glad tidings home From all on board. Faith guards her helm; and Hope

Stands sleepless at her prow, watching the tide! AB, he who brought good news from Ghent to Aix,
With his swift steed that spurned the startled earth,
CLTY DIRECTORY NAMES. CLASSIFIED. Ah, he who brought good news from Ghent to Aix, Claims no more honor than Nantucket's sons Who faced the bristling batteries of the North,-Plunged thro' its hollow squares of sheeted cold, To carry, and bring back the welcome news! Whether to face the muttering Reef alone, Climb, single-handed, icy ladders, or To snatch the living from the hill embrace Of Winter, risking your own lives the while,-Ye know no difference? And greater love Hath no man living ever shown than this! The panoply ye wear is Honor's mail, More potent than Saul's armor! It invests Your sacrificial act. Nantucket sounds As well as Sparta! Ye are heroes, too, As true as stood in old Thermopylæ!

I love such rugged men, and so does God! His "Well-done!" glimmers evermore, in all The winter-crystals of the Northland air! I fear we do withhold

Much that encourages our fellow-men; But when their lips are speechless, their hearts cold, Ah, we'll remember then! I would not thus Forget; but leave my word of tribute here, Knights of the Oar, ye wield a brighter blade Than sabre of the olden chivalry! The roses on your breast, stained with no blood, Are fadeless immortelles, which Duty twines For spirits brave as yours, whose great reward Already blossoms in your valiant deed: Pass, then, into the Royal Chamber. There,

Receive the seals of your nobility! " I looked this morning, o'er the harbor-bar. At a lone vessel* fettered in the ice! Her sails spread like a sea-gull's pinions; yet, Quite motionless, as a bewildered bird's-So still they were!

Until the frigid gates unlock, we may Not tell the fate of those who are within. "God guard and keep them!" is our voice of prayer!

*The Uriah B. Fisk, of Dennis, Mrss.
A Lament for Summer.

Weep, Mother Nature, weep; weep, nother rature, weep;
Summer is dead.
See! there she lies in her shroud of flowers
Drooping the sun-crowned head;
While the Past Hours
Kneel, all weeping round her flowery bed.

rple rolled
afar;
Is of dawning gold,
parkling star.

Drake's "Culprit Fax"

Sing ye her dirgo—but sing it soft and low.

Mourn, O ye Dryads, mourn!
Your woods are bare.
The gracious Summer with her sunny light
No more will inger there.
Her spirit bright
Has spread her wings and vanished into air.

Seft fall, ye Autumn Rains!
Summer has fied:
Fall gently on her fair and fragrant face,
As tears from heaven shed,
Lost is her grace;
Moor Then weeping, fall on the beloved Dead.

The Answer.

You ask me why I love thee, little one.
Go ask the leaves that beekon to the rain,
Go ask the flowers that worship in the sun.
Why thus they love, then ask me once
again
Go ask the clouds that through the silent
night
Lie still and gray beneath the stars' cold
kiss,

kiss,
Why, with the coming of the morning light,
They blush to rosy life; then ask me this.

Go ask the wild bird why his sweetest song
Rings through the wood aisles with the
dawning day;
Ask the mad brook that tears its path along
Why to the restless sea it sings its way;
Go ask the violet why its incense sweet
Should recompense the one that crushed it
low;
Then question why I kneel at thy dear feet—
Why I should love—why I should worship
80.

The sea holds many an isle to its great heart
But each isle knows and loves a single sea;
I know no life from thy dear life apart.
I lay down all the world can give but thee.
Perchance for this, when some soft breeze is

blown
Across thy lips, thou'lt breathe a loving
word—
A scret for my local heart sless.

A secret for my loyal heart alone,
Brought by the odorous summer wind
unheard.

Perchance for this thou It whisper to the rose
That nestles timidly upon thy breast,
That somewhere in the world thy lover goes—
Far from thy love, but by that love confessed,
And bid it breathe thy meaning on the air,
Touched lightly by thy lips ere last dismissed,
And I will kiss the roses everywhere,
And by its sweetness know which thou hast
kissed,

"What's in a name?"

Kings, Queens, Princes, Lords and Dukes appear
On par with Smiths and Coopers here.
Shoemakers, Carpenters, here claim,
Eqality with Popes by name.
Here Spinners, Weavers, Dressers, are
Enrolled with Baron. Earle and Squire.
Bankers and Merc! atts, closely allied
With Barbers and Forters, here abide.
Tanners and Curriers, hand in hand
With Bishops, Deans and Parsons stand.
Prièsrs, Minors, Farmers, here we see,
And Barristers that here agree.
Now, here wee passe, : 21. bow with awe,
To Judge and Jury, Court and Law.
Here Church and Creeds, Books, Schools, we boast,
And here have Dalys, Call and Post.
Gay, Bells and Darlings, Fair and Sweet,
Young Jolly Widows, here we meet.
Faith, Patience, Love and Joy combine,
With Blessings, Bliss and Graco, Devine.
The Nothe, True, Wise, Good and Best,
With Smart, Keane, Sharps, here safely rest.
Small, Little, Tallman, Short and Long,
Here Join with Lange, Broad, Stout and Strong,
We here find Mann, then (please don't start),
Heads, Backs, Arms, Leggs, Foote, Hand and Hart.
Here Painters, Dy ces, Lights, Shades, Hughes—
White, Black, Brown, Gray and Green—one views,
Then here we've Taylore, Drapers, Close,
Coates, Sacks and Vests, Bootz, Stockings, Hoes.
Mills, Millers, Hoppers, here we find,
With, Wheat, Oates, Corn and Gobbs combined. "What's in a name?" Whife, Black, Brown, Gray and Green—one views. Then here we've Taylore, Drapers, Close,
Coates, Sacks and Vests, Bootz, Stockings, Hoes.
Mills, Millers, Loppers, here we find,
With, Wheat, Cates, Corn and Gobbs combined.
Cooks, Bakers, Freys, Rice, Coffeys, Teese,
Hogs, Ham and Bacon, Beaves and Pease.
Streets, Alleys, Laues, Rhodes, Nye and Farr—
Blocks, Storrs, Halls, Drinkhouse, Wines and Barr.
Cards, Betts and Deals, we do not lack.
We've Eucher, Bowers, High, Lowe, Jack.
Romes, House and Barnes we here beheld.
Shedds, Castles, Temples, New and Ould,
Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Jewels, Cash,
Stocks, Bonds, Bills, Banks that do not smash.
Pense, Schillings, Eagles, Much and Moore,
In common here with Rich and Foor.
Lands, Fields and Gardens greet our eyes—
Dells, Grehards, Hills before us rise,
Groves, Forests, Woods, Oaks, Maples, Pines,
Ash, Chestnut, Beach, Burch, Root, Branch, Vines,
Twigks, Bush, Burns, Budds and Biossoms, Bright,
Rose, Lilly, Pink, all here invite.
Brooks, Ponds, Bays, Rivers, Lakes we view,
With Fish, Hoeks, Bates and Fishers, too—
Pike, Salmon, Sturgeon, Front abound—
Bass, Herfing, Roach and Crabbs are found.
Hunts, Hunters, Gunns, Butts, Hammers, Lockes,
Balls, Biell, Schott, Birds, Drake, Gosding, Fox,
Finch, Robbins, Doves, here take pot-luck,
With Quall, Hare, Partridge, Doe and Buck.
Wolfe, Bullocks, Bulls, Bears, Badcers, Crows,
Wift Lambs and Lyons here repose.
Here Swans and Beavers, Heron, Crane,
In peace with Hawkes and Coons remain.
Shipps, Saylors, Barques, Briggs, Swift, Slow, Fast,
With Sterns and Hulls, Heims, Sayles and Mast.
Spring, Summer, Winter, Fall, Cool, Hotte,
March, May and August, here we've got.
Fairweather, Rainey, Frost, Freese, Snow,
Hale, Storms, Gales, Tempests, Breeze and Blow.
And then we here have Knight, Day, Noon,
With Ebb and Flood, Starrs, Marrs and Moon,
East, West, North, South, here, "strange to tell."
In harmony together dwell.

In harmony together dwell.

— It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends—(Colton.

— Our eyesight is the most exquisite of our senses, yet it does not serve us to discern wisdom; if it did, what a glow of love would she kindle within us.—Plato.

THE BIBLE.

How to Kend It and How to Mark It.
The Tabernacle was more densely crowded Wednesday afternoon than on Tuesday. Mr. Sankey led the singing. But Mr. and Mrs. Steelins were also present, and sang with great force and sweetness, "O, What Manner of Love." Rev. Messrs.

Pheips and Noble led in prayer.

Mr. Moody said that he wanted to present Bible reading to-day under three heads. First, its in-fluence in quickening and strengthening the Christian life; second, how to study the Bible; and, third, how to mark the Bible. On the first the first passage quoted was Joshua I., 8: The book of the law shall not depart out of thy "The book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night," etc. We don't get much by merely reading the Bible. We must study it. We must meditate upon it. Some people have to put a mark in their Bibles to remember where they left off. Such reading won't do much good. Better read less and study more what you read. When the

their Bibles to remember where they left off.
Such reading won't do much good. Better read
less and study more what you read. When the
church is cold it don't care much about
the Bible, But when Christian hearts
are warm they love it, and hunger for it.
Study the Bible and it will kindle the heart. In
the 18th werse we are told of an Inquiry meeting; they came to Ezra to understand more fully the
words of the law. And in the 17th verse we read
that they made booths and kept a feast of rejoicing
for seven days, and listened daily to the reading
of the law. In Jeremlah xv., it we are told that
the prophet ate the state of the reading of the law. In Jeremlah zv., it we are told that
the prophet ate the state of the state of the law.

In Jeremlah xx., 9 the word is represented as a
fire, shut up in the bones. He tried to stop talking about it when men derided, butsit would burn
within and blaze out in spite- of him. A man
who really knows Christ must tell of Christ. Let
us study the Bible, and with it we can meet ali
classes, and give to each the truth that he needs.
And the fire by which we melt others will
keep up a steady glow in our own hearts.

But I am to speak in the second place of how to
study the Bible. I don't read tiright through.
You might as well read a dictionary in that way.
I read topically. I take a subject, and with the
help of a concordance and a Bible text book I trace
that subject all through. Take love, for Instance.
Hust up all the passages that tell about it and
you will get full of it. Yes, your heart will overflow, and then you will not only be happy yourself, but obliging to others. Next take in the
same way, Joy, peace, the grace of God, Heaten,
justification, the work of the Spirit, sanctination, etc. Let the Biole explain itself. Comparepassage with passage, spiritual thiegs with spiritual. Another way is to take a book at a time.
I never made a thorough study of the Book of
Genesis. Igiound in it the beginnings of things,
and was interested in noting down the most remar

Mr. Moody Points the Passages Which Should be Studied.

An immense congregation greeted Mr. Moody's third Bible reading in the Tabernacle, on Golden Gate avenue, at three o'clock Thursday afternoon. Nearly two thousand persons were crowded into the audience-room. The singing, led by Messra, Sankey and Stebbins, was excellent, even better than usual, and Mr. Moody's lecture was by far the most interesting of the series up

was by far the most interesting of the series up to this time. He began by asking if all present had their Bibles with them, and finding a ministo this time. He began by asking if all present had their Bibles with them, and finding a minister on the platform without any, he promptly lent him one of his, but admonished him to bring his own next time. He urged all to take their Bibles to church with them, and find the text and mark it. By so doing they would be sure to remember it. He then went on to show how to mark the Bible. He read, first, a part of the 6th chapter of Exodus. He paused at the 6th and 7th verses, and said: Mark the four "I wills" in these verses. The Egyptians mocked when Moses proposed to deliver the Hebrews; but 6od had said "I will;" God was with him and he could not fall. Let every timid christian feast upon those "I wills," and be strong. He next read the 1st chapter of Joshua, and called attention to the fact that he (Joshua) is told four times to be of good courage. Mark those passages and read them until they fire your soul, if we expect God to use us we must be courageous. But we can get true courage only from His word. He then turned fo the 32d chapter of Isalah, and called on his hearers to mark four things that God promises to do in the 2d verse: Hide us, cover us, refresh us as rivers of water in a dry place, and give us rest as when one sits under the shadow of a rock. In Isalah il., 10.

mark five precious things: "I am with thee," "I am thy God," "I will strengthen thee," "I will nelp thee," "I will uphoid thee." Well may He say, "Fear not," to one to whom such assurances are given. Mark in the 1sth verse, and also in the 6th verse of the next chapter, He says, "I will hold thine hand." In the 18th verse of the 42d chapter, note the five things God promises to do, viz.: Bring the blind into a new way; lead them; make darkness light before them; make the crooked straight, and not forsake them. Think over these promises, and you will want to go and tell somebody else about them. The spirit of the Gospiel is get and give. Turn now to the 1st Psalm. See now the progress of a man in sin is pictured in the first verse, "He walketh in the counsel of the ungodly:" then standeth in the way of sinners; then gives up all that is good, and sits down in the seat of the scorner. We are not to associate familiarly with the wicked in the hope of saving them. Now let us turn to the 91st Psalm. In the 14th, 15th and 16th verses, mark three things that we are to do: Set our love upon Him, know His name, and call upon Him. And then He promises eight things: To deliver us, to set us on high, to answer us, to be with us in trouble, to deliver us again, to honor us, to satisfy us, and to save us. In the 102d Psalm, 6th and 7th verses, David compares himself to a pelican, an owl and a sparrow. Why? The pelican carries its food with it wherever it goes. So does the Christian who studies his Bible. The owl keeps its eyes open and is watchful, and so we ought to be. The sparrow not only watches, but watches alone, and this a Christiah ought to be willing to do. Let each of us stand for God, as if there was no other Christian in the world. That is a grand statement in the 103d psalm, verses 34 and 35. Mark the five words: Forgiveth, healeth, redeemeth, crowneth, satisfied the word of the thought of Episcopacy, but in the pure white light that shines from the cross. My prayer is that there may be awakened in this city a g

Mr. Moody Preaches of Its Quickening Power—Noon-Day Meeting.
The Tabernacle was full last Friday, notwithstanding the rain. Mr. Sankey sang a new hymn by Rev. Dr. Bonar, the retrain of which was "Eternity." Rev. M. C. Briggs led in prayer.

Mr. Moody resumed his Bible reading by calling attention to the 11 9th Psalm. In it are 176 verses and in 174 of them the word of God is spoken of uuder its various names of statutes, precepts, judgments, testimonies, etc. The quickening power of the word is spoken of nine times in verses 25, 37, 40, 50, 88, 93, 103, 154 and 156. Confession is the theme in 46, 51 and 54. There were mockers in those days as in these. But the Psalmist did not fear them. He would speak of God's testimonies before Kings, and not be ashamed (v. 46). Though the proud derided, he would not refrain (v. 51), and he would even make God's statutes his song of rejoicing (v. 54). This idea of singing or chanting the law is as old as the days of Moses. When he was one hundred and twenty years old, and about to die, he wrote a song and taught it to the children of Israel. (See Deut. 31:22.) This song is recorded in the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy. The 12d verse of the 113th Fsalm is a good one for California. It declares that God's law is better than "thousands of gold and silver." How few believe that on this coast! The passage in verses 126 and 137 is also appropriate, "It is time for Thee, Lord, to work, for they have made vold Thy law," etc. God is working mightly in this city. Notice now the 165th verse of this same 119ch Psalm—"Great peace have they that love the law, and nothing shall offend them," This is for the Christians who are always taking offence at something. The trouble is that they don't study their Bioles; if they did, they would learn that offences must come. The marginal readings are often a great help. Let us look at a few of them: In the 105th Psalm, 43d verse, for "gladness" the margin has "singing;" in Proverbs xxix., 25, for "safe" the marginal have no stumbling - blocks." These marginal peace of the same their chapter of the Prophesy of Ames, the words "Jehovah is everiasting strength," the marginal reading is "the rock of ages." In the eighth chapter of the Prophesy of Ames, the words "Jehovah is everiasting strength," the marginal reading is "the rock of ages." In the eighth chapter of the Prophesy of Ames, the words "Jehovah is everiasting strength," the marginal reading is the rock of ages." In the eigh judgments, testimonies, etc. The quickening power of the word is spoken of nine times in verses 25, 37, 40, 50, 88, 98, 103, 154 and 156. Con-

got up a grand discussion, but they forgot the grace of God, and the argument did Job no good. It vexed him more than his boils and his scoiding wife. Fourth, the Daysman introduced by Ellhu. Firth, God speaks to Job, and then the Patriarch stops arguing, and lays his hand upon his mouth. Sixth, Job learns his lesson. Seventh, Job is restored and doubly blessed. Job has been a difficult book to me ever since I got that analysis. Some one asked why Job received double of everything he had lost, but his children; and his answer was, the children who died were not lost; they were only taken to where he should meet them again. It would be interesting to analyze Ecclesiastics as we did Job. The key-note of that book is vanity. And see how many things are called vanity in it: Worldly pleasure, worldly possessions, worldly ambitions, worldly amuse-

ments, worldly labor, worldly riches, worldly thoughts, wisdom, beauty, mirth, children, anxiety, best estate, etc. In closing, Mr. Moody said: The true Christian loves the Word. You cannot interest him in auything else, as you cannot tempt birds with sawdust instead of crumbs of bread. Some popular preachers, when the people ask for bread, give them a stone, a lecture on geology, or something of the sort for a gospet sermon. An artificial bee was madeleso skilituly that when put with other bees it could not be distinguished from them. But when honey was brought it was easy to tell which were genuine and which was counterfeit. The Bible is dull and uninteresting until we are born of the Spirit. Artificial flowers have no perfume, and there are a good many Christians like them. They do not feed on the word, and hence its fragrance is not in their speech and their lives. The meeting closed with prayer by Rev. M. M. Gibson, D.D.

PEGGING AWAY.

There was an old shoemaker, sturdy as steel, Of great wealth and repute in his day,
Who, if questioned his secret of luck to reveal,
Would chirp like a bird on a spray.
"It isn't so much the vocation you're in,
Or your liking for it," he would say,
"As it is that forever, through thick and through
thin.

thin,
You should keep up a pegging away."

I have found it a maxim of value whose truth Observation has proved in the main; And which well might be vaunted a watchword by youth In the labor of hand and of brain;

or even if genius and talent are cast Into work with the strongest display, ou can never be sure of achievement at last Unless you keep pegging away.

There are shopmen who might into statesmen have grown, Politicians for handiwork made,

Politicians for handiwork made,
Some poets who better in shops had shone,
And mechanics best suited in trade;
But when once in the harness, however it fit,
Buckle down to your work night and day,
Secure in the triumph of hand and of wit,
If you only keep pegging away,

There are times in all tasks when the fiend discon-

There are times in air tasks when the hend discontent
tent
Advises a pause or a change;
And, on field far away and irrelevant bent,
The purpose is tempted to range;
Never heed, but in sound recreation restore
Such traits as are slow to obey,
And then, more persistent and staunch than before,
Keep pegging and pegging away.

Leave fitful endeavors for such as would cast

Their spendthrift existence in vain,
Their spendthrift existence in vain,
For the secret of wealth in the present and past,
And of fame and of honor, is plain;
It lies not in change, nor in sentiment nice,
Nor in wayward exploit and display,
But just in the shoemaker's homely advice
To keep pegging and pegging away.

A WORKER'S SONG.

This not for me to order
The work that I have to do;
My eyes must follow the master,
And ever His will pursue.
And therefore I wait and listen,
For as soon as I hear His voice,
Forward I press with gladness,
And even in toil rejoice.

Sometimes I can hear Him calling
To tasks that are great and nigh;
I should often fear to attempt them,
But that He is standing by;
Sometimes into service lowly,
That even a child night do,
Comes the Master's kindly summons,
And hearing I hasten through

Oh! none can be sad or gloomy
In the hours they work for Him,
For H e smileth aye upon us
Let the day be bright or dim,
And we cheer our hearts with singing.
While busy at our tasks;
It is but faithful service
That the gracious Master asks.

Sometimes I am growing weary,
And by troublous cares opprest,
And the Master in his pity,
Dismisses me to rest.
And again when I have not earned it,
In His kindiy, great regard,
He loads me, not with wages,
But munificent reward.

Oh, who that once has served Him Will any other serve? Oh! who that ever has seen Him Will from His fealty swerve? Come all, and be his servants, For He your triend will be, All gracious and forgiving, still, As He has been to me.

Upon the dreamy Assabet the brown boat idly tay
Beneath a bank with violets gemmed upon a sweet June day.
When, with the perfect faith and trust of fifty years ago.
We pledged the true, unselfish love which youth alone can know.
The love that knows no thought of the second of the true of the second of the sec can know, knows no thought of change he or loss or death, thy and fate, sweet as the Strong as violets
And though And though my
to live apa
I love her bet
faithful h deal wife and I are doomed better every hour with all my ul hearty, a footsteps every day still cene Her gentle h my room s of sweetest music to dissipate its With strain And all the weary, hopeless work of my poor struggling life
Is glorified by thoughts of her, my own, my faultless wife,
She never frets or worries me with paltry household care.
Her cheerful spirit never fails to drive away despair; Her smiles are always ready to smooth away my frowns, Her perfect taste displays itself in plain and my frowns.
Her perfect taste displays itself implain and simple gowns;
Her eyes are shining through my soul like deavy violets bright;
Her soft brown hair is dearer now that age has turned it white.
And when each resurrected spring the violet come again,
Their perfumed breath recalls my love, with sweet and tender pain.
And those who call me heartless, and a foolish, fickle flirt.
Can little know the nameless spell that keep my soul from hurt;
And that all the worthless kisses and von I sadly own
Have a deep and tender meaning, for they all are bers alone.

—George B. Barild.

Spring Violets.

GOD IN THE STORM.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"Did you hear the storm last night, my chill As it burst o'er the midnight sky, When the thunder rathed loud and wild And the lightning flicker'd by?"
"I heard no tempest, mother mine— I was burled in slumber sweet; Dreaming I stood in the soft moonshine, With flowers about my feet."

"Can it be, my child, that you did not hear.
The roar of the tempest breath,
As it scatter'd the rent leaves far and near.
In many an eddying wreath?"
"No, mother; my happy sleep was full
Of gentle and holy things—
Shapes that were graceful and beautiful,
And the music of angels' wings."

"Yet the storm was loud, my darling child—
There was death on the hurrying blast;
And vapors dark overhead were piled.
As the hoarse wind bellowed past."
"I thought not of clouds, my mother dear,
When I rose from my murse's knee;
You taught me that God is forever near,
So what danger could I see?"

"I taught you well, my sinless one,
Yet my own weak spiritquall'd,
As the midnight blast roll'd madly on,
And the moon's calm lustre failed."
"Were you wrong, then mother, when you said
That God's eye turned not away,
But in darkness watch'd about my bed
As it did on my path by day!"

"I am rebuk'd!" was the meek reply,
As the mother bent her knee;
"On the lip of babes may a lesson lie—
I have learnt one, child, from thee;
His wrath, which makes the sinner weep,
By a guilty conscience vex'd,
Does but deepen the sinless infant's sleep,
And rock it to gentle rest.

And while thunders harsely peal around;
Speaking woe to the worldling's ear,
The Lord in his mercy stills their sound,
When innocence is near;
And while his living fire appals
The guilty here below,
The shadow of the Saviour falls
On childhood's sleeping brow."

Stolen Kisses.

In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire, and never a word;
The echo will ever repeat,
Breaking the alence in twain,
Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!

For a kiss would a maiden wake
From the charm of a dreamful
And a touch of true love would!
The peace that the blue eyes k
Forever the colo shall great,
Like song of a ripening rain,
"Stolen kissee are always sweet,
And love is never in yain!"

When hearts and lips have grown cold, And love investmt for an hour; When hife's romance has been told, And kisses have lost their power, Then shall soft memory fleet, No more a dream to enciann; Yet stolen kisses are always sweet, And have here are always sweet,

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THE OLD HELMET.

BY SANDS W. FORMAN.

Covered with ivy, all solemn and grim.

By the banks of the Rhone, with its stream

flowing fast, Is the chateau of F-, with its legends

grown dim
As they stretch far away in the mists of

In the brave old days, ere chivalry died, When knights errant rode with helmet and lance.

There kings held their court, and its gates opened wide
To the haughtiest blood in the fair land of

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Though the rains and the storms of centu-

Have furrowed its face with the lines of

decay,
Tis a grand old pile, and its turrets of stone
Pierce with their points the vaults of the

But harder than these, more rigid and grand, As firm and as cold as the old castle wall, Was its owner, the Marquis, in all the wide

Of stately old nobles the proudest of all.

He could trace the blue blood of his sires back as far

As the time that King Richard dealt death with his mace; And in all the long line no sinister bar

Shone dark on his arms to bring him dis-

He cherished the deeds of the dead gone pefore: He was proud of the knights of the black

plumêd crest. But their helmets and mail and the weapons

they wore

Were the treasures he prized above all the

Mid the lofty old arches, and moiled with the

Of ages gone by, their cuirasses hung; How he loved the old armor all coated with

And the great heavy blades his ancestors swung. But a helmet of steel was his boast and his

pride; Twas a casque from the famous old forges

of Ghent: Twas tempered so fine that the file turned

And the heaviest blow made never a dent,

But what cared his lady for helmet or mail-

For the ghosts of the past and the deeds that were done?

The present was fair and the Marchioness

While she moped in the gloom and longed for the sun.
All lonely she sat in the turrets above.

Gazing out o'er the moat with its black

sluggish stream, For the Marquis was cold and she longed for

of the youth that came ever to brighten her dream.

How she prayed that some day she might meet him in life, How she dreamed of him kneeling in love

at her feet; 'Twas a grievous offense in a nobleman's

But the Marquis was old, and love was so

Well, he laughed at the locksmith and stole his way through

By the drowsy old warder who dozed in

Twas the old, old story they whispered The heart that had waited was easily won.

Her dreams had come true, though sweeter

by far Than all that had gladdened her soul in

What cruel mischance could such happiness Yet she asked of her heart, can such a love

There was death in their joy. Her knight

new it well—

ich a bolder young wooer ne'er rode
hough the land;

They were blind with their love, so wrapt in its spell,

They heard not the step of the Marquis at hand,

Oh! fatalest hour, with the blood running

From the corse of the man at her feet ly-

Oh! cruelest hour, when her lover lay dead, His skull cloven through by the Marquis' blow.

She longed for the stroke that should bring her the death. Pallid with horror, with grief stricken

dumb: But the sword that was lifted fell back in its

sheath. Her life had been spared for his vengeance to come.

Roughly he tore her away from the dead, With her robes that were spotted and stained with his gore;

He dragged her along through the passage

Mid the dark and the dust to the armory

The old oaken portals were flung wide apart:
Rudely he thrust the pale Marchioness in. And there in the gloom, with rage in his

He kindled his wrath with the thoughts of her sin.

He snatched the old helmet his sires used to

Clearly and sharp rang the clang of the

He turned to the woman, half dead with her And down at his teet bade the Marchioness

kneel. On her poor tender head he forced the old

O'er her poor frightened eyes with tears running o'erThe vizor closed down of the cruel, cold

mask

And her charms that were fatal were hid ever more

Then outward he strode o'er the pavement of stone,
Dragging his victim past warder and gate;

By the sluggish black moat he left her

A scorn for the world with the brand of

Day after day, and the weary nights through The heavy old helmet bore down on her head: The casque had been locked with a spring

that none knew And she longed to be laid with her love

lying dead.

Oh, torture infernal! who shall say that

But the end came with death at the close For the head in the helmet lay prone in the

And the rude hands of strangers bore the

body away. The Marquis looked out from the turret on

high, Out from the gloom at the far setting sun; He saw her poor corse as they carried it by, And he felt that at last his vengeance was done.

By all means, says philospher Billings. get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand on the bank shivering, but Don't stand on the bank shivering, but pitch right in and strike your head under and shiver out. There ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanut. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river ran out. Don't expect to marry an angel, they have been all picked up long ago. Remember you hain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively beauty is like ice, awfully clusively; beauty is like ice, awfully slippery and thaws dreadfully easy. Don't marry for luv neither; luv is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty, becomingly dressed, with about two hundred and fifty dollars in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good ceuts, tuff constitution and bylaws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate and will not evaporate.—Don't marry for pedigree unless it's backed by banknotes. A family with nothing but pedigree perally lacks sense.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

I've just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving;
And all or its powers for pleasure and pain
Been slowly and sadly proving;
And all that is left of the bright, bright

dream.

And its thousand brilliant phases, is a hapdful of dust in a coffin hid, A coffin under the daisies. And thus forever, throughout this wide world,

Is love a sorrow proving.
There are many sorrowful things in life.
But the saddest of all Is loving.
The life of some is worse than death;
For Fate a high wall oft rises,
And far better than life, with two hearts estranged,
Is a low grave under the daisies.

And, so, 'tis better we loved as we did
The summer of love together,
And that one of us tired and lay down to rest
Ere the coming of wintry weather;
For the saddest of love is love grown cold,
And 'tis one of its surest phases.
So I bless my lot, though with breaking heart,
For that grave e'en sfarred with daisies,

LEGEND OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY MAYDEW.

Letonee, the beautiful Indian maid,
Was loved by a savage chief:
But ever her answer was proud and cold, And burdened his heart with grief. Her love had been won by a warrior bold— The foe of her father's tribe— And even his name was a thing to hate, And uttered with jest and ilbe.

But deep in her heart she cherished his vows, And whispered: "I never can wed! The one that I love is my father's foe, And death hangs o'er his head! To-morrow he comes o'er the laughing lakes
To meet me, at break of dawn; Ah, me! I am sad for his dear, dear sake,

And wish that the day was gone!' Next morning, at earliest blush of dawn, The lovers stood heart to heart; And softly he said, as he gazed in her eyes: "Letonee, we never shall part!"
But e'en at his whisper, a murderous sound
Cleft swiftly the listening air,
And deep in his bosom the arrow had struck,

He knew that his rival had caused his doom, He knew that his rival had caused his doom,
And quick to his bleeding breast
He gathered the maiden, and tenderly said:
"Together we'll sweetly rest!"
And into the lake, with its ripples soft,
He sprang with his plighted bride;
And gently the waters flowed onward again,
And covered them, side by side!

With message of dark despair!

Baby's Fib.

Baby waking in the dark, Heard one night a big dog bark. "Let her cweep," she softly said, "In your bed, for she is faid."

Nestled close to mamma dear, Baby sleeps, and knows no fear.

Rosy morning lights the skies And opens darling baby's eyes; Just as bright as any skies Are our darling's starry eyes;

Just as fair as any day Are the curls that round them play.

Now when next night she waking thought How nice to leave her lonely cot,

And creep into her mamma's bed-Oh, shall I tell you what she said?

What a little baby fib Trundled off her tongue, so glib? But the truth it must be told-And baby's only two years old,

And the night was dark and long— And she didn't know 'twas wrong— So this is what the darling said, Lying in her little bed;

Though no voice of dog was heard, Though no sound the night air stirred.

Came a whisper in the dark; "Mamma, she fink she hear dog bark;" Who could withstand the childish plea? I'm certain neither you nor me.

In mamma's bed, all in the dark, She creeps, "cos she fink she hear dog bark."

SWEET BEGGARY.

A beggar I of thee did pray.
For but one kiss—thou gav'st it me,
A beggar I had gone to thee,
A wealthy man I came—
So rich in th' best this world can hold
That all the money, all the geid,
Can never for such treasure pay.

If for that moment's thrilling bits My whole life in exchange must go. Thy precious gift has spoiled me so That I must ever beg for the—For one, one kiss! And never free Art thou now from this beggary For a kiss, a kiss, for a kiss!

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still:
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill:
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call:
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain:
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day— Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.

Life is a nursiery as deep as ever death can be: Yet, oh! how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see! The might they say—these vanished ones—and bieseed is the thought!

"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell you much!" ye naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mysery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent. So those who enter death must go as little children Nothing is known. But I believe that God is over-And as life is to the hving, so death is to the dead

Something New a Entomology

Last Sunday as Mr. Jones was returning from church with his family he discovered a new and singular looking bug on his front door step. As he was something of a scientist he was naturally pleased with the new specimen, and, forming his pocket handkerchief into a sort of a cage, he pounced down on it, and succeeded in capturing it.

"Bring the microscope, children," he called, "and tell your ma to hurry; I want her to look at it; I'm sure it belongs to the Hemiptera class and is a new specimen. Here, Charlie, put your eye to the ocular side and tell me what you see."

"Oh, pa, ain't it splendid? It's got four wings, eight eyes, and, oh. my! ain't it a sparkler, though? Red, and green, and yellow, and-oh! it is getting away, ain't it pa?"

"Then it isn't dead!" cried Mr. Jones, in ecstasy; "I wa-s-n't quite sure whether it moved or not. Let me look? Yes! it's a terrestrial, I think after all; it belongs to the genus Pentatoma-the antennæ have that peculiar flexible look; and yet, now that I look again, the eyes seem to indicate that is a phytocoris, in which case it will be very destructive to your ma's plants, and we must kill it at once. I'll ask Prof. Sill. It will be, in any case, a valuable addition to science. Maria, where's the chloroform?"

"Up on the clock shelf; what are you going to do with it," asked Mrs. Jones, who had been giving her undivided attention to the baby.

"Kill this bug as soon as you have examined it," answered Mr. Jones in a lofty voice. "I shall present it to the Detroit scientific association-"

"Well, I guess not, Mr. Jones," broke in his wife, who was looking with much interest at the new specimen. "I paid \$2 for that bug last week to wear on my new bonnet, and I must have dropped it off when I came in. It belongs to the genus millineræ, and couldn't be any deader if it had been baked for a century. Science will have to get along without it, Jones, it's already classified." Poor

Jones!—Detroit Free Press.

—God delivers only those who do their lawful utmost to deliver themselves.—[R. South.

—Be in peace with many; nevertheless have but one counselor of a thousand.—[Jesus Sirach.

—Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie; EA fault that needs it most grows wo there oby.

—The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dying.—[Johnson.

The Passenger Train. BY HOOD ALSTON. There goes the train, the passenger train, Dashing along with whistle and song, Over the rills, the crags and the hills, Hooting and tooting o'er mountain and plain. Out in the night, 'tis a fearful sight The clamorous train, rumbling over the plain; Men, birds and cattle, awake at the rattle, While the fires red and bright, burn a hole in the night. Indeed, 'tis a sight, a wonderful sight! Now climbing the ridges, now leaping the Without a companion it darts through the And weaves in its flight a broad belt of Let it spin and skim, though the stars reel and swim, For this is the season of feasting and reason. Behold the fruition of science! Since the birthday of steam, the philosopher's scheme To heaven and earth bids defiance. Steam-power is throttled, heaven's lightning is bottled,
And thought flashes under the main; And next to the fire that rides on the wire Is the speed of the passenger train. From ocean to ocean, with rapid motion Whirling its human freight; Now resting its flank at a station or tank, Then off at a terrible rate. Then on at a terrible rate.

The grade is well made, the track firmly laid,
Onward it dashes, thunders and orashes,
See the steam, smoke and ashes
Forming wreaths in the sky, as upward they From the smoke-stack and engine, spinning clouds in the sunshine! Don't you get near it, it may be a spirit Flitting along with whistle and song, Knitting a shroud as it passes along. Free as the hurricane burst from its airy chain. Out of the desolate caverns of rain, Where it was lunging, headlong and plung-On through the night, magnificent sight! See! it passes the switch, near the fatal Where it eught to remain for the midnight train,
Ah! horrible plight! No signal light Waves in the gloom of the terrible night. On rounding a curve, with steady nerve, It whistles in vain, For the other train, like a steed insane, Disputes the course of the passenger train. With a terrible crash and a horrible smash Together they dash with murderous clash, Together they come with splash, flash and Oh! the horrible gloom, and the terrible Of the ill-fated train, dashing over the plain, Seeking a side-track and finding a tomb! See the victims lying, lying,

Some are dead and some are dying!
Hear the meaning and the grouning.
Hear the sighing and the crying Of the ghastly pale and dying. With a grim, ungainly smile Death hovers o'er the pile. Look out, then, and fear it; it may be a spirit

Flitting along with whistle and song,
Knitting a shroud as it passes along,
Over the mountains and over the plain

Graves.

The curious, furious passenger train.

A mound, a stone, and violete,
A bird-song in the air,
A child that gathers flowers, and lets
The wind play with its hair;
A field of wheat across the hedge
Rippied by fairy hands,
A silver stream that downward runs
To cheer the lower lands.

No mound, no stone, no violets—
A blue sea overhead,
A sobbing wind that ne'er forgets
Its chanting for the dead;
Beneath the stars on summer nights
That deep, blue grave, how fair,
The while upon the shore the waves
Beat low, as if in prayer.

No mound, no stone, no violets,
No bird, nor waves, nor star,
A spot where Memory forgets
What spring and summer are;
Deeper it lies than deep-sea graves,
From land and sea apart,
O, grave so sad and desolate,
O, grave within the heart.

"My School boy days of Nearly Forty Years Ago."

The following poem, under the above caption, was written January 18th, 1873, by Robert C. Fraim, Esq., of this city. It was published in the Delaware REPUBLICAN a few days after it was written and the demand for it was so great that Mr. Fraim procured and mailed to his surviving school-mates, all the copies of the paper he could procure at that time. Since that day he has been importuned again and again to have it published and on that account it is again sent to the Delaware REPUBLICAN for publication, to wit:

Another year has rolled around

Another year has rolled around And I am forty-three to-day, How fast time flies, from what it did When we were little boys at play.

I scarce can realize the fact
That I am forty-three,
But there is no mistake, I find
The record shows it plain to me.

It searcely seems ten years ago,
Since 1 my primer took to school
And for the first time took my sent
Subjected to the teacher's rule.

I'll ne'er forget how things did look, In and around that country school When first I made my debut there, And heard the teacher read his rule.

The old school house was very plain,
No fence enclosed the students bounds,
It fronted on the turnpike road,
Two ancient trees, stood on its g ounds.

One was a massive forest oak
Which spread its branches far and wide,
The other was a large old g um
On which ourgrape vine swing was tied,

Our desks were massive popt ar planks, Spiked on to brackets in the wall, Our seats were slabs of hard black oak, Just two feet high, for large and small.

In one end stood the teacher's desk,
It's top stood level with his chin,
His seak was made to correspond.
With strip marked on, to help him in.

Bestde the door, there nung a sign,
With jack-knife letters cut therein,
On one side there was O U T,
And on the other, I N in.

Under this sign upon a bench A clumsy wooden bucket stood, The one we carried water in, A furlong distant through a wood.

Just in the centre of the floor,
A monstrous nine plate wood stove stood,
And every boy aged twelve, or more,
Must chop his share of green cord wood.

That good old stove I'll ne'er forget,
It held a monstrous pile of wood,
Great cord-wood sticks, just cut in two,
Supplied old nine-plate with her food.

At noon we played all sorts of games, Just like our boys and girls now do, Marbles, leap frog, bat and ball, Displeased and Copenhagen too.

Beneath the branches of the oak Our jokes we cracked, our tales we spun, Whilst some would climb the old gum tree Some others in the grape vine swung,

No happier boys or girls were found Than those upon the old school ground, No castes were known, all equal stood There rich and poor their level found.

It seems but yesterday we met
Together, on our old play ground,
Those sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks,
In fancied memories, haunt me round.

And can it be? yes it is true,
That nearly forty years have fled,
Since first I met my school-mates
And I my first school lesson said.

My school mates, Oh! where are they now,
Those four score merry girls and boys,
Scarce ten are left, that I can find,
Who shared with me their childhood joys.

But yesterday, I went once more
To view the old school house and
grounds,
Where almost forty years ago,
I had so often pleasure found.

The old school house is standing still, It looks much like it did of yore, But not a face on all these grounds Had I 'ere seen on them before.

The old oak tree 'neath which we played, Then spread its branches far and wide, But now, its beauty's sadly marred, Its largest branches all have died.

Whilst gazing on this old oak tree, Its dead boughs hanging o'er my head, It seemed to whisper in my ear, Most of your playmates, sir, are dead.

The stately gum is standing still,
(Ald age upon it makes no show,
And near it stands the three mile stone,
I helped rear there, long time ago.

But where is Nellie, Tom and Bill, Who played with me beneath this tree? Twould give me joy unspeakable Could Fonce more their faces see.

It cannot be, we're scattered wide,
From North to South, from East to
West;
But few are left who played with me,
They're sleeping now, the sleep of death.

With pleasure I do oft look back, To those bright happy school boy days, In contrast with my atter life, Made up of cares, foil and dismay.

Made up of cares, our and cares,

A few years hence none will be left,
Who to the old school house did go,
To learn to read, to write and play
Together, forty years ago.

ROBIN HOOD.

P. S.—The school house referred to by Mr. Fraim, was then and still is known as Sharpley's School House, located on the Concord Turnpike, in Brandywine Hundred, at the three mile stone from Wilmington. For many years before our free gehool law was passed, it was a pay school. It afterward became No. 7 of the free schoc is of New Castle county. It was the first school taught by Mr. Fraim after he adopted the profession of a teacher, as well as the first school he entered as a student.

PARSON'S SABBATH-THE BREAKING.

On the grave of Parson Williams, The grass is brown and bleached, It is more than fifty winters Since he lived and laughed and preached.

But his memory in New England No wintery snow can kill, Of his goodness and his drollness Countless legends linger still.

And among those treasured legends I hold this one a boon, How he got in Deacon Crosby's hay On a Sunday afternoon.

He was midway in a sermon Most orthodox on grace When a sound of distant thunder Broke the quiet of the place: Now the meadow of the Crosby

Lay full within his sight, And he glanced from out his window Which stood upon his right. Andthe green and fragrant haycocks Byt cres there did stand; No a meadow like the deacon's Far or near in all the land.

Quick and loud the claps of thunder Went rolling through the skies, And the parson saw his deacon Looking out with anxious eyes. "Now, my brethren," called the parson, And called with might and main, "We must get in Brother Crosby's hay, 'Tis our duty now most plain!' And he shut the great red Bible,

And tossed his sermon down, Not a man could run more swiftly Than the parson in that town. And he ran down to the meadow With all his strength and speed,

And the congregation followed, All bewildered, in his lead. Hal not often on a Sunday Such a sight as this, I ween, Of a parson and his people, A New England town had seen.

With a will they worked and shouted, And cleared the field apace, And the parson led the singing, While the sweat rolled down his face. And it thundered fiercer, louder, And dark grew east and west; But the hay was under cover,

And the parson had worked best. Not a moment had been wasted. The rain was falling fast. As the parson and his people Thro' the village breathless passed.

And again in pew and pulpit Their places took composed, And the parson preached his sermon To "fifteenthly," where he closed.

When the services were ended, The people talking stayed, And among the sternly pious There were bitter comments made.

And the good old Deacon Crosby, A meek and godly man, Hardly dare rejoice his haycocks Had been saved on such a plan.

But the parson came down, striding In haste the narrow aisle,
And the deacon's bent old shoulders
He patted with a smile.

And he said, "No fear, my brother, Lest God think it a sin; For He sent the sun to make your hay, And your friends to get it in,"

UNTIL DEATH.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend, To love me though I die, thy whole life long, And love no other until thy days shall end— Nay it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart if it should encose to go;
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust will walk serene In clearer light than gilds those earthly m Above the jealousies and envies keen Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress
If, after ceath, my soul should inger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully. That thou wert wasting all thy life in wee For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead, The praises which remoracid mourners give To women's graves—a tardy recompense— But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head,
To shut away the sunshice and the dew;
Let smail blooms grow there, and let grasses wave
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay Than 1; but trust thou canst never find One that will love and serve thee night and day With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die. The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue
Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's self forgets;
But while I live be true. — Anonymous

TWO PREACHERS.

The preacher stood in the pulpit; And spoke with large discourse of reason and revelation, Nature and cosmic force.

He talked of the reign of order, Of scientific skill,

And knowledge as the only key

To find the heavenly will.

And I wonder at the doctrine, It seemed so strange and cold, And thought of saints that I had known, Weary, and poor and old.

While lost in this maze of wisdom
About the false and the true,
There came to my eyes a vision,
Near as the nearest pew.

The sweet face of a child,
As weary with all the talking
He lay asleep and smiled.

Nothing he cared for the preacher, Who spoke of law above, But in his face was inocence And worlds of trustful love,

I thought of a certain teacher, The wise, the undefiled, Who saw the kingdom of heaven Within the heart of a child.

Tis good to be strong and learned, Good to be wise and bold; But the best of everything that is That preacher left untold.

A REPLY.

What would I do, love,
Banished from thee!
What does the Moslem,
Where'er he be?
When falls the call to prayer
On the hushed, listening air,
Turns he his faithful face,
Toward the Holy Place, And beneath sun or star Worships afar.

What would I do, love,
Severed from thee?
What does the pearly shell
Torn from the sea?
Carried I cng leagues away
From the bright dancing spray,
Still it remembers well
All that the sea doth tell,
Far from its native shore
Whispers it o'er;

Thus would I be love,
Sundered from thee,
True as the moslem
Who bends the knee
On the wild, sea-beatstrant
'Mid the red deser: sand,
Moving his lips in prayer,
Looking to Mecca, where,
High in the jeweled shrine,
Dwells the Divine.

Thus would I do, love,
Torn far from thee,
As the poor banished shell
Far from the sea
To its own heart doth tell
The story it learned from the lips of the deep;
So, when I lay wrapped in feverish sleep,
My lips would murmur the tale that they told
When I loved thee, of old.

JULY 9, 1881.

OPENING OF THE N. R. R.



From Nantucket to Surf-side by Rail--The Glorious Fourth the Occasion of the In-auguration--The Trial Trip -- Success Marks the Event in All its Details -- Notes and Comments.

The opening of railroad travel on Nantucket could not but be an event of special interest to all our people, as an innovation in every sense upon our time-honored means of land travel in spring wagon and cart; and that the community has been out in force during the progress of the building of the Nantucket Railroad to gratify curiosity, is not at all surprising, for there are those in our midst who had, up to Friday of last week, never been favored with even a sight of a real locomotive and cars. But they have seen ground broken, the unfathomable Goose pond bridged, cuts and fills made through hills and in valleys, sleepers and rails laid, and trains bearing many passengers run safely to Surf side from the business centre of the town; in fact, they have witnessed the successful consummation of an enterprise that it was prophesied at the outset would never be carried through. The cry of failure we do not at-tribute to a desire for such a fate, but rather as the honest opinions of those from whom it emanated, who, entirely unacquainted with plans of the management, could only form opinions from outside talk, and made up judgment adverse to the success of the project. These views were perhaps but natural, and we doubt not but those who ventured them are quite as grat-ified with the success of Monday's opening as the management itself.

In the few brief hours following the arrival last week, of the barge Roslyn with locomotive and cars, we could only pre-sent our readers with a few facts hastily gathered concerning the future plans of operations, but we are now in possession of details of interest concerning the road, which we present below, in connection with a comprehensive account of the successful opening of the road on Monday, July 4, 1881, and literary and other features con-

nected therewith.

It is impossible for us in our limited space to note in detail the history of the road, and perhaps it is unnecessary, for we have kept our readers posted as the matter developed, and will simply state that the idea of a railroad to 'Sconset originated with the superintendent, Mr. P. H. Folger, in the summer of 1879. During the winter of 1879-80 a stock company was formed and incorporated, with the following list of officers: President, Jonathan Dorr; Treasurer, John H. Norton; Gen-eral Manager, Charles F. Coffin; Superintendent, Philip H. Folger; additional directors, John H. Coombs, James W. Cartwright and John W. Cartwright; clerk and attorney, Asa Cottrell. The route originally surveyed contemplated running west to Madaket, thence along the shore to Sconset, but subsequently the present route was surveyed to Surf-side and along the state of Sconset. shore to Sconset. May 4, 1880, ground was broken on the South beach, and in June and July following the sleepers arrived and were distributed along the road bed, which was completed to Forked ponds during the autumn. June 1st, 1881, a cargo of rails arrived, and the work of laying them has been pushed along surprisingly fast by contractor Loren Downs since that time, his assistant, Mr. E. E. Downs, doing good work in superintending operations at various points along the route. On Friday afternoon of last week, July 1, 1881, the barge Roslyn arrived at Commercial wharf bearing all the rolling stock for the road, and she was hardly made fast

ere the work of discharging the heavy freight was commenced. Mr. Downs directed the work with energy and skill, and though it is generally conceded that large bodies move slowly, he proved that there could be an exception to the rule, and all the rest of the day and through the night the huge locomotive and cars were worked upon, and the early forenoon saw them upon the temporary track. From this point they were pushed to the main track, and ere Monday morning dawned were ready for the first trip announced for the morning of that day. During Sunday all the connections on the line were made. Engineer C. M. Stansbury took the engine in hand Sunday, and by dint of hard labor accoundiched persessive work when the accomplished necessary work upon the machinery, and put everything in readiness for the start. The train was run to the temporary starting point early in the forenoon of Monday, the boiler and tank filled with water, the fire started, and soon the assembled crowd were greeted with the assembled crowd were greeted with the sound of hissing steam, and the indi-eator on the guage in the cab gradually moved up, up, until it reached the required figures. Then the locomotive Dionis (named thus at the suggestion of Mr. C. F. Coffin) was trimmed with gay flags, and early in the afternoon the peal of the first locomotive hell the shrigh of the first first locomotive bell, the shriek of the first locomotive whistle in our land was heard; tha throttle was pulled, the wheels re-volved, and the Dionis and her tender, bearing the treasurer, general manager, superintendent, contractor Downs, Mr. Winchester Veazie, civil engineer, Mr. E. E. Downs, road hands, and the omnipresent William D. Clark, moved slowly over the road, greeted by the shouts of the hundreds assembled. A short run was made as far as Hooper's station, and then she returned for the cars to make

THE TRIAL TRIP.

The management courteously invited a representative of this paper to take the trip, and shortly after 2, P. M., the train moved away from the station corner Main and Candle streets, and slowly around the sharp curve near the foot of Coffin street (this curve has been lengthened), when engineer Stansbury "opened on her" gradually, and away the train went over the Goose pond, the Clay Pits, by Hooper's station, through the short stretch of pines, to the open commons, where the speed was increased, and we went whirling along towards the station at Surf-side, which was to be the scene of festivities at a later hour. The evenness of the road was freely commented upon, and the officials were loud in their praise of the work of Mr. Downs, whose beaming face near by gave evidence of the gratification he was deriving from listening to the words of praise; and he was justified for feeling thus "good," for it was more than one point in his favor, and he could but feel supremely happy. The run over to Surf-side occupied but a few moments, when the train returned to transport invited guests to the scene of the festivities. The platform was crowded as it drew up at the station, and as "all aboard" sounded from conductor Keene's lips, the cars filled rapidly, and shortly after the appointed hour, several hundred persons were being borne along on A REAL NANTUCKET RAILROAD. We listened attentively to the comments on all sides, and were greeted with "Ain't it funny;"
"This is just lovely;" "Here's the Goose
Pond;" "I could ride all day;" "Well, I
never expected to ride on a railroad through Weeweeder valley," and other similar remarks. Pleasant faces greeted one on every hand, and the novelty of the occasion which was enjoyed to the fullest extent by all participants. The familiar scenery along the route seemed land. Passing along the pleasant share of the harbor there.

frequent expressions of delight, as the tastes of different members of the company were called forth. As the train drew up at the station at Surf-side, one lady gave ut-terance to the only fault-finding heard for the day, which fully expressed the feeling of all in attendance. It was that the ride was not long enough. This was a happy and deserved compliment to all connected with the road.

As the company walked up to the station, long tables, temptingly spread, greeted their gaze, and after strolling along the shore, or gathering in groups for an interchange of expression regarding the success of the trip, they were called to partake of the repast, which was discussed amid lively

chat, and general good feeling.

The literary exercises following the bountiful collation, were keenly relished by a throng of auditors in and around the improvised pavilion where the speakers were seated. General Manager, Charles F. Coffin, was fortunate in his selection of Rev. Daniel Round for President on this truly joyful occasion. To preside acceptably at an after dinner celebration requires a nice tact and discrimination; and our cleri-cal friend, Rev. Mr. Round, happily com-bines the two. The clatter of dishes over, and knives and forks having been brought to a parade rest, Mr. Round announced a song by the Glee Club, composed of Messrs. John W. Hallett, Almon T. Mowry and B. G. Tobey, and Mrs. Almon T. Mowry, Mrs. John W. Hallett, Mrs. M. A. Wakeman and Miss Clara Cook. The song was entitled "Soft Glides the Sea," and it was sweetly rendered, the chorus min-gling with the receding waves on the adja-cent beach. Allen Coffin, Esq., was then announced by the President as the first speaker, and his address which we publish below, was frequently applauded. Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Amid the gloom of our national calamity which hangs like a pall about the hearts and minds of all true Americans, we have gathered upon this favored spot under otherwise auspicious circumstances, to interchange the greeting of exalted and patri-otic friendship in commemorating our Na-tion's natal day in conjunction with a great local enterprise—even the formal opening of the Nantucket Railroad. [Applause.]

One hundred and five years ago to-day the Declaration of Independence was pro-claimed, and the birth of a new Nation announced. Two hundred and twenty odd years ago the settlement of Nantucket was commenced. In laying the foundation of the Republic our fathers builded better than they knew. They published universal principles of right hitherto unknown among the Nations of the earth—principles which shall survive the downfall of empires; for, while the Republic itself may become disintegrated, and crumble and may become disintegrated, and crumble and pale away from the history of Nations, yet the people will live to perpetuate a purer Democracy under the guiding star of our own historic national achievements. In the settlement of Nantucket Island, our immediate a programme and programme that the settlement of the settleme diate ancestors constructed more than they intended, and better than their most fertile imaginations ever conceived. We are un-worthy of our progenitors if we do not im-prove upon the National and local institutions they have transmitted to us. I have said they builded well; but not to perfection. Ours is the high mission of preserving and improving that which has been handed down to us. The American Eagle is still on its flight; and we should follow it with the gentle Dove of Peace, as embodied in the industrial and mechanical developments of the age, most prominent among which stands the iron horse.

It was my fortune to witness the formal opening of the great bridge at St. Louis, which spans the Missouri River, beneath the arches of which the largest steamers pass, and I was lost in wonder and admirapass, and I was lost in wonder and admin-tion at the sight, and undetermined which most to admire,—the work of nature or the work of art. So, in standing here to-day in the august presence of this majestic ocean laving the white sands of the shore.

with a freckless blue canopy above, and a full view of the locomotive engine with its historic name, wending its way across the naked plains, I am again perplexed to de-cide which I most admire,—the works of nature or the triumph of human skill. [Ap-

plause.]

When our ancestors walked this beach two centuries ago, their eyes greeted this same lovely expanse of blue waters; their ears listened to the same music which swells up from old ocean in its ceaseless murmurings and soft cadences; the Indian war-whoop was the only strange noise that disturbed their fond reveries, and they beheld only the works and beauties of na-ture. In addition to these, we behold the wonders of art in the perfection of steam machinery, and instead of the war-whoop the sound of the locomotive whistle. [Ap-

The officers of the Nantucket Railroad Company have constructed a railroad, not-withstanding the doubts and murmurings and oppositions of many good citizens. Like our illustrious ancestors in town and nation they too may have builded what they know not of; and generations yet unborn may have as good cause to thank their immediate ancestors for spanning the island with iron bands, as we of to-day have for thanking ancestors more remote for crossing the sea to found a community where individual thought has had a most

abundant fruitage.

I was greatly moved when I read upon the locomotive the name "Dionis." It carried me back through the dim vista of two centuries, when the maternal progenitor of our Coffin line lived in this land. And I want to read you four lines from the

records of Newbury:
"1653. September - Tristram Coffyn's wife, Dionis, was presented for selling beer at his ordinary, in Newbury, for three pence a quart. Having proved, upon the testi-mony of Samuel Mooers, that she put six bushels of malt into the hogshead, she was a quart. discharged.

The law which she was supposed to have violated was passed in 1645, and is as fol-

"Every person licensed to keep an ordinary, shall always be provided with good wholesome beer of four bushels of malt to the hogshead, which he shall not sell above two pence the ale quart, on penalty of forty shillings the first offence, and for the second offence shall lose his license."

It must be remembered that this presentment was during the same period that women were presented for wearing silk hoods and scarfs and other trifling matters of dress, which were in violation of the abortive attempt to regulate the fashions of the people. Dionis doubtless intended to make a better beer than was afforded at other ordinaries; and as three pence per quart bore the same relation to six bushels of malt, as two pence per quart did to four bushels, she could see no reason why her beer should not sell for three pence per quart notwithstanding the law, Proof of this fact secured her discharge, and there can be little doubt that her beer gained a good reputation from this proceeding, and Coffyn's ordinary became distinguished as the place where the best beer was sold.

The name Dionis is the diminutive of Dionysia, and was often written Dionys, although I cannot find that she was ever known or called in America by any other name than Dionis. It is quite remarkable that, while the name of Tristram has been perpetuated through all the generations, and in genealogical researches becomes a source of confusion it occurs so often, the name of Dionis is repeated but once in all generations down to the present time. One grandchild only, the eldest daughter of Stephen Coffin, youngest child of Tristram and Dionis, was christened Dionis, but when she came to be married to Jacob Norton, the name appears as Dinah.

So it may be said that the wife of Tristram Coffyn possessed a name that disappeared with her life, and has remained ob-

Yet it shall live solete for two centuries. again. In contemplating this fact I am reminded of the beautiful legend of Saint Humbert; after that good saint had been dead just a hindred years, as the story goes, his sarcephagus was opened and a sprig of laurel that had lain in burial with him during the whole century was taken from his ashes in as perfect green as if newly plucked, and fresh as if wet with the morning's dew. When the maternal progenitor of Clan Coffin was laid away to mingle with the cold clods of the valley, her laurels may have been buried with her. But as sure as eternal justice will triumph in the end—as sure as the white rose will bloom anew with every returning season, so surely will the hand of impartial history penetrate the dark portals of the tomb and lift her laurels to a glorious resurrection to bloom again green and perennial before the world, ere another century shall have been numbered with the two preceding ones of indifference and oblivion. If her name and memory be not immortalized by a figure of bronze, her life and character shall grow in the righteous estimation of her numerous descendants, till no marble or alabaster shall be found pure and white enough on which to inscribe her name. Applause,

congratulate the Railroad Company upon their success thus far, and bespeak for them a continuation of the same interest which this auspicious opening seems

to augur. [Applause.]

When Mr. Coffin had finished speaking, the President called for a song by the Glee Club, entitled "Hurrah for Old New England!" Following this spirited glee, Hon. William R. Easton was introduced in complimentary phrase, as one early identified with the business interests of Nantucket in her palmy days. Mr. Easton then said:

I am so profoundly impressed with the horrid event of last week as to be nearly paralyzed and disqualified to speak on this interesting occasion, and though no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, in view of the many gatherings in our country approving of the shooting of the Czar of Russia, I said, the life of the President was not so secure as it was before the utter not so secure as it was before the utter-ances alluded to. Tyrants are not the only ones that are shot. What was the good and lamented Lincoln shot for? No countenance should ever be given to such horrible deeds, no matter what the character of the intended victim may be.

A gentleman said to a darkey waiter at a hotel, "Is that the second bell?" "No," said the waiter, "dat is not the second bell, dat is the second ringing of the first bell." Well, at the first jingling of the first bell we left the starting point on the first bell we left the starting point on the first railroad, and soon found ourselves comfortably seated at Surf-side to partake of the hospitality of the proprietors of the first Nantucket railroad. This new enter-This new enterprise is entitled to and should receive the hearty support of every individual in this sea-bound community. All we now need to ensure success, is good will and unity of action, both of which are richly deserved.

of the United States Senate in 1840, and hear a sharp and heated discussion between Clay, of Alabama, and Col. Benton, on the subject of further patronage to a railroad in Alabama. The subject becoming some-what personal, the ponderous and "half omnipotent? Webster addressed the Vice-President: "I move you, Sir, that the further discussion of this subject be post-poned to Tuesday next. I am in favor of railroads in general; whether I shall be in favor of this bill I know not, knowing nothing of its merits, but if we are to have a melee on this subject of railroads, I am for going into this discussion understandingly, and at that time I shall be pre-pared. When the proposition for our State to take a portion of the stock of the Western Railroad (now Boston & Albany) was made, our Representative voted against it, upon the ground that it would be of no benefit to Nantucket. I told him he had taken a narrow view of the subject

should have voted for it. It certainly would benefit the State, and as I thought,

indirectly, Nantucket,
This being the 4th, I am reminded of Charles Sprague's eloquent 4th of July oration of 1824. I am sorry I can go so far back. The bringing of materials across the Atlantic to found a New Empire, and the bringing of materials to this isle of the sea to establish a new enterprise are not altogether dissimilar. Said Mr. Sprague: "Across the Atlantic came a Pilgrim bark bearing the seeds of life and death; the former were sown for you, and the latter sprang up in the path of the simple natives. Here they had lived and loved; now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes; now they paddled their light canoe along your rocky shores. Here, too, they warred; the cehoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.'

But the tendency of the Indians was to the west, and as they ascended the distant mountains, they read their doom in the setting sun. The morning of the Nan-tucket Railroad has dawned, and with the rising sun is destined to achieve success.

Lookers-on could not fail to detect the interest developing as the speeches followed in quick succession, and President Round was at his best when he jocosely called upon Joseph S. Barney, Esq., agent of the N. & C. C. Steamboat Co., to infuse some of his enthusiasm into the hearts of all present. Mr. Barney did not disapapoint his interested auditors. Loud applause greeted his opening sentences, and our readers will catch a little of the same "enthusiasm," as they carefully peruse the following. Mr. Barney said substantially: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen;

Is it possible that I am to be called upon for a speech, when I scarcely ever made one in my life? It seems like an absurdity. I don't know how; have never been educated to such a contingency; but for all that, I perceive that I am doomed, and hence I must tell you what has brought me here. One of my young friends, who has been quite conspicuous in this project of a railroad to Surf-side and 'Sconset, and to whom we are very much indebted for this free ride and tempting spread of edibles, said to me on Friday evening last, after giving me the programme of to-day's exercises, "we want you to make a speech; we want you to go there and give us some of your enthusiasm." I instantly called to mind a conversation which we had one morning last Autumn, just as he was leaving here on the steamer, when he addressed me by name, saying, "I am almost killed with this everlasting decrying of our enterprise. Why, the croakers say that we shall never build the road; that we shall never cross the Goose Pond even; and if we should, that the sleepers would never reach the island; and if they came, that surely the rails would never come &c., &c." I replied to him, I can sympathize full well with you; I have been through with it all. I can remember with great distinctness the battle of "Two-boats-a-day," which we fought inch by inch some seven years ago. Now if you wish to kill the croaking as effectually as we did (and you may be quite sure we have stamped it out of existence) you must adopt the same means: grade your road, place your sleepers, lay your rails, and then run your trains. [Applause.] We who have ridden over the road, and are here on this festive occasion, can thoroughly judge how far this has been accomplish-[Applause.]

But, Mr. President, is it so very strange that we had croakers (and maybe the race has not yet become extinct), when we remember that all our early associations and training have been in a direction so entirely at variance with our present surroundings. Our views had become so moulded into one groove that we could think of nothing but our ancestors and their exploits. We were made to believe that when the business of our island, in which we had ac-

quired such a world-wide fame, had become obsolete, and they (our ancestors) had passed away, that Nantucket must become a desert, as it were, or at the best that her population must be decimated, and we her population must be decimated, and we must dwindle away to a mere fishing village. What a mistate! Even Vennor could do better than that. And now for the "enthusiasm!" This idea that our ancestors have transmitted no good blood among their descendants, that when our grandfathers and fathers were called home, they left a generation of imbeciles, a race of nobodys, if it hasn't already exploded it is high time it ceased to have any weight. And I say this with a due regard and reverence for those old patriarchs who have preceded us, for I have a perfect veneration for them and the research in the contraction for them and the research is a result in the contraction for them and the research is a result in the contraction for them and the research is a result in the contraction for them and the research is a result in the contraction for them and the research is a result in the contraction for them and the research is a result in the contraction for the co tion for them and the example which they have left for us to follow. I knew them full well, Mr. President, for I happened to be quite a grown-up lad in Nantucket's palmiest days. Idon't have to ask anybody what she was in her most flourishing times, for I was right here myself, and lived in that very atmosphere of work and drive in which these same patriarchs figured so conspicuously. I can seem to see some of those great muscular men, six feet high, and shoulders broad in proportion, and I can remember full well their stern and resolute countenances, so filled with that iron will which bespoke determination to overcome difficulties of every name and nature. Why, Mr. President, the thought of what those men could accomplish in a day (and a day in those times meant from four o'clock in the morning until nine at night) almost lifts me from my feet this very moment, with admiration.

In those early days, Mr. President, we Nantucketers were taught that there was nothing in this world but whaling and the manufacture of oil and candles, and I used manufacture of oil and candles, and I used How was Nantucket's record in the war of to think that but for us the Earth could not the Rebellion, and hasn't she a monument revolve on its axis, and that its people must in memory of those who were sacrificed, sit in darkness unless we could furnish the and upon which is inscribed: "Eternal sit in darkness unless we could furment the oil, in the one case to grease the axle, and in the other to feed the lamps. We used to think in those times, too, that our neighbors a united country?" Does her record compare unfavorably with any town in the State? sperm oil, and that they would pay us \$3 per gallon, rather than do without it. Ah, President. And how about the deeds of Mr. President, what a change has come over our dreams, and what do we see to-day? The lives have been saved from vessels stranded to the deed of the deed annual importation of sperm oil less than on our shores, I may say directly under one-third what it formerly was, and at the price, 80 cents per gallon, it goes a-begging. roar. In fact has there been any emergen-And I'll venture the opinion here, without fear of criticism, that if not a gallon of either sperm or whale oil were ever again imported, that every spindle would be lubricated, and every bearing thoroughly greased. But why dwell longer upon this misguided picture of the past, for it is not true of the Nantucket of to-day. She has a different future, and the very misfor-tune which we always encountered, and which at first caused our decline (the fact that we were out in the ocean, separated from the main-land) is the very thing of all others, that is destined to make Nantucket one of the most noted places of resort on the sea-coast. Why, Mr. President, it makes no difference from which point of the com-pass the wind may blow, the air is wafted clear and pure, and full of health-giving properties.

But to return again. Has all the good blood of our ancestors been buried with them, or have they transmitted some of it at least to their children and grandchildren, and don't we see it developing in every part of the globe, for their descendants are spread far and wide, in each hemisphere, and in every prominent city and secluded spot as well, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Aye, Mr. President, isn't the evidence right before us? What signifies this graded track across these commons, and what means the shrill whistle of the locomotive? What would those old patriarchs say, were they to rise up and behold the scenes of to-day? Take for instance, if you please, this very gathering, and the event which we are here assembled to celebrate. Could they by any

force of reasoning, be convinced that this is the Nantucket of their former home? What would they say of the iron horse, starting right from the centre of the town, near the very building (the Commercial Insurance office of former times) where those wise heads used to congregate, to talk over their own business and the affairs of the nation? And would they believe their own eyes, were they to be placed on North Shore hill (as they used to call it) and east a glance about them, and behold a miniature city as it were, with the stately iron tank of the Wannacomet Water Co. towering into the heavens? And what expressions wonder and amazement would they utter, when they saw that jetty stretching out toward the bell-buoy, and reflected a moment as to our destiny, should it result in deepening the water, as is fondly hoped, to 14 feet at low tide. And suppose we should whisper a word in their ears, and tell them that instead of the old Marco Bozarris and the Telegraph of their day, making tri-weekly trips, and a packet upon intermedi-ate days, that the line to Nantucket now comprised four stately sea-going steamers, and that during the summer season there were two boats a day, [Applause] and a daily line during the rest of the year, could we possibly make them believe all this? Nevertheless it is literally true, and this isn't a tithe part of what will be witnessed by those who are living ten years hence. This very road which we have just crossed over is, I am told, to be extended to 'Sconset. [Applause.] And this very plateau is to have cottages and a hotel placed upon it

during the coming year. [Applause.]

And now, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, will you please follow me a little further, and let's see if all the good material was laid away with those old patriarchs. Applause.] Pardon the expression, Mr. President. And how about the deeds of cy where the sons of Nantucket have not figured, and to her credit, too, and I mean by those who are living to-day. And here,

Mr. President, I beg of you to caution me, lest I omit to speak of the daughters as well, for they by no means have taken an inferior rank as compared with their broth-They are filling positions of trust and emolument, as teachers, saleswomen, cashiers, etc., etc. They have distinguished themselves at the head of science, in the pulpit, upon the rostrum, and in every conceivable position within the sphere of wom-

Have you perceived that when there was a demand for a Town Clock, one of Nantucket's sons instantly appeared upon the scene; and hasn't his princely munificence gone even further, and doesn't he say to the proper officials, "if the dome needs gilding, I'll gild it; and if the church requires painting, I'll paint it?" [Applause.] And now comes the Coffin Reunion. Do

we need to disturb the resting place of Tristram and Dionis, or any of their descendants even, who have passed on, to mark out a programme or to carry any of its details into execution? No, Mr. President, they can rest in peace, and there will still be enough material to carry it to its ultimatum, and with all the success which its most sanguine leaders can hope for. I was sorry to notice that the Secretary felt compelled to draw the distinction, in a recent issue of one of our local newspapers, between a Coffin Reunion and a Nantucket Reunion, for I believe they will be one and the same thing, and what Nantucket under-

President, I expect that you are getting tired of this overflow of enthusiasm, but it is just what I promised you in the outset, and you have had to endure it.

I do wish to say in conclusion, that however much pride we may have in reviewing the former history of Nantucket, and however much we may revere the names and memories of those old Patriarchs, let us take some credit to ourselves for the Nan-tucket of to-day; and let us be united and work with a will and a purpose, to the end that she may the sooner become what she is surely destined to be viz: one of the most noted summer resorts on the sea coast. Let's disabuse our minds that Nantucket is lost beyond any resuscitation, for depend upon it, Mr. President, it isn't so. We have passed the worst; the tide has done running out, and you know that a very low ebb is apt to be followed by a full flood. Let's hope for the flood. [Prolonged Ap-

"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and all other American patriotic airs, sounded in our ears, as Mr. Tobey struck up "Yankee Doodle," and was accompanied by a lively chorus. It was a truly grand march to the speech that had preceded it, and it was received with rounds of applause.

President Round then pleasantly introduced as the last speaker upon his programme, Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, whose address was full of earnest feeling, and eloquently delivered, the close attention of his hearers being held to the final word. Applause greeted him frequently. His remarks were as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This trial trip of the cars drawn by a live engine, from Nantucket town to Surf-side, was a grand ovation; emphatically I might say, an innovation. To some of our inhabitants it is marvellous as Mark 'Twain's recent incomparable description of the comet train which we can behold any bright evening in the Northern sky. And there are some to whom the sand-bridging of the Goose Pond was a piece of engineering stupendous in execution as the famous Hoosac Tunnel; and both, as by consent of the common people—the Tunnel and the Nantucket Railroad—had been voted down as perfect bores; the one thro' the solid rock, scarcely more impregnable than the rock of social prejudice against the new enterprise. [Applause.] But laying joking aside for the present, I would go backward in my mind's eye to the downs of England. There I see a Northumberland county coal-miner bending over his charts; we all know him as the inventor of charts; we all know him as the inventor of the locomotive. Between his day and ours, what a fertile history is that of the rail-road! There is no more delightful height to enjoy the triumph of more than fifty years than this breezy upland, poetically called "Surf-side," overlooking the broad Atlantic. From the downs of the British Isle I return to the Downs of Nantucket, the gentleman to whose superintendence, associated with a corps of energetic mer-cantile men and hardy mechanics—let us never forget our mechanics-is due the suc-

cess of this undertaking. [Applause].
When the idea of the Nantucket Railroad to Surf-side and 'Sconset was mooted, I frequently heard: "Why build the rail-road at all? Better to have a good drive-way to 'Sconset." There are men present in this assembly old enough to recall the eloquence of Henry Clay in favor of what was called the Cumberland Turnpike. But later the State Congress of South Carolina overruled the brilliant rhetoric of America's graceful statesman, and the iron horse came off victor in the race for the supremacy. From the Boston Daily Advertiser of Sept. 17th, 1851, I quote a correspondent's words: "First, the South Carolina railroad from Charleston to Hamburg, was the first road commenced in this country, with a view of using steam instead of animal power. Second, the first locomotive engine ever built in this country, was built for and used on this road. Third, it was the

first road that carried the United States mail. Fourth, when completed and ready for use, which was the second of October, 1833, it was the longest railroad in the world."
Thus, by rail, and not by political railing, are South and North united by mutual interdependence. Only yesterday our anxiety to know of President Garfield's condition, was an irresistible plea for cable connection between Nantucket and the main-And but for the railroad, servant of commerce, and prime agent of traffic and interchange, Mrs. Garfield could not have winged her way from Long Branch to the winged her way from Long Branch to the White House, to enter the room of her prostrate husband, and press the kiss of her love upon his pale brow, and whisper words of peace in his ear.

Gentlemen, managers of this new railroad, your pride in this day's celebration is proper. You have overcome all obstacles, surmounted aggravating difficulties:

cles, surmounted aggravating difficulties; all the credit is yours. Mr. President, I hail, with enthusiasm, the brightness and promise of this day's ceremonies, on this broad bluff, with a glimpse of the dear old town youder, and the possible, townings, of this yonder, and the possible terminus of this road in the quaint little village of 'Sconset beyond! Ladies and gentlemen, every undertaking of man has its Rubicon; we must cross it with a determination to win. The rock in your way, harder than any which the Almighty ever imbedded among gran--I mean the rock of local prejudice and daily positive opposition to your business scheme, you have this day shivered to atoms, and like useless driftwood on a lazy stream, it will never be heard from

more. [Applause.] It has been well asked by the gentleman who preceded me: "What signifies this graded track across the commons, and what means the shrill whistle of the locomotive? I answer: Enterprise, large and growing promise for Nantucket's future. Here, on this sounding shore, cozy cottages shall be erected, and in the sweet twilight of long summer afternoons, the cultured stranger shall hear the sad sea-story of our brave surfmen,—old Ocean's minute men,—who leap into the threatening waves yonder to rescue the drowning mariners. And here,

too, grand and glorious local history yet unwritten, shall be revived,—of how our young men went to the from in the late civil war, to save the day; and how Nan-tucket became the banner-town of the old Commonwealth, furnishing more than her quota for the war! Yes, Mr. President, this little branch of the Nantucket railroad coming thus far, and planted by your tire-less energy and resistless pluck, will prove to the grand army of visitors to our island shores, that Nantucket, verily a part of the world, moves with the world!

The President said that the board of directors requested him to return their thanks to Mr. J. Bradlee Starbuck for his excellent supervision of the collation, to the island ladies who had kindly furnished the provisions, and to the young lady-at-tendants upon the tables, the High School graduates and their friends, for their very valuable services. The careful direction of Mr. Starbuck was visible on every hand, and our treat was a most excellent shore dinner of quahaug chowder, baked clams and bluefish, cakes, fruits, tea and coffee and iced lemonade.

Mr. Charles F. Coffin, General Manager of the Nantucket Railroad Celebration, as well as of the Company's official board, then returned the thanks of the Directors to Rev. Mr. Round for his willingness to act as their President. Mr. Round then called for some response from the Selectmen. This was pleasantly answered by Mr. J. W. Hallett, when the very enjoyable literary feast closed with the singing of "America." all joining in the chorus. The "America," all joining in the chorus. The president announced that but for the lack of time others would have been called upon for remarks.

By the breaking of a coupling the train was late in getting out for the passengers, and to dispel any anxiety the engine ran out to announce the fact. Shortly after 7, M., the company arrived in, and the

management received congratulations from all sides for the success attending the opening of the Nantucket Railroad, which is largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Downs, who performed such faithful work, to have the road opened on time.

A Sprightly Old Lady .- The Traveller says: The longevity of our Cape neighbors is proverbial, as is also their pluck and resolution. These qualities had an amusing illustration on one of the Old Colony passenger trains, a few days since. The car was well-filled, and comfortably resting well toward its centre was an aged lady, sweet-faced and gentle of mien, accompanied by her daughter.

At one of the stations there entered an alert, smart old lady, quick in speech and movement. Taking a seat directly in front of the first old lady, whom she quietly surveyed a few moments, she commenced:

"Going far, marm?"

"To New Bedford," was the reply.

"Is your home there, marm?"

"No; it is on the Cape. I am to visit a daughter in New Bedford."

"May I ask your age?"

"Certainly; eighty-four years."

"La! you show it. Now I've just been visiting a few weeks, and am on my way home. There's a few things I want to see to there, and straighten out, and then I'm off for another visit. I travel about a good deal, much to some folks' annoyance, because I'm so old. But when I can't take care of myself, I'll stop. I can hold my own yet with conductors and baggagemasters, and don't take none of their sass, though I don't find much of that on this road. Now, how old do you take me to be?"

"I cannot guess; how old are you?" was the response.

"Ninety-eight-going on ninety-nine .-And I say when I can't take care of myself, I'll stop travelling; when I can't see to thread a needle, I'll stop sewing; and when I can't enjoy living I'll stop breathing. So there, now. But I get out here. Name? Yes, it's Nancy Randall, and I live at Marion. Come and see me, I'm at home part of the time. Good-by."

And with a nod and a smile, the young woman of nearly a century passed quickly down the aisle with the step of almost a girl, leaving the passengers in wonder at her remarkable vigor and vitality.

AND JOY WENT WITH THE RAILROAD. On the morning trip over the road to Surfside, last Thursday, Mr. Charles Joy, of this town, who had not been on the mainland since the advent of steam cars, and who had never seen a locomotive in motion, took his first ride on the train. It was a real pleasure to witness his surprise and delight. He said that he was born on the 4th day of July, 1811, and he had been told that it was the hottest day ever experienced on Nantucket, the mercury rising to 98°. He was just 70 years of age on the day of the Railroad jubilee at Surf-side. When asked how he liked his ride, he replied that he was perfectly charmed with the trip; and so were all the passengers. On the same train was Capt. Charles H. Coleman, over eighty years old.

HE held the old shirt up by the neck before discarding it forever, but he wasn't mourning for the garment. He only said, "I wish I had all the drinks again that have gone through that old neck-band,"

When a boy falls and peels the skin off his nose, the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly, the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

Something About Mantucket.

The island of Nantucket is most remarkable in its peculiarities, both of location, and mode of living of its inhabitants. Not that the people of the place differ in appearance from those of other towns, or cities even; not that they are more like the original natives than other well-born and bred indigenous creatures; not that they eatmore fish and less meat than the rest of the world, for such is not the case (prevailing opinion to the contrary notwithstanding); not that they look upon what they term "a stranger" with any special wonder and amazement, at having originated in some other clime than that of their island. Not a bit of it. But this island, as one leaves the city-looking wharf of Oak Bluffs, and casts his eye seaward into bare open ocean space, seems fic-tionary and not real, and it is difficult for a pure born inlander to believe that out of this great billow, heaving and rolling around you, the little purple island will gradually rise up from the sea, and stretch out its sandy fingers this way and that, as if for a sandy ingers this way and that, as if for a holding ground in this great sea beyond. Watch closely, and you will see the long barren hills and shores, anchored firmly, the church spires, the public buildings, the trees well distributed about the town, and everything beging evidence, that suddenly everything bearing evidence that suddenly, as it were, a civilization has appeared from the bottom of the ocean. All feeling of landing among natives, subdued heathen as it were, has vanished, and you stand comparatively on metropolitan soil, with everything around you, shortly, to put to the blush any idea you might have entertained of a different race of beings from any you had ever seen, or habitations fit only for such a race. Lo! here is nearly all we left behind us, and what then is there left for us to do, other than at home? Here are churches, here are fine houses, fine stores, fine shaded streets, flagged sidewalks, and nothing save a few dilapidated wharves to tell us Nantucket is not a great scaport town. Wherein then is this island, such a pice place to other a week this island such a nice place to stop a week at? Just wait a day or two, and see its peo-ple; see how exactly they fit into all the surpie; see now exactly they lit into all the surroundings; see how the blessed quiet of the place takes real possession of you, and unconsciously steals away the headlong speed you brought along with you; how the moving waters lull you to sleep, in spite of heavy cares in the rear; how the procedary heavy cares in the rear; how the people in their kindness seem to lift every load for a season, and lend their aid to contribute season, and lend their aid to contribute what may be wanting, to smooth even this short season. Would you know the cause of this? They are glad, heartily glad to see you, and out of their simple lore, take delight in distributing. And yet not simple lore, for here is found wealth, intellect, intelligence, education, everything which goes to make up true refinement. The true secret of the great majority of visitors enjoying themselves thoroughly is the broad expanse of ocean around, which gives a breadth and depth to one's emotions, the panse of ocean around, which gives a breadth and depth to one's emotions, the feeling of security which this environment produces, and the love and good feeling which exist with the people. It is this breadth and expense of ocean which broadens and enlarges one; the very environment in which was feel seems and the love and in which you feel secure, and the love and good feeling which crowns the whole. These are felt insensibly, and give a relish and enjoyment to all which seems to arise from that which is merely temporal and section-It is this rare combination which nearly all partake of who visit those shores, and which are so unlike any other portion of the country frequented, which entitle it to the sobriquet of "novel." It is not that the manners and customs of the people are so very unlike others, even though the towncrier makes his announcements, which have been so often related by correspondents. It is not that the dwelling houses look so much unlike others; in fact, it is difficult to say where the novelty comes in, save in this very fact of everything moving on in the same metropolitan way, as of a people above water from a distance. This is one point of attraction for inland residents out of a thousand, and this article is written not with a view to advertise the place above and beyond others, but merely to inform our readers of a locality we know all about. Others may, and doubtless do, have their charms and points of attraction, but none excel this in healthfulness and grandeur, yet simplicity of nature.—Tolland County

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The Recent Struggle in the Senate -A Vivid Sketch of a Night Ses-

[Special Correspondence Chicago Daily News.]

Washington, March 14.

Last night those persons whose business kept them out until a late hour were surprised, upon looking towards the Capitol, to see the light in the dome still brightly burning, telling of a night session in one or both branches of Congress. It was learned, upon inquiry, that the Senate was in extra session. Many theories were advanced as to the nature of the business on hand. Some said it was a fight over the WASHINGTON, March 14. hand. Some said it was a fight over the appointment of Census Supervisors; others, that it was the inter-oceanic canal; while all agreed that nothing but a matter of great moment could delay the Senate until so late an hour. It was an important matter that occupied the attention of this angust body—no less important than the game of "fifteen"—and the way in which it was brought up was as way in which it was brought up was as follows:

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Anthony, About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Anthony, of Rhode Island, went into the coat-room, and there found three of the messenger boys busily engaged over a small box containing a number of little blocks, which they were moving around in an excited manner. The Senator paused a moment to observe their actions, and then asked them what they were doing.

"Trying to do the puzzle, sir," was the answer.

answer.

They explained the game to him, and he watched them with increasing interest, until, feeling that his Senatorial dignity was not being advanced by his then present occupation, he administered a severe entoccupation of the boys for wasting their time rebuke to the boys for wasting their time in such a frivolous manner, and, as a pun-ishment, confiscated the box and contents. ishment, confiscated the box and contents. He returned to his seat, with the game in his pocket, intending tokeep it there until he got home at night, when he could see what there was in the thing. But his mind was not easy, and he could not apply it to anything. Those numbers were constantly flitting about in his head, and he was all the time working an imaginary he was all the time working an imaginary puzzle. At last he could stand it no lon-ger, so he cautionaly took the box from

puzzle. At last he could stand it no longer, so he cautionsly took the box from his pocket, and, placing some books on his desk, so as to shield it as much as possible, he put it there and went at it.

Now, just at his left sits Edmunds, of Vermont, and it was not long before the latter's quick eye detected the unusual industry of the Senator from Rhode Island. dustry of the Senator from Rhode Island. Leaning over, without attracting attention or arousing Anthony from his deep study, Edmunds watched the game and listened in silence to the "blank" ejaculations that followed each failure to make the blocks come as desired. At last in his interest he forgot himself and offered a suggestion. Anthony looked up with a sickly smile, his face covered with perspiration and dismay, but meeting the excited look of Edmunds he turned again to his task without uttering the apology that rose task without uttering the apology that rose to his lips. Beinforced as he was he re-sumed his work, and for thirty minutes the two men studied and moved in silence. So much occupied was Edmunds that two bills appropriating money to the South were rushed thrugh without his knowl-

About this time Morrill, of Vermont, who occupies a chair on Anthony's right, came in and took his seat. Noticing that something unusual was going on, he, too, joined the party, and at once became lost to everything outside of the box that con-tained the fifteen little blocks of wood. Blaine, who happened to be in the Senate Blaine, who happened to be in the Senate at the time, it being past the hour for the New York stock market to close, caught sight of these three men with their heads together, earnestly engaged in what had the appearance of a heated debate, and fearing that they might be scheming to deliver the States of Vermont and Rhode Island to Grant, joined the group and encircled the three in his usual affectionate manner, with his arms. His relief at finding them engaged in something outside of ing them engaged in something outside politics overcame his surprise, and watched the moves for some time in evident amusement. Soon his brows began to contract, and he pushed his way toward

"Move that 14 up," he said, "and then slide it along to its proper longitude. Then, by changing one or two of those on the lower line you will have the latitude also," and he started to execute his order.

They at once approached and eagerly watched, while Anthony, in breathless silence, made four more moves, and sank back in his chair exhausted. The last row

back in his chair exhausted. The last row read 13, 15, 14.

"Now it's my turn," said Edmunds, and he commenced. By this time half of the Senators on the Republican side were packed around the desk, on which was placed the puzzle, and from which the books had been knocked to the floor by the Senator from Rhode Island, in the violent gesture that had accompanied his last moves. At this juncture,

DAWES, OF MASSACHUSETTS,

Seeing that several of the Senators were Seeing that several of the Senators were attracting the attention of those in the reporters' gallery, moved that the Senate go into Executive Session, and it was so ordered. Then the work began in earnest, and before the galleries were cleared, a rush was made by the Senators for Anthony's desk, where it was rumored, a Anthony's desk, where it was rumored, a fight was going on. Everything else was soon forgotten in the excitement of the game, and the United States Senate gave itself up to the game of fifteen "by unanimous consent." Everything else was forgotten. Even the dignified Conkling pushed his way to the front and occupied a position just back of Edmunds, and between his two friends Blain and cupied a position just back of Edmunds, and between his two friends, Blaine and Lamar. Republicans and Democrats, Unionists and ex-Confederates, Radicals, and Bourbons, together mingled in one common brotherhood over those little blocks of wood.

blocks of wood.

Ben Hill lqst his patience. "Force the d—d thing, can't you?" he said.
"Bulldosing won't work there, Hill," said Logan; "the desired result can be obtained only by a free expression of the will of the people."
"Why don't you jump the 15 over the 14, into its place?" asked a voice.

Lt. was the Secretary of the Interior who spoke. He had been on the floor of the Senate, and having become interested in

Senate, and having become interested in

the game, failed to go out when the order for an Executive Session went into effect.

"You can't bolt there," quickly interposed Don Cameron; "the solution of the puzzle can only be arrived at by sticking to the party rules."

CONKLING,

Who had thus far maintained his superwho had thus far maintained his super-cilious sneer, reached toward the box and said: "Will the honorable Senator from Vermont allow me to examine the little machine? I think I can show him how it should be run in order to bring suc-

cess."

Edmunds angrily pushed his hand away and said he had had some little experience in running machines himself.

Ben Hill said that if the thing could be done at all, and he believed it could, it must be in some simple way. There was no need to try to force the numbers into their places, but he advised rather persistent and seductive measures. In this he was seconded by both Butler and Matt Carpenter.

"Can't you, in some way, effect a settle-ment with that 14 by which the 15 will be enabled to pull through?" asked Ingails,

"Bribery would be wasted on these pieces of wood," aptly replied Edmunds. Here the burly independent Senator from Illinois struggled pantingly to a position on Edmunds, left, and said: "Neither the 13 nor the 14 is in position as long as the 15 stands there; now can't you fix it in some way so that the latter can slip in between the other two, as it were, and come

Platt, of Connecticut, favored this plan, although it was strongly opposed by Lo-

It was getting late, but still Edmunds sat there, patiently moving the blocks. On the clearing on top of his head beads of perspiration glistened in the gaslight like drops of dew in the morning sun.

THE OTHER SENATORS GREW IMPATIENT,

And, at last, after caucusing the matter, the Sergeant-at-Arms was sent out with orders to procure a puzzle for each of the Senators, including one for the Vice President and each of the Clerks. Upon his return each member, upon being furnished a box, resumed his seat and placed his puzzle on the seat before him.

The Senate then, as a deliberative body, proceeded to solve the problem, it having

"Just keep your hands off, will you, Blaine! Don't you see I am just getting it?" spoke up Anthony with such warmth as to attract the attention of several Senators who were sitting near.

They at once approached and secretary and secretary attentions of uproar but after that the scene was one of uproar but after that the scene was one of uproar and confusion. Almost every Senator was on his feet striving to obtain the floor, in order to move in favor of his plan. Such disorder was never seen in the Chamber before, and as each move was made, and the solution seemed as far off as ever, the confusion and excitement increased until finally Kirkwood suggested a move that David Davis considered fatal; and forgetting, in his anger and excitement, ere he was, crazed almost with repeated failures, and famished for want of food, he threw his puzzle straight at Kirkwood's head. It struck the latter fairly over the

This was the commencement of a memorable scene in the Senate Chamber, for, although Kirkwood did not know that he had been hit until a friend told him hours after, the act was taken by the Senator as a declaration of war. Boxes and books were thrown, and the Chamber became the scene of physical combat.

The opportunity thus offered was taken advantage of to settle old scores. Lamar at once hobbled round on his cane, and proceeded to fight his long threatened duel with Conkling, while Blaine also attacked the latter in the rear.

DAVID DAVIS AND BALDWIN.

Of Michgan, were engaged in a hand-to-hand contest, while Wade Hampton was defending himself, with the aid of his crutch, against the vigorous blows of Senator Hoar.

One man, however, sat quietly at his seat unmindful of the terrible events occurring around him. It was Edmunds, seated where we last left him, with the original puzzle that had caused all the trouble. He was patiently moving the blocks around. He had taken off his coat, yest, and collar, and disrecarding the blocks around. He had taken off his coat, vest and collar, and disregarding the tumult which every moment increased, he was painfully poring over the problem. He would, perhaps, have died at his post, as, judging from the indications, many others would have done, had not the Sergeant-at-Arms, finding himself powerless to stop the disturbance, turned off the gas. This had the desired effect, and gradually the Chamber was cleared, and the Senators returned to their anxious families and friends.

How Girls Go to Sleep.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

We had wandered out under the moon-lit larches, and we all talked and laughed at nothing, in that silly, happy way young people have. We told riddles, and sang the old college songs till finally sleep, with his bright-colored mantle of dreams, called us, and we retired to what we fondly supposed would be repose. But if you have ever occupied a room with six girls you will know that sleep is not always to be obtained at once. One young lady was an hour and a half, by the clock, in brushing and braiding her hair, in putting up her crimps, in cleaning and polishing her finger-nails, in running a piece of silk floss between each pair of her thirty-two teeth, in polishing each one with a little stick and some white powder, in giving them a vigorous brushing with soap and water, in washing her hands and applying glycerine to them, in putting on a wash for the complexion, in reading her Bible, in kissing everybody good night, and in getting into her harmoust waits. We had wandered out under the moon-Bible, in kissing everybody good night, and in getting into her hammock, which everybody who has tried it knows is a work of time. Just as we thought we were almost asleep, she recollected that she had not taken her nux vomica, and she argued a long time with another young lady to try to get her to take nux vomica, quoting at great length from Dr. Pulte and other eminent homeopathic physicians to prove that she and everbody needed nux vomica occasionally. When, to get peace, the poor girl swallowed the globules, we thought we had earned repose, but then another young woman remarked in a cheerful tone that she was cold, and one of the windows must come down. This occasioned what seemed to the sleepy ones an endless controversy, as some-body else was "burning up with heat" and wanted another opened. This was finally settled. Everything was quiet for at least five minutes, and we were all at length giving up to "tired nature's sweet restorer" when suddenly an awful sound was heard. A great weight fell violently upon the bare floor, the shriek of a woman

aped upon the midnight air, quick ques leaped upon the midnight air, quies itions and exclamations were heard. A light was struck, and it was discovered, not that robbers and murderers were upon that that somebody's hammock had not that robbers and murderers were upon us, but that somebody's hammock had broken down. This was reconstructed, and again we addressed ourselves to persuading Morpheus to knit up our sleeve of care, which by this time was very much raveled indeed. Ten minutes of utter quiet passed away; nothing was heard but the gentle breathing of the sleepers, when one affectionate girl, turning over, called out: "Well, I'm going to sleep; good night everybody."

Englishman to Boston small boy: "I hear you know a great many languages; tell me how many you know?" "Oh, I know French and German and Italian and Spanish, and that is all." "But you know English?" "No, I don't know English." he answered, with a very positive shake of the head. "Yes, you do, certainly," persisted the Englishman. "I tell you I do not," replied the child, almost impatiently and very emphatically. "My papa knows English, I s'pose, but I only know two words in English." "And what are they?" "'Ouse and 'orse." Englishman to Boston small boy:

HOW THE JONESES SATISFIED THEMSELVES.

A BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.

"The town is ringing with the news." Said Jones to his month-old bride,
"Of a sea lion seen in the salt-sea ooze
With letters on his hide."

"And where is this wonder?" asked Mrs. J., As she laid her tatting down, Out at the Cliff House, so they say, Where the Seal Rock stands alone."

"And what were the words enstamped there,
That seems to make such coil?"
"O, words that are talked of everywhere,
They read, 'St. Jacobs Oil."

The bride's Hp curled, as up she rose,
And she looked her Fred, in the face:
Well, Jones," she said, "I didn't suppose
You would lie with such a grace."

But Jones protested, might and main, He repeated what he'd heard. Quoth she, severely, "Never again Give heed to the idle word."

And Jones felt crushed as he went his way.
By such an ugly tiff;
But he boldly resolved that very day.
To take his wife to the Cliff,

And let her see with her own sweet eyes
That what he said was true—
Twould be a jaunt and a neat surprise,
That they would never rue.

Out through the Park in the morning light.
The Park with its flower gay.
They drove their bugy trim and tight.
Passing hundreds on the way.

IX.

IX.

IX.

Till they came, at last, to Foster's Cliff—
And, goodness, such a crowd!

Made up of every class—the stiff,
The rich, the poor, the proud.

They hung on the railings, stood on the rocks, Had their clothes begrimed with soil, To see the wonder all sense shocks— A seal mark'd "St. Jacobs Oil!"

Marked on his fur so plain to see
Along his rolling back—
There were the words, as he came from the sea,
In letters broad and black.

And the Joneses felt a sort of seare,
Much greater than surprise—
While the bride said, "Well, I do declard
And the husband, "Blow my eyes!"

XIII.

How came they there? "asked Mrs. J.,
"The letters that seal upon?" By a new invention, so they say, The Graphoscopticon."

"I pray you, husband, pardon me. That I should doubt your speech: But of all the sights I have lived to see There's none that this can reach."

And so they journeyed home again,
Discussing all the while—
But one thing sure, if twinged with pain,
They'd use St. Jacobs Oil.

[The above charming little ballad was written by an under graduate of the State University, who happened at the Chif yesterday afternoon, and who promised the Jones to contribute a few verses to this journal on the subject of the "Graphoscopticon,"] We take pleasure in publishing it.

Yankee "Cuteness."

The recent sale of the famous Libby Prison in Richmond, Va., has called out many reminiscences, of which the following, told by Joseph Wingfield, once a guard over the Union prisoners, well illustrates the Yankee's fertility of resource:

"So the old prison is sold, is it?" he said. "Well, gentlemen, I never go by that place without laughing now. I can't help thinking of the cute trick played by a

caught stealing the yams, but they didn't see anybody to shoot, and although they were posted there day and night, and no one was allowed to enter the room in which the potatoes were kept, they continued to disappear at the rate of a bushel a day. The Confederates saw their yams disappearing in this way and were furious. The thing was an unaccountable mystery. The doors and windows of the room were sealed, and private marks were put on the wax. so that if any one of them was opened it lot of Yankees there. The fact is it was so would be known. The next morning the good that although I had been ordered to officers went into the room. The wax was shoot in among them, I disobeyed orders. all right, but another bushel of potatoes It was about '63, and the Libby building were vanished. Well, sir, it was the mad-

seemed to be all over the room at once. I cocked my gun and held my breath, but still I couldn't see any sign of life except the rats creeping about the floor. 'By George!" I thought, 'this darned place is haunted, if there is any such thing as a place being haunted.' The sound stopped, but about ten minutes after it began again. I looked at the pile of potatoes, and presently saw something shoot from the ceiling and fall on them. I saw it was a brick, and could distinguish a rope tied to it. I crept a little nearer to get a good look at the thing, but before I could examine it, it was drawn slowly up, and there were about a peck of yams sticking to it. It went up



more prisoners, so they put a large lot of them in the second story of the building across the street. Soon after these prisoners came, the prison officials got a large supply of sweet potatoes (regular yams) from North Carolina, and stored them on the first floor of the building in which these prisoners were confined. Big sweet potatoes were luxuries in those days, and Turner and those fellows kept a strict watch over the building, I can tell you. The third day after they bad been stowed away it was noticed that they were disappearing at the rate of about a bushel a day. At first it was thought that the rats took them, but a second thought showed that the idea was absurd. Sentinels were placed all around the building with orders to shoot any man they

me and ordered me to take my stand in the room. They locked me in, and a lighted candle was put at each end of the room so that I could see. I was ordered to shoot on sight anybody I saw stealing those yams. It was terribly lonesome in that room. Just as fast as I could light one candle and go to the other end of the room to light the other, the rats would cut the first one down. They were regular Confederate rats, and a candle was a God-send to them. After a lot of worry I got the rats out of the way, and sat down near the door waiting for developments. There I stayed till twelve o'clock, but though I kept my eyes on the potatoes all the time, I couldn't see any of them going. Shortly after twelve o'clock I heard a creaking, sound which

floor above, and presently came down again with a thump right among the potatoes. It was the most artful arrangement you ever saw. The brick had about fifty holes drilled in it, and through each hole a sharpened ten-penny nail had been run, so that when the brick fell among the yams these nails stuck into every one they fell on. I couldn't help laughing at the smart dodge those Yankees had taken to get at the yams. I gently put my hand forward and caught hold of the rope. Pretty soon they began to draw on it, and when it did not move I heard one fellow say: "Steady, boys; the brick's hung to something. Pull her steadily without jerking.' They did pull steadily and fairly lifted me from the floor. 'No, jerk; easy, boys, easy the director said, and they tugged away. I got pretty red in the face holding to the rope. I was afraid to let go because I thought some of those spiked nails might strike me in passing.

"I thought of my pocketknife, and hauled it out just as they were putting all their weight on the other end of the rope. I cut it in two, and the end shot back through the hole in the ceiling and I could hear a rolling and tumbling on the floor above, showing that a sudden giving way of the rope had had a disastrous effect. I heard another voice say: 'There, now, I told you so. You've broken the rope. We've lost our brick and to-morrow we'll be found out.' Then another voice called out: 'Can't you see it? We might hook it up.' Next I saw a long neck protruding through the hole, and a fellow peering down. Then I called out: 'If you trouble any more of these potatoes I'll shoot.' That fellow's head shot back through that hole just like a terrapin, and it was still as death up there. I hated to tell on them, because it was such a sharp scheme of foraging on the enemy, but I had to. When the officers went up next morning to examine the room, it took a long time to find the hole. Yankees had cut a hole about a foot square through the floor, and it was done so neatly that it took good eyes to discover it. That was where the officers' yams went

HOW LINCOLN ENDED A DISPUTE. - During Mr. Lincoln's time there was a great row over the postoffice at Dayton, O. Two Hotspurs were in the field. Petition after petition in favor of one or the other poured in upon the President, and delegation after delegation hastened to Washington to argue the case. Mr. Lincoln was a longsuffering man, but his patience gave out at last. He could not determine that one applicant was in the slightest degree more competent, or more patriotic, or better supported than the other. Finally, after being bored by a fresh delegation, he said to his secretary: "This matter has got to end somehow. Bring me a pair of scales." The scales were brought. "Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other feller's pile." It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. "Make out an appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers," said Mr. Lincoln, and it was done.

"The Name of Mother."

There are words that speak of a quenchless

Which burns in the hearts we cherish, And accents that tell of a friendship that proved,

And will never blight or perish. There are soft words murmured by deardear lips.

Far richer than any other; But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard,

Is the blessed name of mother.

Oh magical word! may it never die From the lips that love to speak it, Nor melt away from the trusting hearts That ever would break to keep it. Was there ever a name that lived like this? Will there ever be such another? The angels have reared in heaven a shrine For the holy name of mother.

Here and There.

Aunt Jerusha's getting old and stout, And is not in the way of much going out, So she hardly knows what the world is about, And has never believed in the Railroad.

For on the fourth day of July, When scarce a cloud was in the sky, She saw the people hurrying by, And heard them talk of the Railroad.

Then she put on her Sunday clothes, And down street with the crowd she goes, Determined as you may suppose, To have a good view of the Railroad.

She got there just before the start. And 'twas a sight that thrilled her heart, To see the train of cars depart-The first train run on the Railroad.

The engineer then cracked his whip, Somebody sang out "Let her rip!" And away they went on their trial trip, Dashing along on the Railroad.

She heard the locomotive shrick, As on it rushed across Goose creek, Then turned away, too full to speak, For she'd really seen a live Railroad!

And right here, too, in old Nantucket! She made a strong cup of tea, and drunk it, To steady her nerves, for who'd ever have thunk it To ride to South Shore on a Railroad!

In Deep Disguise.

Down in the mill town dark and brown,
An old man crept to his cottage door,
Trembling and shaking at every frown
Of the low-browed folk as they strode before.
"Look at the miser! count your gold,"
Dream of the sins each piece has told!"
But he murmured low as their keen taunts fell—
"Time will tell! Time will tell!"

Early and late at the factory gate
His tottering form passed slowly through,
With a withered smile like a mocking fate,
To toil and moil for his scanty due,
Sneers fell fast with little heed,
For the hands are rougher in word than deed;
But alike to pity and jeer there fell—
"Time will tell! Time will tell!"

Children shunned the little dell
Where the cottage stood, and the cowboys oft
Ghostly tales of their hermit's cell
Scattered like grain from a threshing loft;
"For he was miserly, lonely and old,
And his heart had died from a life of cold,
And his mind had wandered with words that fell—
"Time will tell! Time will tell!"

Summer and winter found him still
At his wonted post by the shifting loom,
The hands still guiding with old-time skill,
The flashing beams through the twilight gloom;
Old men died and were laid away;
Younger came in their place to stay,
And wondered why—but the answer fell—
"Time will tell!" Time will tell!"

His loom was dumb one shivering day;
The thin bent fingers had worked their last;
Hard by his hoard the old man lay
Clutching his wealth with hands locked fast;
While a solemn smile his face enwreathed,
Where the Herald came in the night and breathed,
And an echo faint on the stillness fell—
"Time will tell! Time will tell!"

Ah! time did tell. Where the cottage stood,
In the pine grove, by the mountain brook,
That rang through the hollow—there in the wood
A church-tower rose from the sheltered nock.
'Twas a hallowed light shed the miser's gold;
For this he had toiled in the days of old,
And the deep-toned bell through the evening fell—
"Time will tell!" Time will tell!" -Boston Transcript.

A WIFE'S APPEAL.

Thou hast a sorrow,
Confide it, love, to me;
Let me help thee bear it,
Whatever it may be,
Have I not been faithful?
Have I not been faithful?
Ministering to thy happiness
As only love can do.

Then let me share thy burden
Whatever that may be,
Be it of sin or sorrow,
Lay it in part on me.
I will be forgiving,
If wrong thou'st done by me,
If thou by others hast been wronged,
I'll share thy grief with thee,

I know thy heart is troubled, I know thy heart is troubled,
I see thy brow o'ereast,
And thou hast had some struggle,
Some conflict scarce yet past.
Then suffer not in silence,
To me thy grief impart,
And learn how true the devotion
Of a loving, faithful heart.
—Geraldine, in Courier-Journal.

DOWN IN A MINE.

How Bob Ingersoll Came Nea Being Converted.

SALUTARY EFFECT OF INTENSE HEAT.

The Lower Levels of Ophir Force Bob to Seriously Think of Abandoning Infidelity.

When Colonel Robert Ingersoll was in Virginia City, about four years ago another reportor and the writer, both then on a Virginia paper, conceived the idea of giving the infidel a hotter experience than he had up to that time admitted the vilest sinner would ever experience, even after laboring under the disadvantage of not being alive. The foreman of the Ophir mine was let into the secret of the scheme and being a good Christian at once advantage of not being alive. The foreman of the Ophir mine was let into the secret of the scheme and being a good Christian at once saw the practical utility of the plot. It was elected to descend the Ophir for the reason that the quality of whisky then kept in the Ophir-visitors' dressing-rooms was superior to that of any other north-end mine. The Justice mine really had a finer brand of liquor, but the mine was down in the lower end of Gold Hill, and as the descent was to be made after the Colonel had delivered his lecture one evening, it would be inconvenient to visit a mine very far from the International Hotel, where the Colonel and his family — wife and two disingliters—were lodged. The matter of whisky is, unhappily, one of great consideration in the visit to a mine, for the reason that the effect of a descent upon a stranger is a strange weakness, which it is necessary to overcome upon reaching the surface with stimulants, or a dny's sickness is the inevitable consequence. a day's sickness is the inevitable consequence.

ROBERT IN HIGH SPIRITS.

After the lecture the reporters called at the hotel and escorted the Colonel and his family to the Ophir works. Ingersoll was in lively spirits. He had lectured to a crowded house; had just received news that he had been violative objects to the color of the color had just received news that he had been vioently abused by some San Francisco theologiani and was about to experience a novel
sensation—and a delightful one, too, the reporters assured him. He chatted and laughed,
and in reply to a hint that some portions of
the mine might be a little warm, replied:
"Bring it on; I am not afraid of any natural
heat, here or hereafter. Trot on your lowest
levels." The ladies were taken in charge at
the hoisting-works by the wife of the colored levels." The ladies were taken in charge at the lioisting-works by the wife of the colored office-porter, and supplied with miners' olothes in the ladies' dressing-room. The men rigged themselves out, likewise, in blue-flames' shirts and pants and hob-nailed shoes. The shirts and pants and hob-nailed shoes. The entire party were given long oileloth coats to wear going down on the cage, as the vertical shaft was wet; the dripping water pouring down on the visitors like rain. "All set," cried the foreman, and seven of us packed on the cage were dropped down to the 1475-foot level at an uncomfortable rate to the visitor making his first descent. "Take off spar overceats here," said the foreman, as we stepped out on the iron floor of the station in stepped out on the iron floor of the station, in the presence of a crowd of car-boys and miners. The ladies demurred but the Colonel miners. The ladies demurred but the Colonel being assured that it was the customary thing, that the ladies would be too warm with, and greatly inconvenienced by the coats, he encouraged them. "Why, certainly, girls, take off your coats. Everybody takes them off down here. That's all right, wife, tell the girls to take their coats off; there's nothing to be afraid of," and the young ladies shyly emerged from their coats, looking picturesque in their rough blue miners' suits.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING WARM. Nothing was ever seen like the sprits of the Colonel. He danced a double shuffle on the iron switch-plates to the delight of the miners, scared the ladies with stories of gnomes and spirits. "Call this hot, eh?" he gnomes and spirits. "Call this hot, eh?" he laughed to the foreman; "oh! show me something warm, can't you; I'll freeze here." The foreman winked solemnly to the reporters, and replied: "Well, we ain't got no very hot drits here now; but come this way and I'll give you something a little warmer than this." We all branched off from the crosscut a little east of the station, and walked north towards the face of a drift being run towards the Union ground. The air changed instantly as we turned north. It was warmer; it kept getting warmer as we proceeded. It got hot. The foreman i.d., Ingersoll followed, after him the ladies, and in the rear came the reporters. "It is cool Indersoil followed after that the ladies, and in the rear came the reporters. "It is cool along here," remarked the foreman, "but it is a little warmer in the face of the drift," Indersoil was puffing like a porpoise, but he

still seemed cheerful. "Come on girls, this don't amount to mucn. Talk about your hot mines; don't see where they come in." When it became so hot that breathing stung the lips and nostrils the reporters suggested to the ladies, without attracting the Colonel's attention, that they had better not go any further. urther. BOB NEARLY CONVERTED.

Ingersoll pluckily plodded on, carrying his candle aslant and peering a little anxiously alread, until they met a miner, with his head down rushing out of the drift. "Where did you come from, my man?" asked Ingersoll, as the miner passed him. "Came from the face of the drift, old son," replied the miner, without stopping. Something in the manner of the man interested Ingersoll, for he yelled after him: "And where are you going?"

"Going to hell to cool off," replied the miner; who evidently did not distinguish the ladies in their miners' costume. Ingersoll halted and said to the foreman: "Perhaps we had better not go any fur ther. I see the girls are not following." As he came back and met his wife he whispered huskily; "Eva, if I thought there really was a place hetter than this we'd go up and join a Methodist church this very night." Then we went down on the incline three hundred feet further, in the "giraff." We were there to consummate our plot. While the ladies were being interested in the compressed air engine, the exhaust pipe of which formed ice in a temperature almost hot enough to roast meat in, the foreman told Ingersoll he had a carrious natural phenomenon he wanted to show him. irious natural phenomenon he wanted to

A NATURAL PHENOMENON.

A NATURAL PHENOMENON.

Ingersoll followed him down an abandoned drift where the air was so bot that the oldest miner would not work unless a fresh air pipe was first introduced. When he came back he was shirtless, drenched with perspiration, and scarcely able to walk. We were afraid he would faint. We prepared to assected.

"Eva," said the Colonel to his wife, "I have been to a place hotter than — "Robert!"

"Robert!"
"Yes, dear; I was only going to remark
that it was hotter than—"
"All set!" said the foreman, interrupting
the infidel, as we scrambled into the giraff.
The foreman gave the bell rope three slow
pulls. "What does that mean?" asked the

Colonel.

"That is the signal to holst."

"Well, my friend," gasped the Colonel,
"if you get us to the surface uncooked, I will
write you an obituary that would make an
angel turn green with envy when I get to
Chicago," and he sank back in a dark corner
of the giraff, pale, exhausted and subdued.

What It Is To Live,

It is to bid the waking world good-morning: To say good-night when evening drapes the

To sake of those beside the household hearth,

It is to guide the steps of little children; With strong true arm to shield the aged head; To kneel and pray, to twine the bridal roses; To fold away the garments of the dead.

It is to walk abroad when leaves are starting
To hear the birds sing, tread the garder
path;
To sow the seed and gather in the harvests;
To look on fields all rich with aftermath;

To hear the welcome sound of rain in summer;
To see the rose and gold of evening skies;
To brave the storms and see the stars shine To kiss fond lips, and look in loving eyes;

To feed the hungry, give the cup of water;
To break some chain and help some soul go
free;
To build our castles and to see them vanish;
To wonder when our ships will cross the sea.

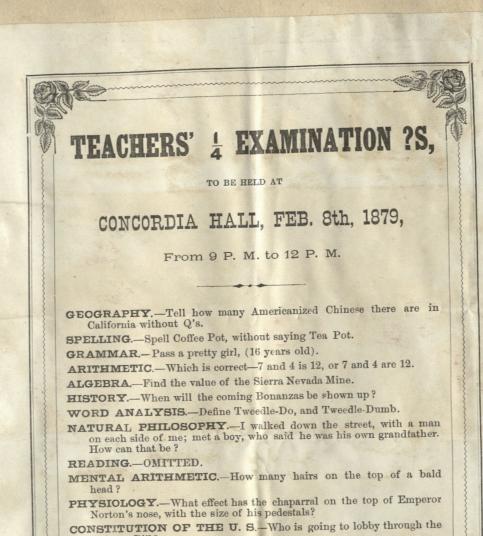
It is to hunger with the heart, and, asking For wine, get gall; for bread, receive a

It is to know that somewhere 'neath God's A loving, faithful heart is all our own.

It is to paint, to sing, to carve, and never, Even when patience its fair best has wrought, To find the song, the statue or the picture, So fair, so true, so perfect as the thought.

To live! It is to love, to long, to suffer;
To search for truth, to spend our sonis for dress;
To lose, to win, and sometimes win in losing,
And ofttimes find our winning is but loss.

— Carlotta Perry.



Hath charms to soothethe savage breast.

Come nes-tie be - side me my dar - ling,

And lis - ten to what I've to tell.

10.

Wh

DRAWING.—Draw your salary at the end of each month.

SCHOOL LAW.—Teachers must look up to MANN.

Chinese Bill?

MUSIC-

NATURAL HISTORY.—Tell how many species of insects sleep by day and promenade by night.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING.—How would you teach a bashful young man to Pop the Question?

Winterburn & Co. Printers.

A Fish Story That Nobody Vouches For. [From the Washington Post.]

"I see an item in one of the papers about a dog town in Georgia who stole a nicket and bought some meat. I like stories about animals, because have some very sagacious animals myself. Did ou ever, hear about that striped bass of mine T get him two years ago, up in Pennsylvania, pesthe most sagacious cuss in the world."

"Don't think i know him," replied the city editor, to whom the question was addressed. "Is he particularly smart?"

"He done a thing recently that made some talk morr neighborhood. We had company for super one night, and the cat stole the meat while my wife wasn't looking. Took it right off the stove. What do you suppose that fish did? He just flopped out of his tuo and crawled into that papen and began to cook himself. He didn't propose to have anybody go away from my house hungry. My while saatched him out of the pan and slung him back into the water. Ten minutes afterward she found him trying to scale this self with a plece of tin. Fact. And she had to send for some thore meat before he'd let up. He's a howly go die, that bass. A couple of weeks ago be had a row with the Servant girl. It was her place to feed him with spiders, and she forgot him to two days. He didn't bas, mad but the third ay he began to rear around and tear things. How do you think he got even with that girl?"

"Haven't the remotest idea," said the city editor.

duced his stock and he felt he must raise the price. I gave a dolar for him, and cheap he was."

"As I should say," conceded the city editor.

"He's a remarkable bass. One night not long ago I heard the deradest row you ever seen. Wentdown stairs, and there he was, sitting on the side of a tub, and a class of cockroaches was reading: 'It is a man, Who is the man'. He is the man'. He has two boils on his chin. That shall the min do? Shall he wipe off his chin. That fish had got hard up and started a night-school, and was making \$20 a month. Of course, I had to bust that—couldn't stand the noise. Wend you like to bushish something about him? His name is Abelbard and Heloise."

"What do you call him that for?"

"Cause he likes it, and 'cause he's all brains and affection. When I was sick, a month ago, he took my medicine for me, and when my son troze his ear that fish went around with his head-bandaged up, just out of sympathy. We made him a nee Curisimas present, now, you bet i!"

"What does he do with a rattrap?"

"He sets it and plays mouse. He'll dart into that trap and holler like a buil till some one lets him out. You just reckon he has 'un to timesthe. He broke the trap the other day, but he didn't totte it. So he went in and sat there for forryegnt hours, waiting for the spring to catch him."

"Can't you bring him down and let one see him?" saked the city editor.

"Well, not exactly," stammered the stranger. "He's busy now, and will be the balance of the winter. He's getting up the plans for a Panama ship canal. His idee is to put the sea serpent light across the isthmus, and run the ships down his throat. He's got to swallow, you know, and when they reach the Pacific side he cuts open the serpent and they sall out. Hesides that, he's lame."

"Hurt himself?"

"Hurt himself?"

"Hurt himself?"

"Hurt himself ?"

"Hurt himself?"

"Yes. Yesterday morning he was walking around in the yard, taking a sort of siesta, and he tell and sprained his knee."

"His what?" demanded the city editor.

"His fin," said the stranger, correcting himself, "He fell over a ten-foot fence and came down on his thumb."

his thumb."
"Do you know you're an awful liar?" asked the

cliveditor.

"No, I ain't. Haven't I got as much right to a fish as a Georgia ii an to a dog? Ain't my fish as sa Georgia ii an to a dog? Ain't my fish has got bunions and the spring halt, and he can lick any bunions and the spring halt, and he can lick any derived dog in the State of Georgia; now, you hear me," and the proprietor of Abelhard and lieloise marched away, offering to bet that his gish bould repeat more Bible verses than any cur out. The presence of the proprietor of the lie of a Presby terian orphan asylum for a hungle to twenty, money up. dred to twenty, money up.

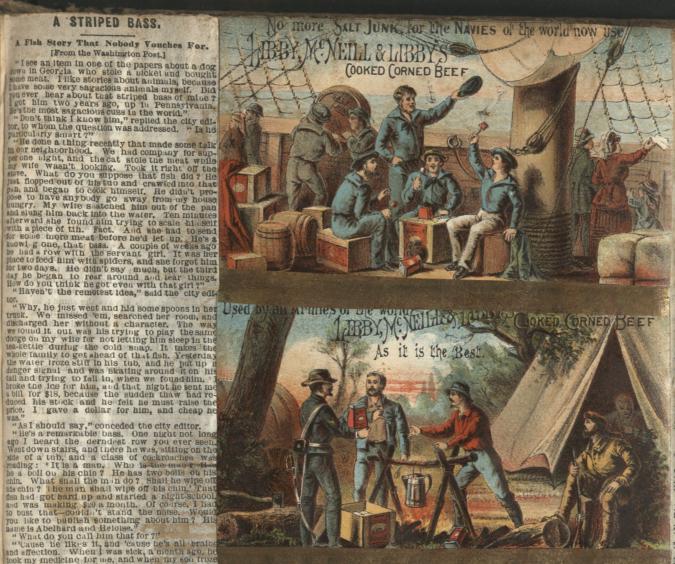
Apout and a parting of lips as they touch— Thet's a kiss in the abstract. It does not

Apout and a parting of lips as they touch—
Iner's a kiss in the abstract. It does not seem much;
But where is the language can rightly express it?
What leiters can sound it to help you to guess it?
What smile suggest, or what fancy reveal.
The mysterious bliss it can cause one to feel?
Her's Nature assuredly won a diploma for fragrance of flavor and perfect aroma.
A kiss is electrical—comes with a start.
That tangles a delicate shock to the heart,
Anasets the eyes twinkling with rapturous delight.

And sets the eyes twinking warranged delight, delight, like stars in the sky of a clear, frosty night. Like stars in the estasy clings to you yet; Tisajoy to remember and never lorget. The ajoy to remember and never lorget. All pleasure condensed in an instant of bliss can but partially describe what's contained in a kiss.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any ward touch as the sunbeam.—[Milton.

No man ever repented of Christianity on death-bed.—[Hunnah More,







Slumber Land.

(Mamma and Robby at bedtime.) BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT,

"Come!" she said; "it is sleepy time; I will sing you such a sweet little rhyme— Something that you can understand— About what they do in Slumber Land."

"No," he said, "I will not be good!
I'm a robber—I live in a great big wood!
It is made of cake-and-candy trees—
You can go to Slumber Land if you please!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber Town Everybody is lying down, And all the creatures, from man to fish, Have something better than they can wish!"

"Then they don't know how to wish," he said. I think it is stupid to lie in bed! I am going to burn the world all down, And I don't want to go to your Slumber Town,"

"But listent" she said; "in Slumber Street You often hear music low and sweet, And sometimes, there, you meet face to face People you'll meet in no other place!"

"Oh, that," he said, "will not make me go; I like a handorgan best, you know, With a monkey; and I do not care To meet strange people anywhere!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber House The cat forgets how to catch the mouse; The naughty boys are never, there, Stood in a corner or set on a chair!"

"Well, that is a little better," said he, "But I am going, at once, to sea; I'm a captain, I'm not a little boy, And this is my trumpet—ship ahoy!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber Room Such beautiful flowers you see in bloom; The best of them all, the very best, You may pick if you choose—its name is Rest,"

"Why, that's a queer name for a flower," he

said;
"But you needn't think I am going to bed!
I'm a robber again—a great big, brave,
Spiendid robber—and this is my cave!"

How quiet the cave grew, presently; She smiled, and stooped low down to see, And what she saw was her little brigand Traveling far into Slumber Land.

Two curtains white, with their fringes brown,
Had shut him fast into Slumber Town,
And she knew that the restless little feet
Were walking softly in Slumber Street.

THE RICHES THAT WERE LEFT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The day was dark with trouble; The storm had come at last;
And the wealth he had toiled for bravely Was something of the past.

'Ruined!' he said, and shuddered As he thought of wife and child
And how they had kissed him at parting,
And looked in his face and smiled.

"Oh, I could bear it bravely
Were it not for them!" cried
"But to think that those I love so
Must share it all with me!"

He paused on the threshold, praying For strength to tell her all,

When he heard a shout at the window,

A little, swift tread in the hall.

And, "Papa is coming, mamma!"
The dear little fellow cried.
"Hurry! let's run to kiss him!" And the door swung open wide.

One look from the wife who waited With a welcoming kiss for him, And she read in his face the trouble That made his sight so dim.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered. "A part is mine to bear.
The wife should help the husband.
And all his burdens snare!"

Darling, " he answered, sadly, "If I could bear it alone, Lighter would seem the burden Upon my shoulders thrown.

"But to think that those I love so Must suffer with me to-day!'
Then he told the old, old story
Of wealth that had flown away.

"We have love left, and each other,"
She answered, with a kiss.
"Compared with this, my husband,
What was the wealth you miss?

"There are other, sadder losses That might come to us, '' cried she
"With love, and each other, darling,
How rich to-day are we!

"Think! had we lost each other, Were this little one taken away, Then we might grieve over losses.
There's no need to grieve to-day

A Retrospective Glance. LOCAL EVENTS OF 1878.

We have glanced carefully over the '78 file of the *Inquirer and Mirror*, but find recorded there no very remarkable events in our town's history. The more important are republished in a form which will be convenient for reference, though it is possible that some may have been overlooked:

Jan. 1, 1878.—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Wyer, 2d, celebrated their crystal wedding.

2d.—Severe gale from the northeast, accompanied with snow. Schooner Mary Ann, coal laden, from New York for Boston, grounded on the bar, but was got off at flood tide. Schooner Harriet Fuller, of Booth Bay, Me., coal laden, struck upon Great Point Rip, drove over, and went to pieces upon the beach. Schooner Frederick Fish, of Thomaston, Me., sunk near Handkerchief shoal. Crew landed on Coatue about noon. The mate, George K. Davis, died from exposure about the time the boat reached the land.

4th.—John Fish, Jr., narrowly escaped drowning.

6th.—Schooner John D. Williams, with a signal of distress, in Muskeget Channel. Taken in tow by steamer Verbena into Edgartown.

8th.—Harbor full of ice. Mercury at 10° above.

10th.—Severe gale from the east. A large building on Old North wharf, owned by Mr. George K. Long, was blown off its foundation, and other minor damage done about the town.

17th.—Mr. George H. Gardner badly cut with a whip-saw, while working on a piece of wreck stuff at the South Shore. Mercury 14° above. Fishermen landed large fares of cod.

19th.—Mr. Benjamin C. Easton elected one of the trustees of the Coffin School.

21st.—Five shares Pacific National Bank stock sold for \$127.50.

31st.—Hard northeast snow storm.

February 2.—No news from the continent since January 29.

4th.—Mrs. Charles Grant left for Sandwich Islands, to join her husband. Isle of Sea Lodge, I. O. G. T., No. 266, organized. Sailing parties in the harbor.

11th.—Slight fire on the roof of John McNinney's house.

17th.—Partial eclipse of the moon.

18th.—Annual Meeting commenced.

19th.—Schooner Zeta Psi towed into Vineyard Haven by steamer Island Home. Average range of the thermometer for the entire month, 33.96°.

March 13th.—Dr. J. B. King appointed Town physician.

14th.—Capt. Andrew E. Arthur injured by falling from a wagon. Augustus Pitman dislocated his elbow, at 'Sconset.

17th.—Schooner W. O. Nettleton wrecked on Scituate beach.

29th.—Schooner John Farnum, from St. George, Me., went ashore on Tuckernuck shoal. Total loss.

April 2.—Large fares of cod taken by the shore fishermen.

5th.—Farmer McIntosh had radishes in the market.

11th.—Fast Day. A party of twelve pleasure-seekers poisoned at 'Sconset. Rev. J. B. Morrison called to fill the pulpit of the Unitarian Church.

13th.—Henry C. Folger ate five dozen raw eggs on a wager of \$10.

14th.—Capt. Robert McCleave, a veteran whaling captain, finished his life's voyage.
19th.—Rose window placed in St. Paul's Church, on Fair street.

21st .- Easter Sunday.

22d.—Pacific Bank stock sold at auction for \$120.

26th.—Anniversary celebration of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F.

29th.—Entertainment by Sherburne Lyceum. Heavy tempest.

May 1st.—Ocean House sold at auction for \$5000, to F. C. Sanford.

20th.—Schooner Commerce, with cargo of bananas, went ashore on south side of the island.

27th.—Steamer Island Home commenced daily trips.

28th.—Mr. William Clasby assaulted by boys and severely injured. Schooner Commerce floated.

June 1st.—Removal of the Inquirer and Mirror office to its present location.

4th.—Nathan Fish, a veteran of the war of 1812, died.

5th.—Yacht "Maia" launched.

19th.—Cape Cod Unitarian Conference met at the Unitarian Church.

24th.—Commencement of "two boats a day."

26th.—Slight fire at Frederick Gardner's blacksmith shop.

27th—Mercury at 82° in the shade at 1, P. M.

July 3d.—A. B. Whipple resigned his position as principal of the High School.

4th.—Independence Day. Temperance

13th.—Anniversary of great fire of '46.
19th.—Warmest morning of the season
-86° at 9 o'clock.

25th.—Liberty pole of Ex-8 Association felled.

26th.—Visit of Gov. Rice and staff. Bark Guilia D., from Geigenti for Boston, went ashore on Old Man shoal, Crew landed at Tom Nevers Head. Vessel a total

29th.—Eclipse of the sun.

30th.—Grand 1000-mile excursion from Baltimore. Visit of New Bedford City

Guards. False alarm of fire called the department out. Steamer Island Home returned in the afternoon, a sea having broken in the partition separating the paddle-box from the clerk's office.

August 11th.—Walter Coleman broke his shoulder.

19th.—Reunion of the High School Class of '57.

31st .- Island Review suspended.

September 4th and 5th.—Agricultural Fair and Cattle Show.

6th.—\$100 forwarded to yellow fever sufferers.

7th.—Close of season of "two boats a day."

16th.—Pacific Bank Stock, sold for \$107. 21st.—Schooner David Ames went ashore

on Horse Shoe Shoal. Was got off. 25th.—Silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Paddack. 27th.—First issue of the Nantucket Journal, Arthur H. Gardner, publisher. Mr. William C. Snow broke his leg.

October 2d.—Capt. Charles Luce appointed keeper of the Almshouse.

4th.—Mr. Oliver Folger broke his collar bone.

12th.—A terrible northeast gale, which created sad havoc about the town, and shipwrecks and loss of life on our shores. Schooner Union, of Calais, Me., went to pieces on Sankaty beach; two of the crew were lost. Schooner Clara Jane, from Lubec, Me., after cutting away masts, rode out the gale south of the island, and was towed to New Bedford by steamer Island Home next day. Schooner Albert Steele, of Harwich, sunk in Smith's Point opening. Total loss; crew saved. Schooner Quivet, of Harwich, went ashore at Great Point, but was subsequently floated. Schooner Ace of Clubs, of Bridgeport, Conn., foundered off Muskeget. Schooner Etta A. Stimpson, from St. George, Me., rolled over in Muskeget Channel. Charles Killeen of this place, was the sole survivor.

15th.—Verdict of jury sustained in suit of Susan C. Appleton vs. Town for \$5000.
21st.—Pacific Bank stock sold at auction

30th.—A missing town record of births, marriages and deaths returned

November 1st.—Schooner Etta A. Stimpson towed into Vineyard Haven by Island Home.

5th.—State election day. Illumination in the evening.

6th.—First snow of the season.

27th.—Work commenced on Water Works.

30th.—Citizens' Reading Room closed.

December 4th.—Howard A Hanaford

called to the North Congregational Church.
6th.—Post mortem examination on the body of John C. Hewitt.

9th.—Stay-law on Nantucket Institution for Savings.

16th.—Edward Gorham broke his collar bone.

17th.—Jane James died of injuries received by a fall.

25th.—Christmas day.

26th.—Schooner Ann Amelia, from New York, went ashore in the Chord of the Bay.

Deaths.

Below is a record of deaths of individuals 70 years old and upwards:

January 1st.—Mrs. Mary Nevins, 100 years.

2d.—Lydia Gardner, 78 years, 10 months. 8th.—Capt. Moses Brown, 74 years, 4 months.

22d.—Eliza M. Folger, aged 80 years, 11 months, 9 days.

26th.—Alfred Folger, aged 84 years, 10 months.

27th.—Robert Folger, aged 89 years, 2 months.

February 4th.—William Folger, 74 years, 23d.—Mary S. Tucker, aged 85 years, 2 months.

25th.—Eliza Rogers, 71 years. Susan Poole, 79 years, 2 months.

March 12th.—George C. Chase, 87 years, 10 months.

24th.—Diana Dunham, aged 74 years, 2 months, 25 days.

27th.—Mary C. Pollard, aged 77 years, 10 months, 22 days.

April 3d.—Alexander Dow, 80 years, 7 months, 15 days.

7th. - Mary Colburn, 87 years, 10 months. May 9th.-Maria R. Beard, 73 years, 2

13th.-Capt. Matthew Crosby, 87 years, 1 month, 13 days.

17th.-Love Jones, 92 years, 1 month, 13 days.

June 4th.—Nathan Fish, 83 years, 5 months, 22 days.

16th.—Amasa Fuller, 76 years.

22d.—Capt. Thomas Derrick, 77 years, 8 months, 8 days.

26th.—Stephen A. Pompey, 82 years, 3 months, 26 days.

July 1st.—Zenas Fish, aged 92 years, 3 months, 7 days.

11th.—Susan Lincoln, aged 84 years, 3 months

19th.—Sophia Morton, 82 years. August 23d.—Elizabeth M. Hall, 70 years.

31st.-Eliza Pollard, 73 years, 5 months, 14 days.

October 1st.—Sally Easton, 85 years. November 2d .- Russell Rogers, 78 years, 3 months.

11th.-Obed Chase, 75 years, 9 months. 27th.—Francis G. Bunker, 72 years, 10 months, 13 days.

December 3d.-Thomas W. Macy, 84 years, 10 months.

13th.—Elizabeth H. Cooper, aged rising 90 years.

THE ROSE OF THE RING.

THE ROSE OF THE RING.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Well, Nelly, I'm sorry a-most after all
That I took you to see the big show.
A circus is not very much to my taste,
But I knew how you wanted to go.

"I feel kind o' sober to think all the while
That the chaps ridin' round with a grin,
Would be glad to get out of that life if they
could;
But they wouldn't know where to begin.

"The 'Rose of the Ring' looked so happy you say,
As she rode the black horse on the ground;
And she had on a bracelet and ear-rings that
shone,
Velvet hodice and skint spanned.

shone,
Velvet bodice and skirt spangled round?

"An' her hair hangin' down in a tangle of curls
Wasn't finer than yours?' No, indeed!
When she smiled, as the people applauded her
skill,
Ridin' round at the top of her speed,

"You felt as if tendin' the work of the farm
Was so dreary, and hopeless, and slow;
Washing dishes, and churning, and mending old
coats
Seemed so stupid and doleful, I know.

"But if you'd been over the dressin'-room side,
And heard what I did standin' there,
Where her brute of her husband stood waitin'
for her;
How he clutched at her long curly hair;

"How he stamped and he swore with a terrible

As he flung her, poor girl! to the ground,
Because, being weary, she slipped off her horse
When she should have leaped up at a bound,
"You wouldn't thought then, as she whimpering

stood,
That her life was a happy one, dear;
Each spangle a quiverin' over her breast
Seemed to me but a pitiful tear.

"That's the way, Nelly dear, that the 'Rose of the Ring'
Earns her bread. Would you change if you could?"
By the rough farmer's side, with her head on his

breast, Little Nelly, his girlish wife, stood.

Oh. John! I believe you see into my heart,
For you know without speakin' my thought;
And then you're so patient, and tender, and
good.
Never scolding me well, as you ought.

was thinking, dear, how dull home would seem;
How I hated my old gray delaine,
and the milk-pail, and dishes, and ironing-board,
But. John—I won't do so again!

"A heart such as yours, John, a temper so kind,
Is far better than jewels to me;
And the spangles a-shine on the glittering skirt
Only tear-drops henceforth I shall see."

Noetry.

The destruction of the ship Ann Alexander, of New Bedford, by a whale, in the Pacific Ocean, August 20th, 1851, gave occasion to the following humorous lines in the London "Punch" of December 6th., 1851, which we have been requested to publish.

THE WONDERFUL WHALERS.

Fathers of the oratory,
List to my surprising tale,
Harken to a wondrous story
More than very like a whale;
Each mesmeric marvel-monger,
Lend to me your ears likewise;
If for miracles you hunger,
You shall ope both mouth and eyes,

In the ship Ann Alexander,
Cruising in pursuit of whales,
Bold John S. Deblois, commander,
With a crew so gallant, sails.
In the South Pacific Ocean,
Reaching to the Off-Shore Ground,
'Mong the waves in wild commotion,
Several monstrous whales they found.

These two boats did follow after,
Larboard boat, and starboard too,
And with shouts of glee and laughter,
The leviathans pursue;
When the larboard boat, commanded
By the stout first mate, did soon
In a whale, with force strong-handed,
Deeply plunge a sharp harpoon.

Off the mighty monster started;
Pain and anguish gave him cause;
Suddenly he backwards darted,
Seized the boat between his jaws;
Into smithereens he cracked it;
Or, as witnesses declare,
Who beheld the thing transacted,
Bits no bigger than a chair!

Bits no bigger than a chair:
In the starboard boat, the captain
Quickly to the rescue struck,
And, although the bark was snapt in
Pieces, saved the crew—by luck.
Now the good Ann Alexander
To their aid the waist-boat sent;
Half the band then having manned her,
At the whale again they went.

Soon the ocean-giant nearing,
They prepared to give him light,
Little thinking, never fearing,
That the beast again would bite.
But without their host they reckoned;
At their boat he also flew;
Like the first he served the second,
Snapped it into pieces too.

Sure his jaws, together clapping,
Had the gallant seamen crushed;
But, when they perceived him snapping,
Straight into the sea they rushed.
To afford the help they needed,
Bold Deblois repaired again;
Once more, also, he succeeded,
In the aim to save his men.

Tired, perhaps, of sport renewing,
To their ship this time they hied,
When, behold the whale pursuing,
With his jaws extending wide.
Gloating with revenge, he sought 'em;
But, with blubber pierced, and gored,
He was crippled, or had caught 'em;
But they all got safe on board.

Risk the heroes little cared for;
Speedily they set their sail
In the ship herself—prepared for
One more tussle with the whale.
Now they reached him—plunged a lance in
The infuriate monster's head;
Then—of course they had no chance in
Close encounter—onward sped.

For the ship they saw him making,
But the chase he soon gave o'er,
Which the animal forsaking,
Down on him again they bore:
Fifty rods below the water,
There they saw the monater lie;
So, despairing him to slaughter,
They resolved no more to try.

At this time, Deblois was standing Sternly on the larboard bow, Ready, with harpoon his hand in, To inflict a deadly blow:
Up he saw the monster rising, With velocity and power, At the rate of speed surprising Ot full fifteen knots an hour.

In an instant—Heaven defend us!—
Lo, the whale had, near the keel
Struck, with such a force tremendous,
That it made the vessel reel;
And her bottom knocked a hole in
Into which the water poured;
And the sea so fierce did roll in,
That the billows rushed and roared

Yet the ship was saved from sinking,
Though so riddled by the whale,
And Deblois and his unshrinking
Crew survive to tell the tale.
Strong are those daring fellows,
Doubtless, the harpoon to throw;
And—to judge from what they tell us—
Stronger still to draw the bow!

An Old Man's Dream.

Toiling along with weary steps in the hot sun, an old man found shade and sat down to rest under a tree which some kind hand had planted years before. Some children watched him from across the street, wondering if he had no one to lean on and no home to go to.

The wind whispered so softly through the branches over head, and the shade was so cool and refreshing that the old man slept. He dreamed that he had a home again, and children played before the door. He returned from his day's work as of yore, and little faces were at the gate to be kissed, and little voices out in glee. Around his table were wife and sons, and he set with them on the porch as the sun went down, and had a heart big with thanksgiving. Then his dream changed. He again sent his sons to the war, never to see them again, and he once more stood beside the coffin of his wife and felt that earth had no more happiness for him. In his dream he saw strangers in his home, strange children at the gate, and he beheld himself old and poor and forsaken. His tears fell, and when he awoke he was crying out in the bitterness of his heart:

"I had better be dead, for no one soul on earth cares for me?"

He looked down and there was food at his feet. The ragged old hat which he had laid aside had been replaced by a better one, and inside it was a child's handkerchief and three or four pennies. Hidden behind the fence across the way the children noted his amazement and laughed softly, and he looked up and down and failed to find them. He gathered up the things with a glad smile, and as he rose to go he said:

"I know not who it was, but an old man gives them his blessing."

The children watched him as he moved away with brighter step, and as he wiped away a tear.

How little it was, yet how much nearer Heaven he felt for it.

The Bridge of Clouds.

I sometimes think, in my rarer hours,
When the spirt is all aglow,
Of a world within this world of ours
That it yearns yet fears to know—
Of the magical music and mystic gleams
Of the beautiful land of dreams!

I see its cities of burnished gold
In the blaze of the setting sun,
And its loveliness caught on the crystal mold
Of the stars when the day is gone:
And a flood celestial downward beams
From the beautiful land of dreams!

I catch a glimpse of inspiring eyes,
Through my earthly trials and cares,
While a mother's touch dispels my sighs
And wipos away my tears
With leaves of balm from the heating streams
Of the beautiful land of dreams!

And I feel that the struggle with power and pelf
Is a wreathed and miraculous rod—
That the soul was created to die unto self
Before it can rise to God—
A flutter of pinions and flight of gleams
In the beautiful land of dreams!

That joy and grief are the light and shade
Of each interwoven endeavor,
And the glory remains when the garment is
made,
And evil expelled forever—
The flowing fabric unspiled by scams
Of the beautiful land of dreams!

For dark eclipses of blind despair
That make us shudder and start,
And dimping transits of Venus there,
In the violet depths of the heart,
But lead us still to the gate, it seems,
Of the beautiful land of dreams!

The fear of the Lord is the earliest shoot
From seed by the sower cast;
But wisdom's completely riponed fruit
Is to love I im best at last
The perfect and triplicate crown which beams
In the beautiful orb of dreams!

I. Remier

The Difficulties Mr. Spoopendyke Experienced in Doing So.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Look here, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, tossing over the laces and ribbons in his wife's bureau drawer, "what's become of the can opener? I den't see it anywhere."

"What do you want of it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendye, fluttering up to protect her trinkets, and trying to gain a little time.

"I want to open some sardines with it," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, abandoring the drawer and nunting through the workbasket. "Think I wanted to comb my hair with it? Im gine I wanted to write a letter with it? Well, i don't. I want some sardines. What have you done with it?"

"You might take your big knife," recommended

want some sardines: What have you done with it?"

"You might take your big knife," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke. "The large blade is just the inlig for that."

Mr. Spoopendyke seized the knife and Dored away at one corner of the box, while his wife looked on with considerable distress.

"Hadn't you better put a paper under the box? You'll get the oil alt over the table cloth," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"No, I won't either," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as the knife plunged through and the oil spattered. "Serve you right if I did," he continued, ploughing away at the tin, while the grease flew in all directions. "It would teach you to put the can opener where you could flud it. What kind of housekeeping do you call this, any how?" he yelled, as the blade slipped out and closed up on his lingers.

housekeeping do you call this, any how?" he yelled, as the blade slipped out and closed up on his ingers.

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxiousiy.

"No, I didn't hurt myself, "grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "The dod-gasted knife struck the bone, or I would have been dead with egony an hour ago. Give me some ether?" he howled. "Fetch me some chicorform! Spose I'm going to saw at this box any more without an anesthetic? Gotan idea?" going to saw at this box any more without an anesthetic? Gotan idea?" going to saw at this box any more without an anesthetic? Gotan idea?" going to saw at this box any more without an anesthetic? Where's the laughing gas? Give me some laughing as while i extract these measily idd isn," and Mr. Spoopendyke pranced around the room, and then jaboed the knife into the box again, and ripped away as though he was run by steam." No use to hide away from me!" he yelled, hacking at the box with all his might. "I know you're in there, and there can't any dod-gasted sardine that ever was built get away from me. Come out, I tell ye!" and he selzed a fish by the tall and slung him across the room. "You're transacting business with Spoopendyke now!" and he clawed out a handful of mashed sardines and slapped them down on a plate.

"Won't you spoh 'em, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, dodging the flying heads and talls. "They won't be very good if you open 'em that way."

"On won't they?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke,

They won't be very good if you open 'em that way."

"Oh. won't they?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke.
"If you don't like 'em that way, whald you ask them for? Maybe you want me to take 'em out in a baby carriage. P'raps you've got an idea i ought to climb under 'em and lift 'em out. Maybe you want me to get into that box with a boat and take 'em out wish a seine. Well, I won't, I tell ye. Give me the tongs, I want that lish at the bottom. Where's the tongs? Gone to get married to the can opener, haven't they?" and Mr. Spoopendyke grabbed another fish and fired him into the grate.

"Be batient, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "Make the opening a little wider, and they'll come out."

"An't I patient," shouted Mr. Spoopendyke, "Praps you want me to sing to 'em, 'I wish I was an angel and with the—' dod gast the fish! Come out of that!" and with a wrench Mr. Spoopendyke hauled off the top and disclosed the mangled remains of his enemies. "Now, give me a lemon," and he eyed the repast with anything but contentment. "Stir around and get me a lemon," and he eyed the repast with anything but contentment. "Stir around and get me a lemon," and he way."

below, and he eyed the repuse what get me a lemon; quick now,"

"Lipon my word, my dear, I don't believe there's a lemon in the house," stammered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I had one."

"Oh, you had one." proclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, "Only you're just out. If you'd been brought up right, you'd only need an awning and a family on the top floor to be a grocery shop! Spose I'm going to sat these sardines raw? Think I'm going to swallow these fish alive? Gimme something to put on 'em, will ye?"

19 2" a What would you like, my dear?" queried Mrs.

"Meat would you like, my dear?" queried Mrs. Spoopendyke,
"Ink, dod gast it! Fetch me some measly link! Got any hails? Can't ye find some laudanum somewhere?" and Mr. Spoopendyke projected himself into the closet and pranced out with a bottle of arnica. "There," he howled, as he dashed the contents over the sardines. "There's your fish all ready for you, and the next time you want me to open the things, you have a lemon, will ye?" Find a can opener, won't ye?" and Mr. Spoopendyke flopped into his easy chair and picked up the paper.
"Don't you want some of the fish ?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, after a long pause.
"No, I don't," growled Mr. Spoopendyke.
"But this is a fresh box," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, displaying the sardines in neat layers.
"How'd you get it open?" repiled his wife; "I found it in your tool box, where you

spoopendy set

"With the can opener," replied his wife; "I
found it in your tool box, where you put it to
sharpen tt."

"Maybe I put the lemon in there aparener
that too," grunted Mr. Spoonendy to sharpen

may be I put the lemon in there to sharpen that too," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke, pegging away at the box and looking up with his mouth rull, but recognizing the taste of vinegar, he made some remarks about some people only needing a handle and a cork to be a Fortunatus Jug, and having finished the lot, he demanded why his wife hadn't asked for 'em II she waared some, and went to bed with some incoherent observations on the absurdity of folks sitting around like martyrs with fish within reach.

Natural History.

The Cat.

The cat is a feline. On this account the cat is a favorite with lawyers, who will fight it out on the fee line if it takes all Summer, and all your shekels.

The cat is a more a mewsing cuss than the kangaroo, in my opinion.

The cat has nine lives, which is "seeing" man and "going eight better." That's what makes the cat poker nose up at homo.

The cat is not to be "stamped out" easily, or crushed. I own a catalogue couldn't crush!

Then there is the cat-o'nine-tails-these are not "tales for marines," but sailors-a remarkable freak of nature, as much so as a bashaw of three tails.

The cat is quite sensitive; what touch is to man felis to the cat.

Bergh declared war against the cat, but was ignominiously routed. The cat as trophy-the one he captured-did not overwhelm him, ho w

A caterwaul can't climb, but will walk up a board fence gracefully. He has bored fences for ages with his toe-nails.

The cat, like a good many politicians, is often "on the fence."

The cat is a Sybarite naturally, and fond of luxurious ease. Give a caterpillar to sleep on, if you are a merciful man, and not drive him down cellar.

Catsup on what is left over at dinner; but it is well to know that the cataire very fond of catmint in the raw state, not in juleps.

Catfish for food, and often hook it, too; but you needn't furnish a Cataline for fishing, how-

The cat is not an expert billiardist; but he is a good "scratcher," and don't you forget it.

The cat, when in a contented frame of mind, will purr lovingly. Like an ocean steamer, he always has his purr, sir, with him How's that? You will deny that cattle climb trees. I

assert that the cat'll do it, and bet on it-I do the betting, understand, not the cat. The cat is harbored in most every household

but I often wish he was anchored in the bay. The cat is a treacherous fellow, and you can't deny it. Those who praise the catarrhal delude optimists.

The cat is his own hair-dresser. It would be folly to give a catacomb, as he wouldn't use it. The cat, as fur back as the days of Noah, was

a stubborn sinner, and grows no better very fast. I know a catabaptist wouldn't have him in the house on any terms!

The cat should paws in his wild career, or the clause in the cat ordinance—but I won't in sert the claws here.

If every catgut his deserts, the hideous 'voices of the night' would be hushed, and "slumber's chains bind" us more effectually than at present. But then old bottles would accumulate in the house, you know.

There are two kinds of cats, Toms and Tabs, I often wish there weren't but one sort, and that ten years would glide away as in a play. Then we could all begin to lay up bootjacks for a rainy day, and bid defiance to the sordid souls who have ever undertook to get up a "corner" in these implements of nocturnal warfare!

I could say more on the subject, but my feelings toward the catarrh so bitter that the world would think me prejudiced! SI SLOKUM -New York Clipper

He Did Not Advertise.

A nervous-looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for an hone or so, when a clerk asked if there was anything she could do for him. He said, no; he didn't want anything. She went away, and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. 'No," said the nervous man; "I just wanted to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says, above all things, I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers. I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of complete isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life. - Bomfort's Circular.

A Pack of Cards

A nobleman who kept a g ber of servants reposed great confidence in one of them, which excited a jeal ousy in the others, who, intorder to prejudice their master against him, ac-cused him of being a notorious game-

Jack was called up and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, at the same time declaring he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when behold a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of

veracity, the nobleman demanded in a rage, how he dared to persist in an un-

"My lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the meaning of a card. The bundle in my pocket is my alma-

Your almanac, indeed; then I desire

that you should prove it."
"Well, sir, I will begin. There are four suits in the pack, which indicate the four quarters of the year. As there are thirteen cards in a suit, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter; there are also the same number of lunations the twelve court cards represent the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year. There are fifty-two cards in a pack; that directly answers for the number of weeks in a year. Examine them more minutely and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year; these multiply by twenty-four and sixty, and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year. Thus, sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my almanac, and by our Lordship's permission. I will prove it my prayer-book also. I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions—Christianity, Indaism, Mahormadanica. Judaism, Mahommedanism and Pagan ism. The twelve court cards remind me of the twelve patriarchs, from which sprang the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve apostles, the twelve articles of Christian faith. The king reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty. The queen of the same to her majesty The ten brings to my recollection the ten tribes in the plains of Sodom and Gomorroh, destroyed; by the fire and brimstone from Heaven; the ten plagues of Egypt; the ten commandments; ten tribes cut off for their vices. The nine reminds me of the nine muses; the nine noble orders among men. The eight reminds me of the eight beatitudes; the eight persons saved in Noah's ark; the eight persons mentioned in Scripture to be released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God, the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the six petitions contained in the Lord's Prayer; the six days of the creation. The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling; the five wise and five foolish virgins. The four puts me in mind of the four evangelists; the four seasons of the year. The three reminds me of the Trinity; the three hours our Savior was on the cross, the three days he lay interred. The two reminds me of the two Testaments, the two con-trary principles struggling in man-virtue and vice. The ace reminds me The ace reminds me

of the only true God to adore, worship and serve; one truth to practice and one good master to serve and obey."
"So far is very well," said the noble but I believe you have omitted one car in the knave."

"True, my lord—the knave remir me of your lordship's informant." "M

The nobleman became more pleased with J. than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages and ischarged the in-

One More Unfortunate.

The winds upon the wave are sleeping.

And saitly murmareth the sea:

The stars in heaven's blue emopy,
With the bright moon; their watch are
keeping.

And by that light so calmly dipping
Beneath the bridge, between the piers,
I see the glittering spars, and spears
Of sails, close-reefed, upon the shuping.

I mark the boatman, late and lonely, In silence eathering his sulk, Giide slowly past the distant bulls That look like giant shadows only.

And from the darkness of the city.
As from a weary heart, doth come
The wait of a regretful hum.
The t wakes an answering sigh of pity.

For cold with care, a child of somow Kneels down to meet the cruel ware; Alack! it were a peace all grave; It were a lovable to-morrow!

Poor heart I to weep when all the beaven
Is glistening in the joy of light:
Poor heart I to sorrow meet at light,
When care and sorrow are forgiven.

And now a hand in angush dustes
Away a cloud of tears that tinge
The lair white light of heaven, and fringe
The drooping border of her lashes.

Anon a hand is raised above her, And in sad welody, a prayer Goes upward—up the altar stair For maiden frail and faithless loven

The lights beside the water shive:
The sails, close-reefed, shake on the mist,
As slowly, slowly gooth past
A sweet white face adown the rive.

In tangled mass the hair is streaming.
That lately curled in pride of love.
The sightless eyes are fixed above.
Wide open, blind to moonlight beams.

And east adrift and unfergiven,
Ye say that soul will be at last.
That love us lost, that heaven will be
Ah I nought know ye of love or hem.
-Chambers' less

Io Vietis

I sing the Hymn of the Coquert, wo in of the best the first of tite—
The living of the wounded, the base, we died overwhelmed in the arrie. Not the jubliant some of the victur, for which makes the base of the victure for the interest of the victure for the makes the weary, the organical of name.

But the hymn of the low and the banks the weary, the organical middle, acting barely a stient and desperate rait. Whose would bore an flower in therebea, whose hopes bused in access my, from whose hands slipped the practice had graspied at, who said at head, with the work of their is all arous them, with death swooning death of their half or and them, with the work of their is all arous them, with the work of their is all arous them.

With death swooning death of the relature, and all but their said overthings.

while the voice of the word shouts shorts.

Its occan for those who have warthis wear trappet is sensing the phane.

While who trampet is sensing the phane and high to the brene and the sun Gay banners are waving, and chapter, and hurrying feet.

Thronging after the laurel-mound ofters—I stend on the field of defast.

In the shadow, 'mongs these who are fallen, and wounded and one—and dete Chart a require in low, plet are hand at their rain-smotted drone, reather space.

Floid: the hand that is haples, and miner.

"They only the victor win.

Who have fought the mod fight and have vanquished the demon test temps us within:

Who have led to their faith unsided hy the prize that the world holden batch.

Who have duried for a light cause or size, resist, fight—if need be, to the.

Socak history I who are life's victor? Un-

Speak, history I who are life's vicins? Unroll thy long names and say.
Are they those whom the worst and the
victors, who wen the special day.
The Martyrs, or New? The sparse sho
fell at Thermopine's trys.
Or the Persuans and Acres? His pares, or
Socrates? Pilate or Units!

The first thing to be done is to declare the Many a good husband is speid in the

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"GOD -KNOWS."

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re fallen, here on their prayer, whisper,

nd have

An emigrant ship recently foundered in storm and of the two hundred and twenty who went down, only one-a little child-drifted ashore. When the waif was laid at rest from her troubled baptism, somebody asked the question, "What name?" and the reply was, "God knows." A gentleman present, touched by the words caused a headstone to be erected bearing only this: "God Knows."] BIE An emigrant ship with a world aboard

Went down by the head on the Kentish coast.

No tatter of bunting at half-mast lowered, No cannon to toll for the creatures lost. Two hundred and twenty their souls let

Two hundred and twenty with speechless lip

Went staggering down in the foundered ship!

Nobody can tell it-not you nor I, The frenzy of fright when lightning thought

Wove like a shuttle the far and the nigh Shot quivering gleams through the longforgot

And lighted years with a ghastly glare, A second year, and a second to spare! 'Mid surges of water and gasps of prayer.

The heavens were doom and the Lord was

The cloud and the breaker were blent in one.

No angel in sight-not any to come! God pardon their sins for the Christ His Son !

The tempest died down as the tempests will,

The sea in a rivulet drowse lay still, As tame as the moon on the window-sill, The roses were red on the rugged hill-The roses that blow in the early light And die into gray mists of night.

Then drifted ashore in a night-gown dressed A waif of a girl with her sanded hair, And hands like a prayer on her cold blue

And a smile on her mouth that was not despair.

No stitch on the garment ever to tell Who bore her, who lost her, who loved her well.

Unnamed as a rose-was it Norah or Nell?

The coasters and wreckers around her

And gazed on the treasure-trove upward cast.

As round a dead robin the sturdy wood, Its plumage all rent and the whirlwind past,

They laid a white cross on her home-made vest.

The coffin was rude as a red-bird's nest, And poor was the shroud, but a perfect rest

Fell down on the child like dew on the West.

A ripple of sod just covered her over, Nobody to bid her "Good night, my bird!"

Spring waited to leave a quilt of red clover.

Nobody alive had her pet name heard, What name asked the preacher. "Goo Knows?" they said,

Nor waited nor wept as they made her bed But sculptured "God Knows?" on the slate at her head.

The legend be ours when the night runs

The road out of sight and the stars gone home.

Lost hope or lost heart, lost Pleiad or child Remember the words at the nameless

tomb? Bewildered and blind the soul finds re-

Whether cypress or laurel blossoms and blows.

Whatever betides, for the good "God Knows!"

"God knows" all the while our blindness His sight.

Our darkness His day our weakness His [N. Y. Tribune Seven Years Old.

Seven white roses on one tree,
Seven white loaves of blameless leaven,
Seven white sails on one soft roa,
Seven white swans on one lake's lee,
Seven white flowerlike stars in heaven,
All cost types unmeet to be
For a birthday's crown of seven,

Not the radiance of the roses,
Not the blessing of the bread,
Not the breeze that ere day grows is
Fresh for sails and swans, and closes
Wings above the sun's grave spread,
When the starshine on the snows is
Sweet as sleep on sorrow shed;

Nothing sweetest, nothing best,
Holds so good and sweet a treasure
As the love, wherewith once blest
Joy grows holy, grie takes rest.
Life, half tired with hours to measure,
Fills his eyes and lips and breast
With most light and breath of pleasure.

As the passion undefiled,
By whose force all pains heart-rooted
Are transfigured and transmuted,
Recompensed and reconciled,
Through the imperial, undisputed
Present godhead of a child.

Brown bright eyes and fair bright head,
Worth a worthier crown than this is,
Worth a worthier song instead.
Sweet, grave, wise, round mouth, fulfilled
With the joy of love, whose bliss is
More than mortal wine and bread,
Lips whose words are sweet as kisses.

Little hands so glad of giving,
Little heart so glad of love,
Little soul so glad of living,
While the strong, swift hours are weaving
Light with darkness woven above,
Time for mirth and time for grieving.
Plume of raven and plume of dove.

AT THE GATE.

And where were you just now, Mabel? Where have you been so long? The moon is up, and all the birds Have sung their evening song I saw you loitering down the path, So lonely and so late, Beyond the well and hilac bush, And hanging by the gate.

I love to hear the birds, mother. And see the rising moon; And, oh! the summer air is sweet Beneath the sky of June. My cow is milked, my hens are cooped, And washed are cup and plate, And so I wandered out awhile To hang upon the gate.

The gate is by the road, Mabel, And idle folks go by, Nor should a maiden brook the glance Of every stranger eye. Besides, I thought I saw a cap-I'm sure you had a mate; So tell me who was with you, child, Just hanging at the gate?

Now you know just as well, mother, Twas only Harry Gray. He spoke such words to me to-night, I knew not what to say; And, mother, oh! for your dear sake, I only bade him wait;

And mayn't I run and tell him now? He's hanging at the gate.

The Song of the Camp.

[Mr. Taylor's later poetical work has been in a grave and high strain, and readers who are familiar with it may not readily recall the lyric fervor of his earlier writings. At the public banquet given to Mr. Taylor, at Delmonico's, shortly before his departure, Ex-Minister Pierrepont embodied in his speech a felicitous reference to his first acquaintance with Mr. Taylor's poetry. He had found a stray newspaper copy of Mr. Taylor's "Song of the Camp," which he asked Mr. Bryant to reproduce. This poem is as fellows:

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said: We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem rich and strong, Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest Your truth and valor wearing; The bravest are the tenderest,— The loving are the daring.

'THE SOONER THE BETTER." BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

BY MRS. M. A. RIDDER.

The sooner the better for all things good.

And beautiful under the sun,

For the sower to sow or the reaper to reap,

Ere the light of the day is done.

For the hand of succor to be outstretched.

Over life's tempestuous sea,

To save the lost from the snares of sin,

Or to let the oppressed go free,

The sooner the better, say we!

The sooner the better for all things pure
That can stand the light of day.
For the blossoms bright that take the place
Of the thorns along the way.
For the tender words that cheer the soul,
For the good man's just redress,
For the kindly act of friend to friend,
Or a brother's fond caress,
The sooner the better, to bless.

The sooner the better, to diess.

The sooner the better for favoring winds

To bring back our absent ships;

That youth sent out, when Hope was young;

Ere sorrow had blanched our lips.

Should they bring the fruit that promised well

When the bud was fair to see,

And the after-bloom like a jewel hung

On the green, luxuriant tree;

The sooner the better, say we.

The sooner the better, say we.

The sooner the better, as time goes on,

To "be good and do good," my friend,
Ere the sun sinks low in the golden West,
And the day of deeds shall end!

With a record fair in the Book of books,
Death cometh not as a foe;
But, robed like an angel, fair and bright,
He layed the sleeper low—
The sooner the better, we know.

A SUMMER SONG.

The shade of the willow, secluded and cool, Hangs tremulously over the mossy bound pool, The bank is a pillow of daintiest green, The flowers the rarest that ever were seen, The woodlands with voices of melody swell; Come, listen, the winds have a story to tell.

Away in the forest I know a retreat, Enveloped in shadows, a moss-covered seat, Where lovers may linger and list to the tale Of the wandering winds as they roam thro' the

Sweet echo will answer each whisper as well; Come, listen, the winds have a story to tell.

The story is older and sweeter to hear Than any e'er told to a listening ear, And if you will wander Pll tell it to you, I run and tell him now?
In words full of repture, so carnest and true,
Your heart unto mine will be bound by a spell;
Come, listen, the winds have a story to tell. LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

The Poet When Nine Years Old
Writes a Composition.

Southern Churchman.

When our great poet was 9 years old, his
master wanted him to write a composition.

Little Henry, like all children, sbrank from
the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write, can you not?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, ir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then." said the master, "you may take your slate and go behind the schoolchoses, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can fell what it is, what it is used for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he know what that was the way what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half-hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In half an hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in the short time:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP. Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew;
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no barm.

And it grew, and it grew, Till it could grow no taller; Then Mr. Finney took it up And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to ret,
When his daughter Surie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it, As long as she was able; Then his daughter Lizzie took it And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife Both sat down to sup, And they ate, and they ate. Until they are the turnip up.

Marguerite.

From dawn to nightfall at her window sitting.
She waits, while drift the heavy hours away;
And, like the swallows, all her thoughts go fitting
To that sweet South wherein they fain would stay.

Up from the street there comes the lazy laugh-

ter Of girls who linger by the fountain's fall; She heeds them not; her gaze still follows after
The clouds that roll beyond the city wall.

She vaguely hears her mother's fretful chid-

ing. Her idle wheel grows dusty at her side: Listless she wonders where her love is biding Where er he be there must her heart abide

All the day long she listens for his coming,
All the long day she dreams of one dea
face;
She hears his whisper in the bees' low hum
ming.

She feels his kisses in the wind's embrace.

Lonely she dreams while the warm sunshine lingers
Upon the carven angels of her chair;
Alone sits sobbing, while with silver fingers
The moonbeams thread her soft unbraided hair.

Ah, heavy heart! so passionate its yearning, She needs must know that all her peace is

o'er;
That eager pain 'neath her white bosom
burning
Tells her 'tis gone, to enter there no more.

But once to feel, unchecked, his fond caress-

one wild sweet hour close to his heart to press?

There her thought stops; what else of bliss or blessing

The great world holds she does not care to guess.

Still at her window, dreaming, longing, weep ing.
While to their mates the gray doves coo and call,

She leans and watches the slow clouds go erecoing
Far down the blue, beyond the city wall.



Going Home.

Kiss me when me spirit flies— Let tae heanty of your eyes Beam along the waves of death While I draw my parting breath And am borne to yonder shore. Where the billows beat no more And the notes of endless spring Through the greves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night, Out of blindness into sight. Out of weakness, war and pain Into power, peace and goin, Out of winter gale and gloom Into summer breath and bloom; From the wanderings of the past I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go— Neaver swells the solemn flow of the wondrous stream that rolls by the border-land of souls— I can eatch sweet strains of songs Floating down from distant throngs, And can feel the touch of hands Reaching out from angel bands.

Anger's frown and envy's thrust, Friendship chilled by cold distrust, Sleepless night and weary morn, Toil in fruitles land forlorn, Aching head and breaking heart, Love destroyed by slander's dart, Dritting ship and darkened sea, Over there will righted be.

Sir g in numbers low and sweet. Let the sone of two worlds meet— We shall not be sundered long— Like the framents of a sons, Like the branches of a rill Parted by the rock or hill, We shall blend in tune and time, Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the noon-tide of your days Yields to twhight's silver haze, Ere the world recedes in space, Heavenward lift your tender face, Let your dar eyes homeward shine, Let your spint call for mine, And may own will answer you From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunboam's flight I will cleave the gloom of night, And will said you to the land Where our loved ones vaiting stand, And the legions of the biest There shall welcome you to rest—They will know you when your eyes On the isles of glory rise.

When the parted streams of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May—
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear,
We shallifed and know and see
God knew better far than we.
—James G. Clark.

Love.

Love is not made of kisses, or of sighs, of clinging hands, or of the sorceries and subtle witcherafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers; no! Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering

Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles; Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles; Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles. This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know ought of Love, how shall we dare That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll In course united, so, of soul to soul, Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As moiten metals mingle; as a chord Swells sweet in harmony; when Love is ford, Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul and one desire, A kindred fancy and a sister fire Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire,

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

STAY NOT LONG.

Stay not long—true love is bounteous.
When with its dear mate it moves.
But it is a very miser
When it lacks the thing it loves.
Thou hast left me very seldom,
Since the day you called me bride,
And I'm lonely—oh, so lonely!
When thou'rt absent from my side.

stay not long—true love's impatient When it finds itself alone—Days seem weeks, and weeks seem Till again it clasps its own.
Friends are near to soothe and give all their kindly sympathy.
But if all the world adored me,
That were nothing, lacking thee.

Stay not long—true love is jealous
When 'tis parted from it's mate—
Doubt, and fear, and grief assail it
When 'tis doomed too long to wait.
Call it folly, call it treason,
Call it what you will, my own,
Love was never know to reason
When 'twas left too long alone.

HOME WELCOME.

HOME WELCOME.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"I'll go home to-morrow."

"Twas said with a smile,
By the busy young merchant
So earnest the while!

"To the wife and the children
My heart holds so dear.

I'll go home to-morrow.
Good-by and good cheer."

"Papa's coming to-morrow!
My darlings must wait,"
Say's the pretty young mother,
Her spirit elate!
And (a beautiful trio)
They sit by the fire
And talk of the dear one—
The husband and sire.

"Our Father in heaven," The husband and sire.

"Our Father in heaven,"
The little ones pray,
Papa's coming to morrow,
Oh, bless Thou his way."
Thus in innocence dreaming,
They, side by side, rest;
While the one tireless watcher
Is guarding the nest! Is guarding the nest!
Oh. blessed to morrow!
Now changed to to-day.
The welcome is ready;
The kisses but stay
For lips that will prize them,
In that happy home—
Hark! what's the commotion?
"Why—Papa has come!"

How I Lost My Heart.

To tell you just how I lost it,
Oh, that were a difficult task;
How the thing got away on that autumn day
I never stopped to ask.
Perhaps'twas a glance that dilit,
A soft care-s to my hair,
A close warm grasp, or a gentle clasp,
That ceptured it then and there.

±×-

You see, there are things you can govern,
Eut hearts have a way of their own;
Like birds they fly, and you can tiell wny—
You o ly miss them when they're gine.
And why I don't tell the story,
If the reason you really must learn,
Is, though life grew bright with a rosy light,
Yet I won no beart in return.

Somebody's eyes were g-ntle and kind,
And his voice was soft and low;
But the neart I wanted was given away
Ever so lone age.
And so, while I solace a tonely life
With a catanna cup of ten
Somebody's arm is round his wife,
And her baby is on his knee.

And the loss I met with results in this,
That mine is a ionely part:
You can't for your life make a loving wife
Of a woman without a hear.
Another head rests on the manly breast
That I wanted to shelter me;
Some other fair face has won my place,
So no man's wife I'll be.

But compensation's a law of life,
And though trials the g.ds will send.
I've no one to sculd when the beefsteak's cold
And no small stockings to mend.
So the love that is lost I never regret,
When I think what my troubles might be:
When dinner is late I smile at Fate,
And nobody storms at me.

Asking Too Much.

'Twas on the River Ohio A steamboat with a full cargo

The downward trip she was making, Not far from the town of Waceling.

Three hundred on the deck, or more, Who saw a woman on the shore

Making hailing signs with her hand For the boat to come to land.

The captain ordered boat ashore To take on one passenger more.

The boat hove to, a plank run out, "Now, ma'am, please step upon the boat."

"The captain, sir, I wish to see If he would do a turn for me."

No sooner called than forth he come: "What's this you wish fr m me now, mum?"

"To New Orleans I wish to sen! One dozen of eggs with you, my friend.

"Twelve cen's here is all they bring While at Orleans we get thirteen.

"Some things from there I like have bought, We get them there at first cost.

"Here is the bill that you can see, One skein of silk, three cents in snuff, the rest

"You'll find them all at Jason's firm, Please stop with them on your return.

Here is the basket, eleven in it, The hen is in her hest, please wait a minute." WHY HE KISSED THE BABY

I watched as they stood together there,
And I couldn't help passing to wonder And I couldn't help passing to wonder
I' he with his wealth and his stylish sir.
Would marry that widow down yonder.
She did look pretty and hampy, too;
(If I were a man I'd low her?).
Her hair shone like goot and her oyes were bine
As the Summer skies above her;
Her raby sat cowering on her lace,
A bright litte one-year-old prattler;
And now if I tell what I saw that day
You must never call me a tattler.
I saw him stoop down, close, close to her face,
I was almost too curious, maybe,
I thought ha was going to kies her I'm sure,
But he only kissed the baby.

But he only kissed the baby.

I saw him sgain, as he came one day,
And they went to the church together;
I watched from my wi dow over the way.
Twas beautiful sunshiny weather.
She had a pink dress and a bonnet of white—she didn't wear black any longer.
As all this burst forth on my wondering sight.
Ourlosity kept growing stronger;
And so I just put on my bonnet and shawl.
And went down, although 'twas hot;
The church door was open, and when I got there.
The parson had just tied the knot.
I'm sire I don't know how it all came about.
Bu; it might have been just this way, maybe, I think that sometimes he made a mistake, and kissed her instead of the baby.

TRANSPLANTED.

Deep in the heart of the sunless wood,
Through the early April weather,
A fern, unrolling its folded coil,
And a dew-drop, spake together.
The fern, of its dull, uneventful life,
In this noon-day gloaming ever,
Where the very stars from its life were lost
And the sun shone broadly, never.
Whilst the dawdrop great down a spear of

Whilst the dew-drop crept down a spear of grass,
To the streamlet's shining glory,
And the grieving fern in her tent of shade,
Was left with her own sad story.

All the nations came at a common call, Each one, with its brightest treasure, In its willing hands, for the jubilee Of our birth-day's rounded measure.

Of our birth-day's rounded measure.
Fabric, spray and stone, gold, and artist's dream,
All the marvels of man's completing;
From the graven gem to the Titan arms,
And the engine's great heart beating.
There, too, like a shattered rainbow laid,
Were the lues of the garden flowers,
From the painted cup of the lily small
To the pride of the tropic bowers.
Amidst them all, under sky and stars,
By the ways where the world went drifting.
Transplanted, out, from its gloomy home,
Stood the fern, its plume uplifting.
The dew-drop sweet, on its endless round,

The dew-drop sweet, on its endless round,
"Twixt the earth and air and river.
Stooped down to whisper a low salute
To the fern in the heat a-quiver.
But then came for answer a wound with.

But then came for answer a weary sigh,
"Alas' for my prayer, unknowing.
I had wiser been, trusting better lands
Than mine, for my place of growing."

Parting.

Weep not that we must part; Partings are short, eternity is long. Life is but one brief stage,
And they that say love ends with life are wrong.
List to thine own heart's cry— Love can not die.

What though so far away?
Thy thoughts will be with me, and with thee mine,
And absence has no power
To lessen what by nature is divine.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love can not die.

Then weep no more, my love; Weeping but shows thy trust in me is small.
Faith is by calmness proved.
For know this truth: thou canst not love at all Unless thine own heart cry Love can not die.

AN AFFECTING SPEECH.

"Papa, dear papa, I am glad you're go'ng to die, for you know, papa, that if you were not going to die you would be taken away off into a dark prison when I could never see you any more, and you know, papa, that would grieve you so much that you would not live very long anyhow, so I think everything is best as it is, don't you, papa? And I will grow up to be a big girl, and I will be so good, papa, that everyone will love me, and I will never forget you, papa, nor how much you loved your little Mary." This strangely affecting speech was made in the St. Louis jail the other day to a man who is to be hanged this week.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The stockings were hung in the corner,
Three of them, all in a row;
Tall Fred's and dear little Mabel's,
And Will's with its scarlet toe.
The good-night kisses were given;
The evening prayers were said;
And the quiet that reigned in the parlor told
That the children had gone to bed.

Up stairs, from the quiet nursery,
Where the lamp burned soft and low,
I could hear the prattle of voices
Come floating down below.
And I knew bright eyes were trying
A longthened watch to keep,
Lest Santa Claus pass by them
And they be fast asleep,

"But," said the voice of Mabel,
"Perhaps he won't come, because
Lucy Gray says there's no such person
As good old Santa Claus,
But if what she says be true,
Why, then he won't come, you know;
And our stockings will all be empty,
From the top clear down to the toe."

Then up rose Will, indignant
At such a suggestion as this,
Such a sudden dispelling of fancies
And visions of Christmas bliss.
Of a rocking-horse, saddled and bridled,
Of stockings stuffed full to the toe;
Of pictures and games without number,
And a wonderful trumpet to blow.

And with eyes all aglow with excitement
(As I took through the doorway a peep.)
Said, "She don't know anything 'bout it;
I'm tired and going to sleep.
I'ms you would stop your talking,
For our stockings are hung below.
And I know they'll be tull in the morning,
'Cause my father told me so,''

And I thought, O trustful childhood,
How you shame our riper years!
And so easily learn faith's lesson,
That we learn so slowly, with tears.
And I thanked the little teacher,
And silently asked I might know
That the way God leads us is always right,
For "Our Father tells us so."

LIGHT.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare.
'Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmsment
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencifed the hine of its matchiess blue,
And spaughed it round with stars.

I rainted the flowers of the Eden bowers.
And their leaves of living green.
And mine were the dyes in the staless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen.
And when the flend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell.
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fel.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accurst Their work of wrath had sped, And the Ark's lone few, tried and true, Came forth among the dead, With the won'drous gleams of my bridal beams I bade their terrors cease, As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll God's covenant of peace.

Using a pall at rest on a senseless breast, Night's funeral sindow slept—Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains. Their lonely vigils kept; When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright Of Heaven's redeeming plan. As they chanted the morn of a Savic ir born—Joy, Joy, to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lotty and low On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind whose vain sphere roll in darkness and learn the same of the lower of the waste by my love is embraced. As the crose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bige of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her
flowers.
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her bulmy topose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep by the night-broaded deep I gaze with unalumbering eye. When the cynosure star of the mariner Is blotted from out the sky. And guided by me through the merciler sea. Though sped by the hurrican's winner. His companionless, dark, lone, weltering bark To the haven home safely he brings.

To the hast desception of the course, and the course, the birds in their chambers of green.

And mountain and plain glow with beauty again, as they bask in their matinal sheem.

O, if such the glad worth of my presence to earlie. Though fittul and fleeting the while.

What gloties must rest on the home of the blest, Eyer bright with the Diety's smile!

— WM. PITT PALMER.

Garfield.

So fit to diel With courage calm Armed to confront the threatening dark. Better than skill is such high heart And helpfuller than healing balm.

So fit to live! With power cool
Equipped to fill his function great,
To crush the knaves who shame the State,
Place-zeeking pests of honest rule.

Equal to either fate he'll prove.

May Heaven's high will incline the scale.

The way our prayers would fain avail.

To weight it—to long life and fave!

Dunch -Punch.

of brothers that one motherland in mother love once bore.

From ranks of traitor armies came deadly shattering

And many ruined cities told the work they did too

Whose wild guerrilla warfare desecrated peaceful

Till the air was foul from slaughter, and fill'd with

dying groans.
And people prayed for mercy, that they might deliv-

or'd be Prom the yoke of bloody thraidom, that had fallen on the free.

Then thro' the clouds of heaven, in the night of death and war, O'er scenes of strife and carnage, appeared a brilliant

Bispelling gloom and darkness, it shone in splendor

And since, a Nation calls it, the "Star of Cumber-

It was hailed the hope of heroes, for before discournged vans.

Now conquered in the guidance of unfearing Rose-crans.

With Rosecrans in Tennessee, Secession's rule was

And in Kentucky, Freedom's flag triumphant waved

Re-won the wide Republic, that we love to call our That was raised in bold defiance of a tyrant monarch's

throne;
"Divided it seemed falling, but united it will stand "—
Thanks to its brave defenders, and the Star of Cum-

Then to the honored hero, whose praises veterans sing, In this month of glad thanksgiving, let us fair tributes bring;

For not with days of sunshine do his noble efforts

cease.
The father of his soldiers, in time of war or peace.
Who would shield the maimed and helpless, that in country's cause have bled.
Nor wills that pauper Alms House should bury veteran

Already decked with laurels, anew the chief we'll erown. Whose voice the cannonading of foemen could not

Whose deeds in nation's annals with lustre e'er will shine, His name is "Wreath of roses," and with them we will

twine
The brow of him whose presence hath blest our golden

For o'er it, light aiffusing, is the Star of Cumberland, And while we join to praise him, remember those who

fought:
Whose limbs, maybe, were ransom by which our peace
was bought;
For the welfare of the soldier our chieftain claims his

own,
And he has called upon us to build a Veteran's Home.
Then care for them, the brave ones, who marched to
his command.
Who followed in the dark hour, the Star of Cumber-

Longing.

Of all myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging.
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendant moment,
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife, Glows down the wished ideal, And longing molds in clay what life Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know Desire must ope the portal; Perhaps the longing to be so. Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will;
With our poor earthward striving.
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging.
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

And let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons.
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond seli-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought.
How e'er we tail in agion.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE SMALL BOY.

Trying to Break the Monotony of Domestic Prison Life.

New York Sun.

A small boy leaned out of the rear thirdstory window of his father's house in Brookly ny yesterday a ternoon, looking at the sky, and at times breaking out with the song, "In the North sea lived a whale." His hoise attracted his newspaper neighbor, who leaned out and said. "Well, Georgie, how are you?"

Tse a prisoner locked up on bread and water. "Georgie replied, "just cause I di in't know it was loaded. You see, father yas in the army, and last week when you heard him firin' off his pistols he was shootin' at a cat. He shot five times, and the cat looked up and smiled when he got frou'. Savs I, "Father, did you ever kill a man when you was a soldier?" thinking, you know, that he condon't snoot are a cent. He says, Is pose so.' 'Well, save I, 'you muster been close enough to hit him with an ax;' and he sent me into the house. Well, I seed where he hid his pistol in his overcoat, and yesterday I got it out, an' there was an accident. I elt sure it wasn't loaded, or didn't I hear father fire it off? I put it under my piller, 'n' I waited for supper to be over, cause I wanted to scare the girls. Girls always hol'er when they see a pistol. Well, our minister come to tea, Ministers are the greatest hands to come to tea; it's half their work to go 'round an' est supper with the laddes. Father went down to the convention, and Bess and Lily, them's the girls went into the parlor to see the minister didnt get sepsy. 'Bess,' says I, 'lend me your blanket shawl fer a tew minutes. I want to be an Insian brave. I wrapped the shawl for a tew minutes. I want to be a punched open me deer, 'n' there was the minister and Bess sittin at opposite ends of the soly. 'n' then got the pistel, 'n' respect of heavy in 'I lil was evolution' they are still, 'n' I says, 'The hoar has come.' Then I gave three war whoops, 'n' reshed in and said: 'Surrender, or I shoot!' There was a panie. The girls went into hysterics, 'n' the prevener said, 'My son, meboe that pistol' l

a panie. The girls went into hysterics, 'n' the prescher said, 'My son, mebbe that pistol's leaded.

"Says I, 'S'render, pale chief, or I'll shoot yet dead in yer tracks.' They all made a rush at me to take the pistol away, 'n' I fired. Lordy, what a noise. I was skeered most to death. The bu let went into a preture of the sieners of the Declamation of Independence, and took off the head of one of the signors. The preacher turned pale 'n' said I was a wicked boy. I knowd it, and I knowd what I was goin' to ketch. The girls criedaes frough there wes a fun'ril, 'n' I was waippied. I dreamed all hight I was lightin' the Indians, 'n' when I woke up this mornin' I cit suromy name would be in the p pers. They gave me bread In' waiter for breakinst. In' wouldn't let me see a newspaper. So I thought I'd escape. I tore up toe two sheets, tied one end to the bureau drawer, and was climbin' down like folks do at a fire, when somet in' gave way. I fell about a thionsand est, I thought, I come down so hard, I hit the stone area, 'n' it seemed to me as it was night ruit I was lockin' at a million stars. I didn't know nothin' for a minute. Then I come to."

"What broke?"

"Nothin' broke; the bureau drawer came out. I oughter tred onto the gas fixture. Father wouldn't give me a newspaper, but ne gave me another lickin' and some more bread and water. I s'pose now I'll be a month on bread 'n' water."

"But you mustn't make so much noise."

"That was op'm I was singin'. Don't you like op ha? Well, you don't care if I play the numpah?"

"What is the umpah?"

"What is the umpah ?"

"What is the umpah i play."

As the noisy, bor drew in his head the small boy began on the "umpah," and he was playing it when the reporter went away.

Facts Worth Nowing.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds. A span is ten and seven-eighth inches. Slow rivers flow four miles per hour. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour. A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour. The first iron steamship was built in 1830. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7. The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807 The average human life is thirty-one years. America was discovered in 1492. Envelopes were first used in 1839. Telescopes were invented in 1590. The first steel pen was made in 1830. Coaches were first used in England in 1569. Post offices were first established in 1464. Watches were first constructed in 1476. Modern needles first came into use in 1545. Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826. The first newspaper was published in England in 1588. The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829. The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629. Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1537. Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning whel Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century. Measure 209 feet on each side and you have a square acre within an inch. The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1346. The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753. The first knives were used in England and the first wheeled carriage in France

Touched and Softened by the Gospel of Giving.

Emptied to Beautify the City-Public Spirit and Private Charity Unparalleled.

New York Tribune, October 8, 1906.

SAN FRANCISCO (Cal.), October 5, 1906.

A week ago I returned to San Francisco after an absence of twenty-five years. I could not have entered the port at a time more opportune. The waters were at rest. There was no moaning of the harbor-bar, subtle premonition of storm. The west was criunson and gold. The hills beyond Oakland were rose, merging into rich tints of violet and purple. Early rains had made the shores of the Golden Gate green to the water's edge. I remembered thus much of the nature.

shores of the Golden Gate green to the water's edge. I remembered thus much of the natural beauties of the bay and its surroundings. They were of the class of landscape effects which man's hewing and carving of the earth's face can fortunately neither make nor may. For the marvelous changes and attractions that met my eye in panoramic succession as the ship glided to its anchorage I was totally unprepared, my long isolation having barred all sources of information. The eastern shore of the bay, partly by the deposit of debris from the mountains and partly by artificial filling in, had crept out beyond Goat island, making an entirely new shore-line from San Pablo south far beyond the southern line of Alameds. Oakland harbor was a narrow estuary lined with warehouses on both sides as the as the eye could reach. A

new seawall, half a unite outside the older solid as the Egyptian pyramis, and having within its line capacious docks of been rule; the extended around the city funt from Black Point to Visitacion raller. The debris problem had evidently been advantised. The bay as I had known it was now a channel a mile in width. I could only infer that the miners had won the indical safe pending at my departure, and for every by draulic mine then operated they were mindustriously developing a hundrel. In other way could I account for me indeed haste with which Nature was performing a good for function that under these circumstances are logic function that under the discount for the indeed house of the country of the hasts with which Nature we geologic function that under stances would have consuming the following the stances would have consumers. Marysville was doubt ouried under successive layer and pebbles; and whether sisted at all, or its site was marshand tule, I could but fain

JAMES PHELAN'S The city seemed to be miral Behind the seawall, and co- I sawa line of massive bu beyond them rose magnificand palutial private resident terrace over the hills, ecrowned with a monumer temple, whose imposing of mighty silhouette against might silhouette agains these especially attracted ventured to ask an explan hotel-ranner on the deck humbly in his hand lumike the ancestors of remembered, was with a swice soliciting custom. In a discount of the lamented Abraham Pholan, who had recently vanced age. It had cost, it is in dellars, in the lamented Abraham Pholan, who had recently vanced age. It had cost, it is in dellars, in the lamented Abraham Pholan, who had recently vanced age. It had cost, it is in dellars, in the lamented Abraham Pholan, who had recently vanced age. It had cost, it is in the lamented abraham in dellars, in the lamented abraham is a control of the lamented abraham is a cost and in the lamented abraham is a cost a cost and in the lamented abraham is a cost a cost and in the lamented abraham is a cost a

HEARTS OF ADAMANT

WIDE OPEN PURSES OF MILLIONAIRES

New York Tribune, October 8, 1906.

"" Rosenkroniz," the original of Rose crans, signifies "Rosy Crown." -ANNIE P. SULLIVAN.

Original.
Angry Words.
A NGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life is broken
By their deep, insidus power;
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Were before by anger stirred,
off are sent past human healing
By a single angry word.
Poison drops of care and see

By a single angry word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they.

Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day;
Angry words, oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled silp;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy, Friendship is too sacred far, For a moment's reckless folly Thus to desolate and mar. Angry words are lightly spoken, Bitterest though is are rashly stirred, Brightest links of life are broken By a single angry word.

ashington, Jones and Leavenworth streets, and erected thereon this low monument, thick could be plainly seen a hundred miles used and from the higher elopes of the Siera. I can well imagine that at this moment leave is nothing grander on the certinent.

THE AUTOMATON HORSE.

On landing, I, with my fellow-passengers, essed between long lines of hackmen, so much, well-bred and mildly solicitous that their requests for patronage were inaudible of the manufacture of the manufact

madequate to the entergency, the newpayllon was chosen for his ministrations. The rich men were altracted to the place. There were seen weeping in the front row Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Adam Grant, D. J. Tallant, Thomas Bolt, James Phelan, E. J. Baldwin, Charles Main, James C. Flood, Frank M. Pixley, James G. Fair, Thomas Blythe, Alvinza Hayward Judge S. C. Hastings, Louis Mellean, Robert Sherwood, William A. Piper, Chris and Gus Reis, Addibb. Sairo. Chars Spreekels, Dr. Zeile.

white in their prime, amuseum of applications, displayed in a building the lands in the cold. The first brothers praced there in a stred partition that of the lands happens and ancient Greek and Persians, increase and murple. In. Jetic exected on a comment sand dans a markle bath for the exercition of headlands, modeled on the artheron. It was the whim of Honry chreidell to blant an avenue of independence of the lands in tempory of his native land, and here he was been some surface of the lands until the control of the same of the lands of the l

fown for many bundred years. Never before was a city so generously endowed with hospitals, homes, refuges, hotels, churches, fine art galleries, schools, colleges, parks, pictures, fountains, baths and statues as is San Francisco to-day, and never before has the world known so beneficent a class of millionaires as that so recently departed and so long to be mourned.

EXILE.

Art and Heart.

The critics may bow to art, and I am its own true lover, t is not art, but heart, which wins, the wide world over.

> ooth be the heartiess prayer, no ear heaven will mind it. finest purase talls dead if there is no ling behind it.

> feet the player's touch, little it any sways us we feel his heart throb thro' the usic he plays us.

> poet may pend his life in skillfully anding a measure, ne writes from a full, warm heart he es us little pleasure.

> not the speech which tells, but the pulse which goes with the saying; s not the words of the prayer, but the arning back of the praying.

> ot the artist's skill which into our als comes steating joy that is almost pain, but it is the ayer's feeling.

> s not the poet's song, tho's weeter than caet bells chiming, thrills us through and through, but to heart which beats under the rhymg.

refore I say again, though I am art's no lover, is not art, but heart, which wins, the ide world over.

—Ella Wheeler.

The Arabula Cometh.

Only one short month ago
I was happy, full of joy;
Not a thought of care or woe
Did my heart's sweet peace alloy;
Proud and rich in mother-love,
None more blest in life than I.
Ah, the fancies that I wove!
All too soon to fade and die.

For the darkness came one day;
Naught was left me in my woe
But a beauteous babe of clay,
That my love could never know.
Oh, the anguish and the pain,
Listening for my darling's voice!
If she did but moan again,
It would bid my heart rejoice!

In my anguish fierce and wild,
Cursed I God who thus did smite;
Give, oh give me back my child!
Who usurps a mother's right?"

Spake a voice in solemn tone.
"He had never child-birth pain,
Mother-love he hath not known!

Thus in dark despair I spake,
Till my strength with grief was spent,
And I lay as scarce awake,
Powerless e'en my pain to vent.
Then amid the holy twilight
Of my room at early eve,
Came a vision fond and bright,
There a fairy spell to weave.

Was it vision? was it real?
Ask me not; but this I know—
Through it I was brought to feel
Reconciled to life below.
First there came a sweet refrain,
Angel-voices in the air,
Chanting o'er and o'er again
Lullabys so old and rare:

And a voice so long remembered
Sang as o'er my cradle-bed,
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Angel-hearts with thine are wed!"
Then I saw my angel-mother,
With my babe upon her breast:
It could surely be no other—
None could bring such peace and rest!

"Hallelujah!" sang the angels,
"Hallelujah!" sang the choir;
Through my heart and brain it rang,
Hallelujahs wafted higher.
I can wait, and work, and pray,
Knowing that just o'er the river
Loved ones wait, and bless the way
Leading to the bright forever.

五引一輪所月云愛差未知江日路見用自河坐陣舍 上受量的不不放起多年神防漢的陽東京李氏軍在 其於在朝身為脫阳也或都放一堂問害主上官送所住強 海家家神出法場折首多差大夫机強的衣養放外 城奔波係處先处出身又傷以少傷寒 没食口吊者在歐國白此处明者治有一位其命先生得 張夷不免前去軍个人子都個日后各門成了 何等以鳴今日迎坐沿者分不所恨懼恨着那好完 計度室的母子门各部一名都官 信者意然物我科之法為多強感為 父常指者也同間是秦拜的 经交次礼数色朝脫隨中師以若口令管 三光中板思度起去王見年己本長思想也犯那到谁一是也因用 您也然母亲在因老家思想起我亲弟父武是我然今后出 不积何日出事引着中見先生相同出降三十道上祖城在路了 到師尊行藏奏都以後在江湖

East in 1881, and returned in 1882, human converted, and preached, instead of the gospel of retribution, the evangel of heauty and benevalence. He spoke with an inspiration which had a singular effect. The tawn gathered to hear him. The First Congregational

祝養院居所有出信草焼河山

omb in the new cometery on the occan shore, near Musse I shoul, the works's Noblest Pleasure Ground, The adornments of the Perk I find to be remarkable. It is a wilderness of pullated av-

晚时龙吐粮食道接扶指一里、白瓜田瓷香应则天家

iead, and a gaspel of penuriousness is being preached to their lesis, some of whom threaten to break their fathers and grand-futhers wills. The wonderfut improvements are, however, accomplished, and though they may be defaced by time and vandalism, and they may be defaced by time and vandalism.

entury.
an inch.
Jr., in 1846.
and in 1753.
ages in France.

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tan ader a millinquiry, cause in the of not The dark clouds of Rebellion hung o'er like shrouds

of death:

The war-guns' echoing thunder destroyed with lightning brea'h;

The blood of martyr fathers seemed sacrificed in vain,
For Freedom on the altar awaited to be slain;
And all was utter darkness, for the heavens barred

their light.

And bitter tears of sorrow shed for the bitter night.

By Potomac's rolling river Death's ranks were swelling

fast,
And all was desclation before the lethal blast.
O'er the plains and wooded hillsides, destruction
speeded far
In the sagry battle's tempest, the fury of the war;
And the soil, once green with yerdure, was red from
heart's life-gore
Of Brothers that one motherland in mother love once

From ranks of traitor armies came deadly shattering

And many ruined cities told the work they did too well: Whose wild guerrilla warfare descerated peaceful homes

Till the air was foul from slaughter, and fill'd with And people prayed for mercy, that they might deliv-

er'd be From the yoke of bloody thraidom, that had fallen on the free.

Then thro' the clouds of heaven, in the night of death and war, O'er scenes of strife and carnage, appeared a brilliant

Discelling gloom and darkness, it shone in splendor

grand; And since, a Nation calls it, the "Star of Oumber-land."

It was hailed the hope of heroes, for before discour-nged vans.

New conquered in the guidance of unfearing Roses crans.

With Rosecrans in Tennessee, Secession's rule was

And in Kentucky, Freedom's flag triumphant waved once more: Re-won the wide Republic, that we love to call our

That was raised in bold defiance of a tyrant monarch's

throne;
Divided it seemed falling, but united it will stand "—
Thanks to its brave defenders, and the Star of Cum-berland.

Then to the honored hero, whose praises veterans

in this month of glad thanksgiving, let us fair tributes bring;

For not with days of sunshine do his noble efforts

cease.
The father of his soldiers, in time of war or peace.
Who would shield the maimed and helpless, that in
country's cause have bled,
Norwills that pauper Alms House should bury veteran

Already decked with laurels, anew the chief we'll

Whose voice the cannonading of foemen could not drown: Whose deeds in nation's annals with lustre e'er will

shine,
His name is "Wreath of roses," and with them we will
twine

The brow of him whose presence hath blest our golden strand.

For o'er it, light diffusing, is the Star of Cumberland.

And while we join to praise him, remember those who fought: Whose Hmbs, maybe, were ransom by which our peace

was bought; For the welfare of the soldier our chieftain claims his

own,
And he has called upon us to build a Veteran's Home.
Then care for them, the brave ones, who marchell to
his command.
Who followed in the dark hour, the Star of Cumber-

"" Rosenkroniz," the original of Rose crans, signifies "Rosy Crown." -ANNIE P. SULLIVAN.

Original.

Angry Words.
Angry Words.
A NGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life is broken
By their deep, insidious power;
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Were before by anger stirred,
Oft are sent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day;
Angry words, oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy, Friendship is too sacred far, For a moment's reckless folly Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken, Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred, Brightest links of life are broken By a single angry word.

T. T.

Longing.

Of all myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendant moment,
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our palitry stir and strife, Glows down the wished ideal, And longing moids in clay what life Carves in the marble real.

To let the new life in, we know Desire must ope the portal;
Porhaps the longing to be so.
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will;
With our poor earthward striving.
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's fall scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And reafize our longing.

And let us hope that to our praise Good God not only reckons. The moments when we tread His ways, But when the spirit beckons. That some slight good is also wrought Beyond seli-satisfaction, When we are simply good in thought. How e'er we tail in agion.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE SMALL BOY.

Trying to Break the Monotony of Domestic Prison Life.

New York Sun.

A small boy leaned out of the rear thirdstory window of his hather's bouse in Brooklyn, yesterday a ternoon, looking at the sky, and at times breaking out with the zong. 'In the North sea lived a whale.' 'His noise attracted his newspaper neighbor, who leaned out and said.' Well, Georgie, how are you?'

"Ise a prisoner looked up on bread and water," Georgie replied, "just cause I din't know it was loaded. You see, father yas in the army, and last week when you heard him firir' off his pistols he was shootin' at a cat. He shot five times, and the cat looked up and smiled when he got frou'. Save I, 'Father, did you ever kiil a man when you was a soldier?' thinking, you know, that he condon't groot are a cent. He says, 1.5 pose so.' Well, save I, 'you muster been close enough to hit him with an ax?' and he sent me into the house. Well, I seed where he hid his pistol in his overcoat, and yesterday I got it out, an'there was an accident. I clt sure it wasn't loaded, or didn't I hear father fire it of? I put it under my piller, 'n'! waited for supper to be over, cause I wanted to scare the girls, tarlis always hol'er when they see a pistol. Well, our minister come to tea, thinsters are the greatest hands to come to tea; it's half hier work to go 'round an' ext supper with the ladies. Father went down to the convention and Bess and Lily, them's the gruls went into the parlor to see the minister didnt get sleepy. Hess, 'says I,' lend me your blanket shayl fer a tew minutes. I want to be an I pasian brave. I wrapped the shewl round me, nut my tather's cane over my shoulder fer a gm, 'n' then I got the pistol, 'n' crept softly down to the parlor so they wouldn't know Indians was skirmishm' round their camp. I pashed open the door, 'n' there was the minister and Bess sith 'n' to poposite endso of the sony, 'n' Lil was crocheting a lamp mat. All was still, 'n' I says, 'The hour has come.' Then I gave three war whoops, 'n' rushed in and sand: 'Surrender,

a panie. The girls went into hysteries, 'n' the preceder said, 'My son, mebbe that pistol's leaded.'

"Says I, 'S'render, pale chief, or I'll shoot yet dead in yet tracks.' They all made a rush at me to take the pistol away, 'n' I fired. I forly, what a noise. I was skeered most to death. The bu let went into a picture of the signers of the Declamation of Independence, and took off the head of one of the signers. The preacher turned pale 'n' said I was a wicked boy. I knowd it, and I knowd what I was goin' to ketch. The girls criedaes frough there was a fun'ril, 'n' I was waipped. I dreamed all hight I was lightin' the Indians, 'n' when I woke up this mornin' I sil surn as mane would be in the puers. They gave me bread In' waier for breakinst. In' wouldn't let me see a newspaper. So I thought I'd escape. I tore up to two sheets tied one end to the bureau drawer, and was climbin' down like folks do at a fire, when somethin' gave way. I fell about a thousand est, I thought, I come down so hard, I hit the stone area, 'n' it seemed to me as it was night runt I was lookin' at a million stare. I didn't know nothin' for a minute. Then I come to."

"What broke?"

"Nothin' broke; the bureau drawer came out. I oughter tred onto the gas fature. Father wouldn't give me a newspaper, but ne gave me another lickin' and some more bread and water. I s'pose now I'd be a month on bread 'n' water."

"But you mustn't make so much noise."

"That was op'rn I was sinzin'. Don't you like op'ra? Well, you don't care if I play the mapah?"

"What is the umpah?"

"What is the umpah?"

"What is the umpah."

"As the neighbor drew in his head the small boy began on the "umpah," and he was playing it when the reporter went away.

Facts Worth Wowing.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds. A span is ten and seven-eighth inches. Slow rivers flow four miles per hour. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour. A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour. The first iron steamship was built in 1830. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7. The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807 The average human life is thirty-one years. America was discovered in 1492. Envelopes were first used in 1839. Telescopes were invented in 1590. The first steel pen was made in 1830. Coaches were first used in England in 1569. Post offices were first established in 1464. Watches were first constructed in 1476. Modern needles first came into use in 1545. Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826. The first newspaper was published in England in 1588. The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829. The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629. Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1821. Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning whell Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century. Measure 209 feet on each side and you have a square acre within an inch. The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., int 1846. The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753. The first knives were used in England and the first wheeled carriage in France

HEARTS OF ADAMANT

Touched and Softened by the Gospel of Giving.

WIDE OPEN PURSES OF MILLIONAIRES

Emptied to Beautify the City-Public Spirit and Private Charity Unparalleled.

New York Tribune, October 8, 1906.

SAN FRANCISCO (Cal.), October 5, 1906.

A week ago I returned to San Francisco after an absence of twenty-five years. I could not have entered the port at a time more opportune. The waters were at rest. There was no meaning of the harbor-bar, subtle premonition of storm. The west was crimson and gold. The hills beyond Oakland were rose, merging into rich tints of violet and purple. Early rains had made the shores of the Golden Gate green to the water's edge. I remembered thus much of the natu-New York Tribune, October 8, 1906. violet and purple. Early rains had made the shores of the Golden Gate green to the water's edge. I remembered thus much of the natural beauties of the bay and its surroundings. They were of the class of landscape effects which man's hewing and carving of the earth's face can fortunately neither make nor man. For the marvelous changes and attractions that met my eye in panoramic succession as the ship glided to its anchorage I was totally unprepared, my long isolation having barred all sources of information. The castern shore of the bay, partly by the deposit of debris from the mountains and partly by artificial filling in, had crept out beyond Goat island, making an entirely new shore-line from San Pablo south far beyond the southern line of Alameds. Oakland harbor was a narrow estuary lined with warehouses on both sides as the as the eye could reach. A

new seawall, half a mile outside the oil one solid as the Egyptian pyramis, and have within its line capacious dosts of hear capacity ite, extended around the dity front for Black Point to Visifacion raller. The debris problem had evidently been solving itself. The bay as I had known it was that the miners had won the indical lattle panding at my departure, and for every ly-Phat the miners had won the landing pending at my departure, and for endardite mine then operated they we industriously developing a hundral other way could I account for the had haste with which Nature was pending recologic function that under other is stances would have consumed a thought the stances will have consumed a stance of the stances will be stanced by the stanced by the stances will be stanced by the stanced by the stances will be stanced by the stanc buried under successive layers of sar and pebbles; and whether Saram isted at all, or its site was a wild marshand tule, I could but faintly so

marshand tule, I could but family
JAMES PHELAN'S GIFT.
The city, seeined to be miraculous.
Behind the seawall, and co-extent.
I sawa time of massive business is
beyond them rose magnificent put
and malatial private residences tenterace over the hills, each of
crowned with a monament, or michy sithought and maintenant in the seam of the seam ventured to ask an expla hotel-ranner on the deck, held humbly in his hand is unlike the ancestors of his remembered, was with a state of the condition of the condition of the condition of the condition has been a conditionally the condition for the condition has the condition to the condition of the condition to the c me in Addisonian Englis-terrieldian hew, that it we and marble monument or of the lamented Abraham Phelan, who had recently vanced age. It had cost, ion dellars. It uppeared-that Mr. Phelan, zmitten ISSI he had given from hi

ald be plainly seen a hundred miles a from the higher slopes of the Sier. an well imagine that at this moment nothing grander on the continent.

THE AUTOMATON HORSE.

THE AUTOMATON HORSE.

In landing, I, with my fellow-pussengers, and between long lines of hackmen, so well-bred and mildly solicitous that it requests for patronage were inaudible to approached and presented our ear to this to discover where they wished to the last to be asked if and make me wonder whether these feltings that they would prefer the disjected membra of a last vehicle to a whole one. On inquiring the last to the last lose of hausin, Esa., plain "Joe" bioneer times, had developed a remarkable ent for mechanics after I left the city, and its last last like the last lose of hausin, Esa., plain "Joe" bioneer times, had developed a remarkable ent for mechanics after I left the city, and its last interest and invented an automaton horse such cuming device and great efficiency it had entirely superseded the living anilator ordinary draft purposes, such as the citic of street cars, hackney coaches, gift tracks, beer wagons, express wagons.

A monopoly of the manufacture had de him wealthy, and he had not only eslished night schools, where illiterate drivers thately rumners were taught the alphabet the rudiments of good breeding, but he founded a hospital for aged jebus, to have attached a home for drivers' widamad an orphanage for the children of the there killed by the automaton horse in his ions moods. All these things redounded to credit of the inventor, who, as he grew althy, adopted as his coat-of-arms a conded carriage, suble, quartered with an automaton horse, outes, and when he died he of soundly beneath a lofty monument, haven its tablets, his good deeds blazoned in tere of gold.

HOTEL DES CANARDS ROITEUX. ers of gold.

HOTEL DES CANARDS BOITEUX.

Having seated myself in a costly carriage, aimd one of the finest specimens of the atomaton horse, I was drawn at a rapid ate along Market street, seeing dimly on ther side in the gathering twilight a successor of splendid buildings, sparkling founting, statues, columns and other innumerable and indescribable evidences of the city's calth and greatness. The street was paved in hard and durable concrete, along which a wheels of the vehicle rolled as along a for. In an incredible short space of the we reached the great Hotel of the olden Isles, pershed on the triple summit of a Laguna Honda hills, now the center of e city. It belonged to the estate of E. J. Idwin, who had built it in 1887, if first hotel having been injured so to be uninhabitable by a slight emblement de terre. I need not describe appointments. They were luxurious, and ity "living rates" were charged the greats the will of the benevolent builder. The alace Hotel had been purchased by James Fair when it became obscierce, and transmod into other uses, he having, with a berality the germ of which he had hardly relored in 1881, made it what he called a had learned French with Mr. Richard when in Constantinople the Hotel des marred Baiteux, vulgarly termed in Ranslish is Home or Hospital of Lame Ducks. Mr. air I remembered to have had in 1881 a rune estimated at \$20,000,000. This he terwards mare assed to \$50,000,000. When, aving raset with a change of heart, he gave resixts of it to those who had been imove ished by his stock deals, and the remaider to the purchase of this once fashionate hotel and its fitting up and endowment is a long for the widows and orphans of those hom the various ups and dewns in the northand mines had driven to suickie, It was able atonement for a misspent life, but indeed appreciation, for when he died poor and orgetten at three score and ten, his remains were placed in a stained redwood coffection at the parchase of the most inexpansive kind and driven d of appreciation, for when he died poor torgetten at three score and ten, his orans were placed in a stained redwood coffer the most inexpensive kind and driven the Potter's Field, followed only by two d manners in an express wagon. THE GOSPEL OF GIVING.

THE GOSPEL OF GIVING.

It will, perhaps, interest Eastern readers to care how all this was brought about; how a sew city, destitute of ornament, yet filled with the men, suddenly became liberal, sympatete, pittful, senerous, filled with everything rishe and beautiful. The miraele was accompished by the Rev. Mr. Jumpabout. This istinguished epileptic revivalist went to the last in 1881, and returned in 1882, himself onverted, and preached, instead of the gospel retribution, the evangel of beauty and betwelence. He spoke with an inspiration rate of the last in 1881, and returned in 1882, himself overled, and a singular effect. The town gathered to hear him. The First Contregational humb was given up to him, and this provin

seen weeping in the front row Leland Stan-ford, Charles Crocker, Mrs. Marie Hopkins, Adam Grant, D. J. Bellant, Thomas Belt, James Phelan, E. J. Baldwin, Charles Main, James C. Flood, Prink M. Pixley James G. Fair, Thomas Blythe, Alvinza Hayward, Judge S. C. Hastings, Louis Mallean, Robert Sher-wood, William A. Piper, Chris and Gue Reis, Adolph Sutro, Claus Spreckels, Dr. Zeile,

Count D. J. Oliver, D. O. Itills, Sam Wilson, A. B. Grozan, and many more of the then wealthy ditizens of San Francisco. All this I have within a few days learned of persons who were young in 1831, but are now considerably past middle see, their memories being very retentive. Mr. Jumpabout told his auditors that they might have zold, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, lade stones, moss gates, and many noble personal attributes, but if they had not charaty these things were as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. He also earnestly advised them to sell all they had and give to the proof, and in his lively manner long continued expounding similar texts. His hearers admired im, loved him, and thinking the Pavilion not good enough, built in Golden Gate Park a huge marble church with circular benches, modeled on the Roman Coltseum, capable of seating 20,000 people, with a pulpit fifty feet high in the center that all might hear. He had preached here about six weeks, when one day, leaping higher than usual and failing to catch the edge of the bulloit as he came down, he was dashed to pieces on the splendid lapis lamin litar, which suread its broad, polished sarriace below. This died the Rev. Mr. Jampabout, limited in years, but plethorie with honors.

GIFTS EXTRAORINARY.

Shrewd theerists might tea sonable was and selection in the suread with the research.

Shrewd theorists might he somably suspect that the sudden conversion of great number of millionaires entirely inexperienced in generosity might lead to errors in giving. Mistakes were made, it is true, but the general results were magnificent. It was not strange, considering his predilections, that Leand Stanford, after he sarriestowed apon the city a public library of 2,000,000 volumes, erected to contain it agranite building covering an entire block, offered several millions in prizes at county fairs for the breeding of fine horses, should, from his famous stad faun, which covered in 1887 half of San Mateo county, have made a free gift of a bleofed horse to every vanns man in San Francisco when he came of age. Charles Crocker's beneficence tool some eccentric forms, First, he fed the poir on champagne and cysters in his front land, while there might be read, painted in huge letters on the bigh fence erected to spite a poor coffin-maker, such legends as, "It is more blessed to give than to receive". "The Lord loveth a cheefful giver." His artistic mind caused him to creet in Central Park, not far from the Jumyabaut Coliseum, a circular pavilion in the hickest style of Greek art, intended to illustrate Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," in which were seen among the Rosamonds, Helons and Cleonatras of ancient or medieval times, statue and hasts of more modern and not entirely unfamiliar heauties. Frank Pixley, you will remember, had in 1881 already a national reputation. He had an altruistic nature. He was always prodigal of the wealth of others, and lifted a voice more resonant than Gabriel's trump to impress upon others the virtues of benevolence. He had our a hobby the celebrated Hoptal d' Accouchment, which he was wont to sreak of in 1879-80 as "a sweet and noble charity." When Mrs. Hopkins, having learned the vanity of rishes, gave up tocharitable purposes her superb mansion on Nob Hill, Mr. Pixley took it, added fourteen gables, twenty-five towers, and a score of basions, and from his profits in real estate

It was the are bordered arble busts and statues glooning and glean the Presidents of the U

or the Presidents of the United States were bestowed by the bounty of Irvine M. Scott: Judge Josiah Beiden gave those of since cessful speculators; George T. Manye those of men eminent for courtesy, such as Chesterfield, Count d'Orsey, and Beux Fielding, Nash and Brummel; Samaol M. Ison those of famous American lawvers; Dr. Washington P. Ryer those of great American surgeons; while the Learned E. J. Baldwin, immortalized in marble, not, of course, with his own chief, the great scientists and hiterateurs who have made this country famous. A noble pile is the Pantheon of Celtic heroes, reared there by the mombined and generous patriotism of Peter Donahue, A. B. Grogan, C. D. Sallivan and Miles D. Sweeny, at an expense of \$10,000,000. A similar edifice built in honor of the treat Frenchman by Paul Honsset, Thaedere LeRoy, Edward Barron, and that noble exile from Paris, Con O'Connor, adorns one of the finest avenues. The conservatory, the richest and most varied of modern times, was given by the candite botanist, William Alvord. Although T have not been in Europe for many years, I know that this park must be the finest pleasure ground in the world.

MISCELLANGUS LIERRALITY.
The fountains of the city and there are not less than a hundred, all of beautiful design and great cost) are the gift of James C. Flood, who centributed for their treation the large fortune which he had left after reimbursing the unfortunates impoverabled by his stock transactions. Con O'Counce I remember to have had a weakness for rounts. He was not among the early converts to the evangel of generosity, and when he came late into the field everything was supplied that the city appeared to need. So he conserved the plan of building a fleet of ten thorizand steam yearts, to give the population of the city little pleasure trips, respectable adults going em massed on Friday afternoon, children of the public schools and Sunday schools on Saturday, and the male and female hoodurans the arrival the world well, but Mr. O'Connor's mighty intellect yield property, some \$8,000,000, in building a free art gailery, and creating a fund for the education of indicent arists. William A. Piper built beths, to the number of 500, which are finer than these of Augustus or Justinian. On his deathed he remarked, with touching pathos, that he gave according to his lights what he needed most in childfood. Colosed statues of great navigators adorn the seawall at intervals, the gift of Sir Claus Spreckels. Each one raises aloft an ure in its huge right hand, which he irreverent compare to a sugarbow. one raises slott an urn in its lunge right hand, which the irreverent con pare to a sugarbowl. Were I disposed to go more rainately into a list of unobtrusive charities, I might ten now Adam Grant gives to every one of his employees every Saturday evening a slik dress and a pair of balbriggan hose for his wife, and to the wife of every workingman in the city a French corset on the first of every month, and to every wordly laundress a pair of white satin shoes. Charity could not well be more appropriate. Thomas Bell has also given the ten thousand and old dresses of rare material to the city museum. But I refrain from further details. A new era has arrived. The generous men are nearly, all dead, and a caspel of penuriousness is being preached to their hears, some of whom icirs, some of who our fathers' and gran onderful improvement

or many futured years. Never before city so geturously endowed with hos-homes, refuges, hotels, churches, fine leries, schools, colleges, parks, pictures, ins, baths and statues as is San Fran-o-day, and never before has the world so beneficent a class of millionaires as ently departed and so long to be

Art and Heart.

The critics may how to art, and I am its own true lover. It is not art, but heart, which wins, the wide world over.

The smooth be the heartless prayer, no ear in heaven will mind it. And the finest phrase talks dead if there is no feeling behind it.

The perfect the player's touch, little if any he sways us
Unless we feel his heart throb thro' the
music he plays us.

Tho' the poet may pend his life in skillfully rounding a measure, Unless he writes from a full, warm heart be gives us little pleasuro.

So it is not the speech which tells, but the impulse which goes with the saying; And it is not the words of the prayer, but the yearning back of the praying.

It is not the artist's skill which into our souls comes stealing With a joy that is almost pain, but it is the player's feeling.

And it is not the poet's sons, the' sweeter than sweet bells chiming,
Which thulls us through and through, but the heart which beats under the rhyming.

And therefore I say again, though I am art's true lover.

That it is not art, but heart, which wins, the wide world over.

-Ella Wheeler.

The Arabula Cometh.

Only one short month ago I was happy, full of joy; Not a thought of care or woe Did my heart's sweet peace alloy; Proud and rich in mother-love, None more blest in life than I. Ah, the fancies that I wove! All too soon to fade and die.

For the darkness came one day; Naught was left me in my w But a beauteous babe of clay, That my love could never know Oh, the anguish and the pain, Listening for my darling's voice! If she did but moan again, It would bid my heart rejoice!

In my anguish fierce and wild,
Cursed I God who thus did smite; " Give, oh give me back my child! Who usurps a mother's right?"
"Christ has suffered not in vain," Spake a voice in solemn tone.
"He had never child-birth pain, Mother-love he hath not known !"

Thus in dark despair I spake, Till my strength with grief was spent, And I lay as scarce awake, Powerless e'en my pain to vent. Then amid the holy twilight Of my room at early eve, Came a vision fond and bright, There a fairy spell to weave.

Was it vision? was it real? Ask me not; but this I know Through it I was brought to feel Reconciled to life below First there came a sweet refrain. Angel-voices in the air, Chanting o'er and o'er again Lullabys so old and rare:

And a voice so long remembered Sang as o'er my cradle-bed, " Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Angel-hearts with thine are wed!" Then I saw my angel-mother, With my babe upon her breast: It could surely be no other— None could bring such peace and rest!

" Hallelujah !" sang the angels, " Hallelujah !" sang the choir Through my heart and brain it rang, Hallelujahs wafted higher. I can wait, and work, and pray, Knowing that just o'er the river Loved ones wait, and bless the way Leading to the bright forever.

CAPITAL CHAT.

Society Events at the Seat of Government.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S LAST RECEPTION.

Life of the Diplomatic Corps-The La-dies of the Cabinet-New Year's at the White House.

[Special Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

WASHINGTON, December 23, 1881.
The Christmas lights shine out bright and clear in spite of the rather dismal weather we are having. Common conversation is a sort of Christmas pudding, the ingredients of which consist of turkeys, holly branches, doll babies, mistletoe boughs, embroidered slip-pers, sealskin coats and all the other thousand pers, scalskin coats and all the other thousand and one trifles for which we sigh these dreading days before Christmas. People are jostling one another along the crowded streets, and there is altogether a good-natured disregard of the conventionalities in attending to the holiday shopping. Stockings have to be filled, no matter what the trouble and cost. Excepting the two great events of Monday and Tuesday evenings, this week society is dull. The reception given on Monday evening by Mr. Blaine to his successor, Secretary Freliughuysen, on which occasion the diplo-Frelitzhuysen, on which occasion the diplo-matic corps were presented, added another to an already long list of notable entertainan already long list of notable entertainments given by the retiring Secretary and his wife. With few exceptions they have been the host and hostess at all the large receptions this winter, commencing the season with that tendered the French guests in October. The Blaines will continue to reside here at their Fifteenth-street mansion, their new residence, the glories of which are not yet half told according to some gossips, being yet ancompleted. Their house has always been a favorite one with the diplomats who reside here, and since their relations became closer. here, and since their relations became closer, owing to Mr. Blaine's position, he has trequently entertained them on a very elaborate scale. Naturally, therefore, there were many xpressions of regret on his retirement, and a very full attendance from the representatives of foreign Governments at this last reception. The dressing was particularly rich and ele-gant, and a sumptuous collation was enjoyed by the company, which numbered about two

THE PRESIDENT PRESENT.

The President Present.

President Arthur was present, and it was looked on as more than ordinarily complimentary to Blaine, since it has been the only entertainment of any description, save a few gentiemen dinners, which he has attended. The new Sceretary, Mr. Frelinghuysen, was accompanied by his wife and daughter, Miss Lucy, and his married daughter, Mrs. John Davis and her husband. Mrs. Blaine was assisted by her eldest daughter, Miss Alice, and Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), who is spending the winter with them, as is her custom. The company did not separate until a fate hour, the evening being spent in conversation.

the company did not separate until a ste hour, the evening being spent in conversation.

The reception given by Minister Yoshida and his wife at the Japanese Legation, on the following evening, was also of the nature of a sarewell. Mr. Yoshida has been recalled home, but expects to return here within a year. Both himself and his wife are cordially liked, being exceedingly hospitable and thoroughly intelligent persons. They have always given several large receptions each season, and this was the second in the mansion on M street, which has been recently bought from General Capron, and paid for by Mr. Yoshida's dovernment in Japanese coin. General Capron was once the Agricultural Commissioner of Japan, and while there was much esteemed by that court. He continues to be here one of the warmest triends of the Legation. Mrs. Yoshida's toilet at this entertainment was of while crepe, richly embroidered in colors. A young Japanese lady, Miss Ume, who came here about nine years ago to be educated, with twelve other girls of good families, and who now returns with the family of the Minister, made her debut, and looked very attractive in a pink Canton crepe, draped over white silk. The guests were very numerous and embraced nearly all the diplomatic corps and notable people in the social world. The Legation is superbly furnished, has attractive grounds surrounding it and is next in value to the British Legation property, which, with the Freuch Legation, is the only residence owned here by foreign powers. It is not yet amounced whether Mr. Yoshida's position will be filled or not during his absence.

There has been a very general change in

The DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

There has been a very general change in the Dersonnel of the diplomatic corps, and the tribing it is for the better or workers.

remed. He beese accident quarters and Fitteenth street, above the Tremany Department, and is known here as the circlematic walker. The way he covers the town for moraing appetizers is a caution, and I expect has never been equaled by any other foreigned has never been there several years are M. de Zamacona, the Mexican Minister, Stephen Preston of Hayti, Viscount Das Nogueiras from Portugal, and Count Carl bewonhaupt, representing Swedien. The rest of the corps are nev-comers, the Spanish Minister, Senor Barca, making his debut this season. The Chinese Minister and suite, who have arrived to day at Mr Arlington Hotel, and last, but by no means least in the public attention at present, Mr. Lionel Sackville West, the new Minister from England. Just at present any number of industrious seekers after masty details are diaging down into that gentleman's Spanish-career, with strong probabilities that he will be left to enjoy the grandeur of the British Legation numolested this winter. But to handicap all the backimnessions the repetition of this unsavory tale has caused, Mr. West is said, by those who have thus iar made his acquaintance, to be a very pleasant gentleman, and in every way descriving ef the kind reception which he has already received from society in general Gentlemen here vouch for it that his life has been one which would entitle him to the highest respect for himself and his daughter, whom he proposed to introduce here this winter.

A PLEASANT LIFE.

A PLEASANT LIFE.

been one when would enhouse here this winter.

A PLEASANT LIFE.

The life of the average resident Minister here is about the easiest kind of life one could imagine. They have absolutely nothing to do, and a retinue of attaches and clerks to help them do it. They get a good salary, their dovernment pays for their house rent, they are wined and diped and toadied to by the very highest of high society, and they keep going actively from dinner to dance, from balls to breakfasts the seasons through, and then recuperate their wasted forces at Saratega or Newport, all of which a patriotic direct of the same and titles most of them have to bear during life. The attaches, the First Secretaries and Second Secretaries have the lastest kind of a job. No matter what they diplomatic nets into which the Minister may get himash entangled, it is none of their business and the most of them just set in and enjoy themselves. I had a peep into the parlor of a gay cavalier-style of an attache the other day, and, bless my life, if his mantels and walls were not loaded down with the portraits of all the pretty girls in society. There are a few, happily a lew, young ladies who affect the-attricals and are always getting themselves photographed in costune, which they hand around pretty generously among their risends. That the foreigner's heads are not turned by all the attention they get, is best shown by their laughing criticisms of the people who bow down their free American heads and pocket-books before these generally agreeable sciens of foreign blood.

LADIES OF THE CAPITAL.

The wife of the Attorney-General, Mrs. Brewster, is the daughter of the late Robert J. Walker, whose wife was Miss Bacho, a great-grandaughter of Benjamin Franklin and sister of General Emory's wife, the late Mrs. Wainwright, Mrs. Charles Abert, Mrs. Iwwin of Philadelphia, and to Allan McLane's first wife, all noted ladies. Mrs. Brewster, and has hot resided in the Hammand, but returning to accept a clerk-ship in the freazer of the associate counsel for the de

Miss Swearingen.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

The New Year's reception of President Arthur at the Executive Mansion will be attended with all the interest which overshadows the opening social event of the grand season, coupled with all interest which comes of new names, new faces and new setting. There never was a President who stood unassisted by the ladies of his family to receive the New Year's congratulations, as will be the case with President Arthur. The ladies of the Cabinet will aid him, however, in dispensing the hospitalities of the Mansion. The New Year's receptions at the historic old White House, date back to the days of the second President and its first occupant, John Adams. The first time the White House, was onened to the public was the levee of Adams on the 1st of January, 1801. Many of its rooms were then unfurnished and the now-amous East Room, which has witnessed so many distinguished gatherings, was then used by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the could be a sealed by Mrs. Adams as a driving-lare with the

by the President and his secretary. Of the two lower rooms finished one was used for a common parler and one for a levee-room. The oval room up stairs, now the library, over the Blue Parlor, was then used as the drawing-room. It was a serious source of complaint that there were no looking-glasses and the arrangements for lighting were so rude and imperfect—there was no gas or electric lights then—that visitors in the evening could scarcely distinguish one another.

FORMALITIES OF THE WAITE HOUSE.

The formalities established by Adams were continued by Jefferson, and notwithstanding

the prim tone and unadorned interior of the White House, no sentlemen were admitted to formal affairs without appearing in full evening dress. The wife of President Madison was a beautiful Quakeress, and her mode of furnishing the house was rigidly plain and her manner of living equally so, yet her entertainments were made resplendent by the maric of her presence. She ft was who cut the famous portrait of Washinston from the frame and thus saved when leaving the Massion on the arrival of the British troops, who mearly destroyed it as well as other public buildings. The White House was restored, decorated and furnished as the home of President Monroe. Handsome mirrors, the largest ever made up to that period, came from France for the mantels of the East Room. Under the crystal chandelier which was placed in the Blue Parlor had stood Napoleon I during his coronation by the Pope. A dinner service, consisting of a rich silver fureens, whice-coolers and decanters, which had belongedet to the imperial family, were bought with the chandeliers by the then American Minister to France. Mr. Jackson offered the old-time hospitality of a private home to all his New Year's callers. The most prominent ornament near the front door was a mammeth bowl of punch. Visitors found it duplicated many times along the halls and diming-rooms, but it must be remembered there was not such a terrible army or officials then who had to make the duty call on New Year's Day as now.

Such a plenty of food was provided for the receptions that it is recorded some of the gnests used to walk out with whole turkeys and hams under their same. During Tyler's Administration there wis more ceremony than ever before attempted. For the less levee o' James K. Polit gas was for the first time introduced into the White House, and then only in the East Room. Following the custom and even the hours of his predecessors. President Filmore entered the Bue Paulor promptly at 9 a. M. on the first day of the year, being inch by the Secretary of State. Who presented t

PARTED LOVERS.

Through the long day we walked alone together. Under the sunny, perfect August sky, Silent or talking as the mood commanded. And well content to let all memory die.

Behind was sorrow and before a warning— The stern sad voice we both had learned to heed. "Near as you are, to-day comes separation; You walk alone from henceforth, and your need,

"Strong as it is, and eager for fulfilment, Binding you both within its from chain, Must wait a future far beyond all vision, And know that here its strongest link is pain."

Over the river in the gathering twilight, Sunshine above, but heavy clouds below, We passed to where the parting moment waited, And knew the hour had come and one must go.

Only a word, a look—and then a turning To the long path that each must walk alone, And the fair river widening between us, Seemed but a gulr filled with an answering moan,

Yet, dearest heaat, remembering all the sweetness Filing long days that you and I have known. And sure that love is strong and faith unfaltering. How can I say that we must walk alone?

Over us both one Summer sunshine quivers.
And in the darkest day that earth can own.
Love, pure and fadeless, shines behind the curtain.
And God will never let us walk alone.
HELEN CAMPBELL.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

Prop your eyes wide open, Joey, Fur I've brought you sumpin' great Apples? No; a derned sight better; Don't you take no interest? Wait! Flowers, Joe I knowed you'd like 'em-Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high Tears, my boy? What's them fur, Joey! There-poor little Joe!--don't cry.

I was skippin' past a winder, Where a bang-up lady sot, All amongst a lot of bushes-Each one climbin' from a pot; Every bush had flowers on it-Pretty? Meb e not! Oh, no! Wish you could have seen 'em growin', It was such a stunnin show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller, Lyin' here so sick and weak, Never knowin' any comfort, And I puts on lots of check. "Missus," says I, "if you please, mum, Could I ax you for a rose? Fer my little brother, missus, Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you-How I bringed you up, poor Joe, (Lackin' women folks to do it). Such a imp you was, you know-Till yer got that awful tumble, Jist as I had broke yer in, Hard work, too, to earn your livin' Blackin' boots fur honest tin.

How that tumble crippled you, So you couldn't hyper much— How it hurted when I seen you Fur the first time with your crutch, "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum, "'Pears to weaken every day." Joe, she up and went to cuttin'-That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller, You is quite yourself to-night; Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit Sence yer eyes has been so bright. Better! Well, I'm glad to hear it, Yes; theyr'e mighty pretty, Joe. Smellin' of 'em made you happy? Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never seed the country, did you! Flowers growin' everywhere. Sometime when you're better, Joey, Mebbe I kin take you there. Flowers in Heaven? 'M-I s'pose so; Dunno much about it, though; Ain't as fly as what I might be On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere That in Heaven's golden gates Things is everlastin' cheerful-B'leve that's what the Bible states. Likewise, there folks don't get hungry: So good people when they dies, Finds themselves well fixed forever-Joe, my boy, what ails you eyes! Thought they looked a little sing lar, Oh, no! Don't you have no fear; Heaven was made for such as you is-Joe what makes you look so queer! Here—wake up! Oh! don't look that way! Joe! My boy! Hold up your head! Here's yourflowers-you dropped'em, Joey, Oh! my God! can Joe be dead!

IN ABSENCE.

How sadly my heart has missed her Since that last parting day. Ween with tearful eyes itssed her And went alone my way: While ever the darkening meadows. The farm-house lights some bright, And alone I stood in the shoows. That crept before the night.

Through all of my life so weary
I shall miss her face so fair;
Without her each day seems dreary,
Each trial so hard to bear.
I shall miss her soft hands dinging,
And her volce so low and sweet—
Soft as a ringdove's singing
When twilight and monaight meck

I never could live withouther,
My daribut so wondrous fair;
A glory linvers about her
In the wealth of her shimbs hair.
Like the bright sun bessing o'er me.
Her presence a gladnass gave;
Like an ankel the path heore me
She trod my sout to sate.

I shall patiently wait to meet her Through the weary length of years: Through my lips shall greet her After those days of tears.

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A Vision.

Long within a darksome valley, Shadowed o'er by forests drear, Shut from God's beloved sunshine, Wandered I in doubt and fear; And I thought, "All life is fled From this valley of the dead!"

Near me other sin-olad spirits Dwelt in dismal, drear unrest: 'Mid the gloom those mountains cast None could hope to e'er be blest. There we waited, powerless still To break the spell that wrought us ill.

Then an angel came to me, Bringing peace my heart to bless; And at last I saw the way I must reach true happiness. Gazing at those solemn mountains, Unto me were op'd the fountains

Of a soul so pure and white; Sent from heaven's celestial sphere,
As a missionary bright
To dispel the darkness here; " Follow me," the vision said, " From this valley of the dead!"

Then with joy I sought to rise
To the hight he spanned at will, But I found, in sad surprise,
All my chains about me still; And despairingly I cried, "I can never reach thy side!"

Once again the vision spake: "Selfishness has forged a chain You seem powerless now to break; Do for others till you gain Strength to tread the toilsome way Through which souls reach perfect day."

Then the vision slowly rose, Left behind the mountains steep, Left a balm for all my woes, And an inspiration deep Flooded with a halo bright All my path with holy light.

EVA A. H. BARNES.

The last literary work done by Dr. Holland, was a short poem for the Youth's Companion, which was not published till after his spirit-birth. The lines have a peculiar interest now, and were the Doctor to write them from his present knowledge, he would not write with an "if," for it does not matter to him whether on or under ground is his body.

If life awake and will never cease On the future's distant shore, And the rose of love and the lily of peace Shall bloom there forevermore— Let the world go round and round. And the sun sink into the sea; For whether I'm on or under the ground, Oh, what will it matter to me?

Old Friends.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

There are no friends like the old friends, Let the new be what they may-There is no love like the old love, And it shall forever stay.

There are no hearts like the old hearts That were each with each in tune-There are no words like old words That made our youth's high noon!

There are no days like the old days When we touched the other's hand— There is no sun like the soul-sun That lighted up our land.

There are no dreams like the old dreams, With Love for shining moon:
The day-dreams and the night-dreams, When all our life was June!

Then come again, O sweet dreams! Forever more to stay— The dear hours of the old days, As soon as e'er ye may. The soul-sun and the love-moon That lighted up our land-The hand-clasp and the heart-clasp, As side by side we stand!

Let the old friend with the old love Return to rest again With the old words of a true heart Wake happiness from pain! Bring the health-balm of thy soul-calm, For heartache healing given, For the old kiss from thy dear lips Restores me my lost Heaven

For The Two Worlds

THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Out of a world discordant, Out of its turbulent strife; Into a haven of quiet, Into a woodland life I strayed as the wild bird strayeth, Not knowing or caring where, If only I dwelt with Nature, Breathed at her shrine my prayer.

Slowly the sun descended, Slowly the day declined; A hush came over the weary earth, A calm o'er the troubled mind The twilight gathered around me, And, folded in its embrace, I mused, and thought how Paradise-like Was the beautiful hour and place.

Reclined in the arms of Nature. As a child on its mother's breast, I saw through the shimmering azure A golden gate in the west. Forgotten, the world's wild tumult;
Forgotten, life's battle and din,
As I watched that gate swing open, And armies pass out and in.

Armies of new-born spirits, From palace, cottage and prison Disenthralled from sorrow and fetters. To glories immortal arisen Armies of angels turned earthward, Their blessings with mortals to share Rest for the toiling, joy for the sad, Peace for the burdened with care.

Out of this wearisome conflict. Out of this world of pain, We all shall pass through that golden gate, And never return again-Save as messengers, bearing To those who linger here, Glimpses bright of a world of light, And words of hope and cheer

West Roxbury, Mass.

The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim, On a rich man's table, rim to rim; One was ruddy and red as blood, And one was clear as the crystal flood. Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth, And the proudest and grandest souls on earth Fell under my touch as though struck by blight, Where I was king, for I ruled in might. From the heads of kings I have torn the crown, From the hight of fame I have hurled men down. I have taken virtue and given shame: I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste, That has made his future a barren waste. Far greater than a king am I, Or than any army beneath the sky. I have made the arm of the driver fail, And sent the train from the iron rail; I have made good ships go down at sea, And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me; For they said, 'Behold how great you be ! Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall, And your might and power are over all. Ho! Ho! pale brother," laughed the wine, "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine!"

Said the water-glass, "I cannot boast Of a king dethroned or a murdered host; But I can tell of a heart once sad, By my crystal drops made light and glad; Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved; Of hands I've cooled and souls I have saved; I have leaped through the valleys, dashed down the mountain,

Flowed in the river and played in the fountain, Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky, And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye, I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain ;

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill, That ground out the flour and turned at my will. I can tell of manhood debased by you, That I have lifted and crowned anew I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid; I gladden the heart of man and maid; set the chained wine-captive free. And all are better for knowing me. These are the tales they told each other, The glass of wine and its paler brother, As they sat together filled to the brim, On the rich man's table rim to rim.

-Honolulu Saturday Press.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are grewing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
As thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
And my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Harken to me, brother, harken!
I have something I would say,
Ere the vail my vision darken,
And I go from hence, away;
I am going, surely going,
Yet my hope in God is strong,
And I'm willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him
Prayed that I might one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mether—God assist her,
Now that she is growing old;
Tell her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen! brother, catch each whisper!
"Tis my wife I'd speak of now;
Tell, O, tell her, how I missed her
When the fever burnt my brow;
Tell her, brother—closely listen!
Don't forget a single word—
Tell her how my eyes did glisten
With the tears her mem'ry stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed;
Hold them, as when last I held them
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so, in His Word.

O, my children! Heaven bless them,
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet, He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters, I remember
Every kindly, parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
With the thoughts their mem'ry stirred;
Tell them I ne'er reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Tell them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus, and repentance
Will secure for each a share;
Hark! I hear my Savior speaking,
Tis—I know his voice so well;
When I'm gone, 0, don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

A Mother's Good-Night Kiss.

How fade the memories of the past,
The few bright hours that round us glow,
A moment's radiance overcast
Anon with shadows dark and slow!
One hallowed joy has never fled,
An everlasting thrill of bliss—
A mother's blessing on my head,
And on my lips her good-night kiss!

Upon the heart a holy trace,
Unconscious yet of sin and care,
The picture of a mother's face,
The murmur of her good night prayer.
Ere her pure love I learned to prize,
That holy rite my heart would miss;
Her blessing soothed my infant cries,
And hushed me with a good-night kiss.

Whene'er my stubborn will denied
Obedience to her wish or will,
And stern correction's rod was tried,
Which left me unrepentant still—
If to my little chamber led,
A shudder came at thought of this:
When mother kneels beside my bed,
She will not give the good-night kiss.

Whatever want her care supplied,
However else her love was shown,
This joy of joys at night denied,
All peace from out the heart was flown,
But, oh! how sweet, when half the night
Was wept away this boon to miss,
To feel her touch my brow so light,
And bless me with a good-night kiss!

And bless me with a good-night also:
Ah! then 'twas sweet, when all confest,
To sob and sigh in melting mood,
Enfolded to her loving breast
Renewing promise to be good.
Then, 'mid the peaceful slumbers given,
Came brightest dreams of heavenly bliss;
Her blessing gave me wings for heaven,
Its opening gates—her good-night kiss!

Through manhood's struggle, fierce, and long, Still battling for the path of right,
Resolved, with spirit brave and strong,
To win the victory in the fight;
With each achievement nobly won.
This thought enhances all my bliss:
'Tis mother's blessing on her son,
When she bestowed the good-night kiss!

When she beserved the good-market.

The nether verge of life I tread,
And children's children now caress,
But still upon my silvered head
Retain that tender hand's impress.
I breathe the prayer she taught me first,
And think she hears me lisping this;
Then close my cyes, in hopeful trust,
Her spirit gives the good-night kiss.

My Mother's Hands.

Dear hands, to me so beautiful, How on my life you press With loving care, caressingly, And wond'rous tenderne From babyhood to womanhood. No hour this heart hath seen That needed not the ministering Of mother's hands, I ween.

Tho' brown and hardened oft by toil, They bring a peaceful calm To aching head and troubled heart,
Not found in dainty palm; Each task, however menial Those hands can glorify, And there's no work they may not do
Howe'er exalted high.

God bless them for their earthly work, And when they're folded still Upon a peaceful marbled bre Sometimes our hearts will thrill, As in the quiet eventide, When closely clasp life's bands,
Once more we'll feel the loving touch Of mother's angel hands.

EVA A. H. BARNES

AT LAST

When on my day of life the night is fall-

ing, And in the winds from unsunned sraces blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasart,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay; O Love divine, O Holper ever present,

Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting.

Earth, sl y, home's pictures, days of shade and shine, And kind faces to my own uplifting

The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit

Be with me then to comfort and uphold;

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit

Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if-my good and ill unreckoned And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands fam'lia: beckoned

Unto my fitting place.

Some humile door among thy many mansions, Some sheltering shade where sin and

striving cease, And flows forever through heaven's

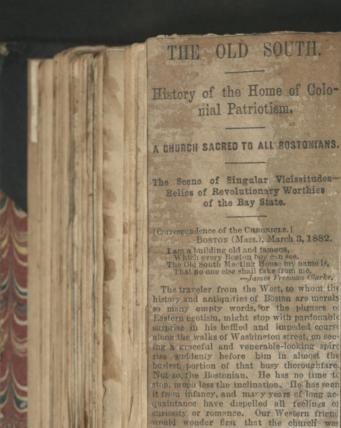
green expansions The river of thy peace.

There, from the music ound a bout me stealing. I fain would learn the new and holy

And find, at last, beneath thy trees of

healing, The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier



Eastern egotism, might stop with pardonable surprise in his baffled and impeded course along the walks of Washington street, on seeing a graceful and venerable-looking spire rise suddenly before him in almost the busiest portion of that busy thoroughfare. Not so, the Bostonian. He has no time to stop, much less the inclination. He has seen it from infancy, and many years of long acquaintance have dispelled all feelings of curiosity or romance. Our Western friend would wonder first that the church was allowed to remain at all in a place where the lead it covers is of fabulous value; and then and it covers is of fabulous value; and the would wonder who could worship in as would wonder who could worship in a quarter so noisy and trade-beect. But a pilerumage to that awful sage, the oldes inhabitant, would not be necessary to entichten our visitor; any one of those hurrying yeard tell him its name and raison d'etre. It Fancuit Hall is called the "Cradle of Liberty," this building has been named the "Sangtuary of Freedom," consecrated to this end alke by our earliest patriots and preachers. Not to know about the Old South in Beston "argues one's self unknown," though Joston "arzues one's self unknown," though only a small number may be acquainted with its fall history. Yet its history is one of rare interest, for the spirit of American independence first showed itself here.

Let us take a long look backward to the early days of the provincial capital. It is the old, rank, Puritan period, when Church and State were fully united in the colony. The questions, Who are to be baptized? and, Who are fit to become church members?

The questions, Who are to be baptised? and, Who are fit to become church members? are disturbing Puritan minds. Citizenship being dependent upon church-membership in the colony, these questions had a vital m-terest. In the First Church of Boston two parties arcse, one being in favor of a more liberal policy than the other. The latter being in the minority withdrew and erected in 1670 a house of worship, known as the in 1670 a house of worship, known as the Third, or South Church of Boston. This building was of cedar wood.

THE PURITAN SANCTUARY.

The Furitan Sanctuary.

The site of the church was the old home of Governor Winthrop, where he lived in the eventful days of the struggling colony. From his family it passed into the hands of Rev. John Norton, in whose family Increase Mather, the great divine, grew up. In those days there was no ratile and rour of trade along old Mariborough street, as Washington street was then called. There were green eass plots and sightly shade trees about the South Church. A heautiful row of buttonwoods extended in front. The old State House was in plain view, while to the south and west stretched the bills and the Common. When Sir Edmund Andros appeared as When Sir Edmund Andros appeared as Governor of the Colonies there was no church covernor of the Colonies there was no church where the English service could be solemnized. He asked for a church, but none was forthcoming. He straightway sent for the service of the South Meeting-house. On their using refused by the Church, on the ground that "Ye land and house is ours," he sent a direct order to Goodman Needdam, the sexton to ring the bell and prepare the house for worship. This was done, and for some time thereafter the Puritans were scandalized by the use of their church for litary perthe use of their church for litary ser ces. Af ersixty years of use, the old wooder hurch was found too small and a new hous. As decided upon. It is recorded that before the demolition began the pastor. Dr. Sewall. To yed with the workmen. On the dedication of the new building the following singularly republish terms. rophetic text was chosen And the glory of this latter

vest. We will speak of it as it stands to-d. at the corner of Milk and Washington streets. Its foundation measures 88x92 feet. In color it is light grey. In front rises a square tower to the height of 180 feet; it is the same tower, through which surged the immense crowds that rathered from the city and country round about to listen to the passionste appeals of the "Fathers of the Revolution." Through the same postal has passed the preacher engrossed with his Sunday theme and the tipsy British gallants going to view the feats of the riding school. Never had a church a more eventful history than this. An incomplete skeleton of that history is found incomplete skeleton of that history is found over the main doorway on a plain grante slab imbedded in the masonry. On it is written the following:

OLD SOUTH.

Church Gathered, 1669.
First Church Built, 1670.
This House Erected, 1729.
Desecrated by British Troops, 1775-6.

Above this tablet is the old clock, which, in its long life has served the convenience of more people and been the rec pient of more carnest and grateful glances than any other timekeeper in New England. On each side of the front door a small, dingy flag is flying, and a card announces that "Articles of hisoric interest are on exhibition daily from 9 to 5." This is the Old South Historic Loan of New England antiquities. On entering, the scene that meets the visitor's eye is strange and fantastic. There is notifue pew aor pulpit. The site of the latter is occupied by a platform, and in the place of the forme a group of chairs is seen, stowed away closely in the center. A large gallery runs around three sides, with two other small ones above it. Upon the walls are the portraits of Revolutionary heroes and statesmen, battle-fla antiquated aniforms and weapons. There are also numerous show-cases around the room, filled with various ancient articles, some of them three centuries old. In them are old them three centuries old. In them are old books, pictures, newspapers, manuscripts farming implements, household utensils, memorial porcelain and embroideries. Here is some rare old blue China which it would trouble even the esthetic Oscar to "live up to." One case, devoted to war souvenirs, has rusty cannon balls, can-teens, rapiers, spurs, canes, several swords given to Washington's staff by Lafayet'e, and some Hessian caps. Several gross of this Teu fonic head gear were discovered in a Philadel phia garret a number of years ago, where they had been stored and forgotten in the hurried days of war. A goodly number of old Bibles some with quaint designs, is in another case In still another are samples of ante-Revolutionary apparel, including "the dress work by Borothy Quincy when married to John Hancock."

In one corner an old-fashioned fireplace, with its crane and kettles in order. Above it bang an ancient flint-lock musket and a string of dried corn. This union seemed singularly appropriate, for the sturdy yeoman of those days carried his musket into the field each morning along with his hoe—the hoe to cultivate and the musket to defend. Hard by stands a spinning-wheel. With a fire leaping about the old andirons, and the good man and dame with their fearless and healthy children seated around, the picture would have been complete. In another place stands the veritable chair of Michael Metcalf, "born in England in 1586," and founder of the "house of Metcalf in America," Take a pilarimage to this shrine and gaze on the great chair of your ancestor, ye American sons of Metcalf! Behold it carved from the solid oak, with this crest and date upon its back: "M. 1652 M.—Michael Metcalf—peace to his askes!"

THE GRAVE OF MOTHER GOOSE.

One at least among the church members of the Old South has reached eminence in the literary art. An inspired singer, her works have found a place in every household in the land, and her name is among the dearest of our early recollections. It is with rare good taste and genuine appreciation, therefore, that this immortal bard of the nursery has been given a niche in the "Westminster been given a niche in the "Westminsten Abbey" of America. The following inscription, copied from one on the wall of the caurch, will explain: "Elizabeth Foster, charch, will explain: "Elizabeth Foster, known in the literature of the nursery as Mother Goose; born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1665. Married Isaac Goose in 1693. Became a member of the Old South Church in 1698. The first edition of her melodies was published in 1719 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, at his printing-house, Pudling lane (or Description of the Church Lane (or Description). lane (now Devenshire street), Boston. She

died in 1757, aged 92 years, and was buried in the Oid Granary Burying Ground." A fac-simile of her house and her son-in-law's

over her door is the lege Over her door is the legend: "Elizabeth: Goose: Her: House;". Beside it another reading: "Thomas: Fleet: Printer:". On the ridge pole is perched an owl. Doves are hovering in the air about the dove core. Surmounting all is the figure of a mammoth goose, the genus loci. A picture of the venerable grandain, with her works open upon her knees, spectacles on nose, and her eager grandchildren around her, hangs at one side. HISTORIC TOWN MEETINGS.

We have seen the South Church in its in-

fancy, and again after more than two centu-ries. What has happened of note in the cenries. What has happened of note in the century and a half that the brick building has stood? Old Faneuil Hall was often found too small to hold the people that gathered at the town meetings. So recourse was had to the South Church, which had the largest audience-room in the city. Nothing worried and enraged the eminently respectable ministry of Lord North quite so much as this good old custom of town meetings. From them arose all sorts of trouble for Britain. They were termed "notbeds of sedition," for in them men "thought as they pleased and spoke as they thought." Yet they were generally as they thought." Yet they were generally distinguished for calm and nich de iberation—often for lofty patriotism and cloquence. We distinguished for calm and nich de iberation—
often for lofty patriotism and eloquence. We
will look in upon some of them. It is June
14, 1768. The church is tilled to overflowing with a justly indignant people. An English man-of-war is at anchor in the harbor;
American seamen have been impressed, and John Hancock's sloop Liberty has been seized by the revenue officers. James Otis is Moderator of the meeting, and others with equally bright names are present. The meeting de-mands the removal of the armed vessel. A committee, among waien are the names of Qainey, Otis, Adams and Warren, is sent-to confer with the Governor, who has timidly retreated to his country seat at Jamaica Plains. Instead of a visit from a mob, the Governor sees approaching eleven soberand respectable chaises containing the committee. After much parleying they return, the Governor having pleaded a lack of power. The firm attitude of the people and their leaders made a deep impression on the royal authorities, and the Captain of the obnoxious vessel issued a notice that he should stop impress-

ment.

More eager and intense is the feeling displayed by the members of the next historic town meeting within these walls. The de-nefere was the "bloody 5th of March." The people are resolved that no troops shall longer remain to provoke them to affrays. Sam Adams and Quincy, with fervid and resolute words, urge the people to stand firm Another committee, with Adams at its head, is chosen to wait upon Lieutenant-Governo Hutchinson and demand the withdrawal of the troops. That official denies the request. the troops. That official denies the request, but says that perhaps one regiment may be removed. "Both or non-!" is the watchword. "The Great Incendiary" returns to the Lieutenant-Governor with the second and firmer demand of the people, and, facing the Lieutenant-Governor and his Council, coldly charged them to "fall at their peril" to comply. "His outstretched arm," one chromoler says, "slightly shock with the energy of his soul." The Council was awed by his words

and the demand soon granted.

Then the tea troubles follow, and when, all other methods failing, the people take that matter, too, into tueir hands, it is at the door of the Old South that the tea-hating Mo-

hawks assemble and raise the warwhoop.

For several years after the Boston massacre its anniversary was celebrated in the Old South, often under menace from the Tories and British. The most stirring one was that of 1775. The British were in possession of the city and little relished the philippies of the old South. On this occasion it was oroadly hined that whoever spoke would not come away uninjured. Warren claimed the honor of speaking, despite the threat. The church was so packed with human beings that the orator had to enter at a window by aid of a lidder. There were electric British a ladder. There were plenty of British present. Warren boldly launched his hot shot among their ranks. It was like playing with powder. A spark might have produced a configration. But no one dared to inter-fere. During his speech it is said that an English officer on the platform, to frighten the speaker, held out his hand with several pistol balls in the palm. Warren coolly dropped a white handkerchief over them and went on.

DESECRATION OF THE TEMPLE.

But if the British could not stop the mouth of the Revolutionary orators, they found a way to wreak their vengeance upon the devoted old building. In the winter of 1775 General Burroyne or leved it to be used as a riding school for his troops. The pews and pulpit, were removed and burned. About a foot of gravel was spread upon the floor. A our was put up, over which the cavalry leaped their norses at full speed. One galstocked with liquers to assuage the thirs. Deacon Newell giv. some further partie the in his diary: "The pulpit, pews and see were all cut to pieces and carried off in a most savage manner as can be expressed to the state of the same of the same

When the hostile soldiers departed loving When the hostile soldiers departed loving hands removed the marks of descration, and for long years after the man of God proclaimed divine truth from the Old South pulpit. Thus it was used till the great fire, when it narrowly escaped destruction. It was then leased to the United States Government for a Postoffica till one could be built. Its congregation erected a beautiful and stately edifice on the Back Bly at a cost of over half a million and carried their worship there.

SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION.

The Old South was soid to the highest bidder and about to be torn down, when the patriotic spirit of Boston came to the rescue and bought it back, with the land under it, and it was finally fitted up into the present Antiquarian Museum. "Not save the Old South, which has so often saved us?" asked South, which has so often saved us?" aske its friends. Its own congregation was stranged deaf to such a plea. Very little of the spir of earlier worshipers seemed to animal them, though appeals came from California. to Maine. But it is safe now in trusty hand All may hope for the fulfillment of Whittier prophecy

So long as Boston shall Boston be, And her bay tides rise and fall. Shall treedom stand in the Old South Church And plead for the rights of all.

_ A. J. P.

A SHIP WITH A HISTORY.

The "Great Western's" Remarkable Record.

The Great Western, which sailed for Tacoma on Friday, and which, previous to her departure, was caulked and coppered at the old Ajax heaving down hulk at Second-street wharf, is in many respects a remarkable vessel. If, according to mariners, the average age of ships is from eighteen to twenty years, then has the Great Western survived two nautical generations. She is 1800 tons register, and was built between thirty and forty years ago in New York city. Her first voyage was to Liverpool, and at a time when the years ago in New York city. Her first voyage was to Liverpool, and at a time when the average size of ships was from 700 tons to 900 tons burden. She was the prodigy of Liverpool docks. Crowds assembled daily to gaze and wonder at her majestic hull and towering spars. She was twenty-nine years in the Atlantic trade as one of the fleet of the Black Ball packet line, and has been nine years trading along this coast, chiefly from San Francisco to Portland and Washington Territory. She crossed the Atlantic 116 times, and except when undergoing ordinary repairs, has been steadily kept by her owners in the coasting trade ever since, and in all

repairs, has been steadily kept by her owners in the coasting trade ever since, and in all the vic'ssitudes of her long nautical life never lost one of her crew nor so much as a spar in a rale of wind at sea.

She was a passenger ship at the time of the great Irish exodus after the famine of 1848, and has brought 30,000 passengers, at one time and another, from the Old World to the New, and has in this respect, as her owner claim, done the United States better service than any other sailing ship affoat. She has than any other sailing ship affoat. Sh had 1500 births and 200 marriages on bo In transferring so many thousands to nellife, new occupations, new associations and new country, the *Great Western* has be sponsor in this second baptism of social translation to a generation which is now itself growing sober in the autumn twilight of existence. Her pastical children are activated. Her nautical children are scatter everywhere, even along this coast, and when ever she calls at wayside ports, many of thea pay her an affectionate visit, when they pe out the very spot, 'tween decks, when they po slept in the long, long years ago, and dream of the old homes which they had left, and the new homes to which they were bound.

I MAY NOT LOVE THEE.

Imay not love thee, but within my heart,
When night and darkness set my spirit free,
And I sit musing from the world apart.
There is a low deep voice that tells of thee.
That voice is sweet and mournful as the tona
Of far Eolian music heard in sleep,
Or the wild cadence of a spirit lone,
O'er the hushed waters of the midnight deep,

I may not love thee, but thy blessed hok Forever hauts my soul when then art far; It clanges neward from each moonis book, It clanges neward from each bright and holy star 'This imaged in each flower that fifts its eve At morn to great the sunshine and the dow, And in each fairy cloud that wanders by Flowing in beauty o'er the mountains blue,

I may not love thee, but thy gentle words
Can stir within my soil its font of tears,
And wake the scho of my hear's deep chus
Like some sweet melody of carly gars.
I may not love thee, but thy image seems
A loving radiance to my spirit gires.
For oh! I picture thee in all my dreams

THE LICH OBSERVATORY,

The Finest Astronomical Station in the World. Natio

In December, Mr. James Lick determined to creet "the most powerful telescope in the world," somewhere within the boundaries of California, his adopted State. Various sites were proposed and considered, the first being Observatory Point, on Lake Tahoe, which was soon abandoned on account of the severity of the Winters at this place, and especially on account of the creet spowfall. Mr. on account of the great snowfall. Mr. Lick's original idea was somewhat crude and unformed, but it took shape after consultation by letter and otherwise with various man of some men of the consultation of t ous men of science in the East and elsewhere, and also with gentlemen of scientific tastes in California. Monte Diablo (3,856 feet high), Mount Helena (4,343 feet (3,35) feet high), Mount Helena (4,343 feet high), and other points were successively proposed and, after examination, rejected, finally, Mr. Lick sent Capt. Fraser, his man of business, to examine Mount Hamilton (4,440 feet), an easy accessible peak some 13 miles east of San Jose, in Santa County. The first examination was made by Capt. Fraser, in August, 1875.

by Capt. Fraser, in August, 1875.

In most respects this site was found to be satisfactory, but the chief objections to it were important if not vital. The cost of constructing a road to the summit would certainly be very great, and the summit constructing a road to the summit would certainly be very great, and the summit itself was a sharp point of very hard trap rock. To make a level space here for the reception of the necessary buildings would be a serious matter. Finally, no water was known anywhere near the summit. The last objection was disposed of by the discovery of two springs, only 4,300 feet distant from the summit and 300 feet below it. Mr. Lick then announced that if Santa Clara County would build a suitable road. Clara County would build a suitable road connecting San Jose with the top of the mountain, he would establish and suitably endow an observatory on Mount Hamilton. After various changes in his plans Mr. Lick made a deed of trust (dated September 21, 1875), which gave a very large amount of real and personal property to five trustees to be by them expended for various purposes. The observatory was provided for as follows: The Trustees were authorized to expend the sum of \$\frac{700}{200}\$ for the purposes of the same of \$\frac{700}{200}\$ for the purpose of the same of \$\frac{700}{200}\$ for the purpos \$700,000 for the purchase of the necessary land and for putting up on that land "a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made," with the necessary machinery, etc., made," with the necessary machinery, etc., "and also a suitable observatory connected therewith." As soon as these objects are satisfactorily accomplished, the observatory is to be turned over to the Regents of the University of California, to become a department of the University, and any surplus left over after paying for the land and observatory is to be invested in safe honds. observatory is to be invested in safe bonds. The income from these bonds is to be devoted to "the maintenance of the said telescope and of the observatory connected therewith, and shall be made useful in pro-

moting science."
A grant of land was obtained from the A grant of land was obtained from the United States; the proposition of Mr. Lick to Santa Clara County was accepted, and the road to the top of Mount Hamilton was built during 1876. It was formally accepted by the Trustees in January, 1877. It is now maintained by Santa Clara County as a County road, and it is quite likely that it will soon be extended by Almeda County over the range into the San Joaquin Valley. Probably no more magnificent Valley. Probably no more magnificent mountain road exists in the United States when one considers all the circumstances of fine surrounding scenery, excellent road bed, and commanding views. Some idea of the engineering difficulties overcome can of the engineering difficulties overcome can be had from the cost of constructing this highway 26 miles into the heart of the mountains, and with a rise of 4,000 feet in 22 miles. Such a project would appall the average County Surveyor of New Eng-land, but it was here accomplished at the large cost of \$78,000.

The maximum grade is six feet six inches in 100 feet, or about 343 feet in the mile. Most of the road, however, is materially less steep than this. The first four miles is a fine level avenue, laid out in a perfectly straight line in the Santa Clara Valley. The ascent of the foothills is then

merced, and the road begins a series of commerced, and the roan begins a series or turnings and twistings which are of course necessary to keep the gradient low. To-ward the end of the route the road winds round and round the mountain itself and overlooks one of the most picturesque of scenes: the valley of Santa Clara and the coast range to the west, a bit of the Pacific to the southwest, the Sierra Nevadas, with countless ranges between, to the southeast, countiess ranges between to the southeast, the San Joaquin Valley and the Sierras Beyond to the east, while to the north on clear days you plainly see Mount Shasta (14,000 feet), 175 miles away. The Bay of San Francisco lies open before you, like a child's dissecting man and at the end of it. child's dissecting map, and at the end of it Tamalpais, the mountain near the entrance to the Golden Gate.

Mount Hamilton has, properly speaking, three summits. The east peak is 4,440 feet, the middle peak is 4,350 feet, and the third, the Observatory peak (originally 4,256), has been cut down to a level surface just large enough to contain the necbuildings for the instruments. The dwelling-house and workshops are on a narrow saddle some 50 feet below the summit. To gain the level surface some 29 feet of rock has been removed from the peak; in all about 40,000 tons. A level site is thus provided, and this is perfectly accessible from San Jose. With a light wagon one may trot the horses all the way. The springs have also been connected with "the hill," as it is called by the inhabitants, by a good road along which a water pipe is laid. These springs yield 850 gallons per day in the dryest time, and in the wet season as much as 5 000 gallons per day. Thus a year serious 5,000 gallons per day. Thus a very serious problem is solved.

The decision of the general plans for the Observatory has fallen largely to the President of the Lick Trustees, Capt. R. S. Floyd. He has given to these questions an amount of time which few persons could possibly bestow on a matter outside of ordinary professional life. Since 1876 he has personally visited most of the observataries of Europe and America and has servataries of Europe and America and has corresponded with astronomers all over the world. In 1879 he visited Washington, and together with Profs. Newcomb and Holden, of the Naval Observatory, he prepared a series of drawings from which the observatory was to be built, and ordered the first of the instruments. The general plan of the Observatory is to give the place of honor to the large dome (some 75 feet in diameter). This is to contain a refracting telescope by Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, who have made not only the largest but the best telescopes in the world. Their first telescopes were six inches in aperture and of exquisite definition. Without losing in precision, they have successively made object glasses of 81, 91, 12, 151, 181, 23, and 26 inches. They are They are now engaged on an objective of 30 inches for the Russian Government, and will soon commence the Lick teleecope of 36 inches aperture, for which they have erved so magnificent an apprenticeship. This is to occupy the whole of the south end of the plateau of the summit. At the end of the plateau of the summit. At the northwest corner stands a dome (completed in November, 1881,) which contains a 12-inch telescope by Alvan Clark, one of his very finest. Connecting the two domes is to be a one-story building, containing a clock room, workshops, a library, offices, and bed-rooms for observers. A transit and bed-rooms for observers. A transit house of iron (completed in 1881) stands a few feet east of the smaller dome, and just jouth of this is the photo-heliograph, with sts house. A few feet east of this the six-inch meridian circle (by Repsold, of Ham-burg), is to stand, which, with the four-inch transit (by Feuth, of Washington,) completes the list of meridian instruments. A four-inch comet-seeker, by Clark, occupies a small dome. The main building will be built of brick. The bricks of clay, found close to the Observatory, are made under a contract which saves the Observatory some 50 per cent. of the usual cost. About 2,000,000 brick are now made and ready to deliver, and these will just about suffice for the constructions agreed upon.

It will be seen that an observing station of importance is already established on the mountain, containing an equipment of which many European observatories would be proud. It may be said that the whole of

the fund expended to date is less cost of the road to the summit, and this includes all expenses. This equipment has recently been utilized in the observation of the taansit of Mercury on November 7, 1881, by Prof. Holden and Mr. Burnham who were invited by the Trustees to set up their first instruments. In . 1879 Mr.

Burnham spent three of the Summer n onths on the mountain, and used his sixinch telescope in regular observations, the object being to compare the conditions of vision at this high altitude with those at lower levels. His conclusions were extremely favorable to the Mount Hamilton site, and from his report there is little doubt that during the Summer months this citals more favorable than that of any objects. site is more favorable than that of any observatory now established. During the Winter, storms prevail, but the snow is the snow is not very deep, and does not lie long, and the temperature is not very low. When it is clear, in the rainy season, it is perfectly so, and the vision compares favorably with the average conditions at Eastern observatories. It is obvious that if the management of the Observatory affairs remain in the same able control, we shall be said. in the same able control, we shall have in a few years one of the most admirably equipped observatories in the world, on site far superior to any; and without being too sanguine, it will be safe to expect much from such an institution in proper ands.

BABY LAND.

How many miles to Baby-Land? Anyone can tell: Up one flight

To your right-Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land? Little folks in white: Downy heads, Cradle beds. Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land? Dream, and wake and play: Laugh and crow, Shout and grow, Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land? Why, the oddest things: Might as well Try to tell What the birdle sings

Who is the Queen of Baby-Land? Mother, kind and sweet: And her love,

Guides the little feet.

LONE MOUNTAIN.

They dwell in marble houses-Those people on the hill; But no sound of joy or gladness Can their cold bosoms thrill.

Bright flowers bloom at the entrance. And fragrance fills the air;
But no face looks from the window
On the gardens planted there.

The sun may shine in his glory,
Or earth in her sadness weep,
But no hand draweth a curtain—
None wake from their silent sleep.

Houses of marble and granite, Beautiful works of art, But no thrill of proud possession Stirreth the pulseless heart.

Friends and visitors many At the open gate pass through, But no one bids them welcome, None says to them, "Adieu."

The morning comes, and the evening:
The stars look from above—
But no maiden at her casement
Dreameth her dreams of love.

The children, whose feet grew weary And the sged, tired and spent— Father and mother and children Are dwelling in calm content,

No pain or sound of discord Disturbs one quiet breast, But the birds sing in the branches, And all is rest, sweet rest.

We mourn for the sound of voices, And listen for footsteps fled, But none return who enter This city of the dead. But their marble doors shall open,
For our Father holds the key;
The sun of their morning riseth
On the shores of the crystal sea.

—H. F. B,

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

Spite ef storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lashed the land,
On the "Cyprian" screw steamer, there the Captain took his stand.

tain took his stand.

He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon coast.

He'd a good ship underneath him, and a screw of English form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and storm.

All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its hight.

Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night.

Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke

All the litek was dead against. him—with the tempest at its hight.
Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night.
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated breath:

"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our death!"
Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock,
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon a rock.
All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights of home.

"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered duty's call.
Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on us all!"
So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar and rope—
For the sailor knows where life is, there's the Isintest ray of hope—
Then, anidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!
Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?
Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,
When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?
No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralyzing roar;
All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.
Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,
And the Captain with his life belt—he prepared to follow last:
But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy gray.
"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy who stow'd away!"

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you can.

To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man; Tell it out in tones of triumph or with tears and quickened breath, "Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier than Death!"

s -Punch.

WRITTIN FOR THE MODNING CALL. IN MEMORIAM - HENRY FELLOW. W. LONG.

When splendors of sunset were cloven And kindled o'ar steeple and plain, What visions of glory were woven, Reflected again in the brain!

Illumined by far fitful flashes,
When sunset's red sulendors were east,
What embers faint blazed 'mid the ashee,
Then darkened and paled to the past!

The sun, with no presage of sorrow. Sank low in a glory of gold.
With never a hint of the morrow—
The dreamer all pulseless and cold.

The closing of lips pallor-tinted,
Where murmurous echoes still clung,
All faint with the glory half-hinted,
The rapture no poet hath sung.

Ah! silent, deserted and shattered, Earth's image shall nevermore thrill; A casket, whose jewels are scattered, But priceless and dear to us still.

-Rosalie Kercheval.

MAKE THE BEST IT .- Life for us is not always cast in pleasant places; not always does the path lead us to "green pastures, and still waters;" what we most long for is denied us, the path is rough and stormy sometimes leading us up the steep hill-side where we nearly faint with, fatigue side where we nearly faint with and anon across dreary deserts where the monotony seems almost unbearable. Yet life is not all shadow for anyone; the sun still shines though dark clouds obscures its light for a season.

"There is never a pathway so barren,
But in it is something to love;
Some bright little scent-laden blossom,
Some star gleaming clearly above,
Some soft floating cloud, rich and golden,
Some song-bird melodious and fair,
There is never a pathway so barren,
But something to cherish is there."

We are so apt to overlook and neglect these little blessings which lie at our in our eagerness to attain that which is beyond our reach. We see not the sweet little flower, the sparkling gem or the gleaming star, because our eyes are closed to the beauty around us, and to the oppor-tunities we have of being happy. We look on the dark side of life and wait in discontent, instead of making the best of that which is waiting our attainment.

Some of us are denied the advantages of high school or collegiate instruction, and shall we, in discontent and useless repining, remain forever in ignorance of treasures stored in books? Shall we, because of limited opportunities, neglect the one talent which is given us?

If we could realize how much we might improve our condition, both in mental culture and in our surroundings, by utilizing every opportunity and employing the odd moments, we would spend no more time in idle repining or vain imaginings of what "might have been," but with the whole theart earnestly work to make the best of ourselves, and if we do that, it is all that can be required of us. And now, the question arises, how can we do this?

In regard to education or mental culture we must make up our mind to study and to remember; resolve to overcome all difficulties, and then do it.

Without an earnest purpose and patient industry, but little can be accomplished.

Lay aside all novel reading and other such useless employments, and with the evenings for reading or writing, we can find time to perform considerable mental labor and not neglect other duties either.

I do not consider it a good idea to work evenings unless circumstances actually re-Enough ean be done between daylight and dark to suffice for all or-dinary purposes. We can live this life but once and why not enjoy it as long as possible? The life wholly devoted to the possible? The life wholly devoted to the manual labor is a poor one and far from being complete. To keep the mental and physical forces equally balanced, some time must be spent in mental labor and it s easier to study if some portion of the day is set apart for that purpose and if we realize that it is necessary to our com-

Plete development.

What and how to study, I have explained in a former article. It is sometimes a hard matter to purchase the necessions. sary books just when needed, but this serious difficulty may be overcome by a determined "I'll have them someway," and then finding that way. If but one or two books can be purchased during the year it is much better than rome at all, and it surprising how much knowledge can b acquired from just one book, if one only makes the best of its contents. pends on the will to learn than on the pos session of numerous volumes. If we improve not the opportunities afforded as neither would we appreciate all the advertages the world could lay at our feet.

Many, surrounded by difficulties, contending with adverse circumstances, and with little to encourage, have by their own unaided efforts, made for themselves a name in history. Eithu Burritt, the leatned blacksmith, while laboring early and late at the anvi-toned time to thoroughly acquaint himself with many of the foreign and some of the dead languages,

There are few possessed of unfinited vantages who could accomplish what

weighing heavily upon her, yet, by economy of time and untiring industry, accomplished much valuable literary work. There are hundreds of others, that I have not space to enumerate, whose lives are crowded with honor and success; who, by making the most of present opportunities, with earnest purpose and energy, have achieved brilliant laurels in the different fields of labor. With such noble examples before us, we ought not to be so casily discouraged.

We must not be crushed by adverse circumstances, but rise above them by using all the means within our power to help as enward, and by making the best of it.

A Terrible Night.

The Island Home Rides Out the Storm of Saturday On Tuckernuck Flats-She Reaches Her Dock at 10, A. M., Sunday-The Night's Experience as Related by A Substantial Personal Gift.

The storm which burst upon us about 2, P. M., Saturday afternoon, proved one of the most severe that has been known here for years. From early morning the sky had looked threatening, but a the above hour a fine snow commenced to fall, and the wind breezed gradually, until at nightfall there was a small gale blowing from the eastward, which hurled the snow in blinding eddies. As night advanced the storm grew more and more severe, and before midnight was of such violence as to cause strong buildings to tremble, sending a peculiar thrill through one's veins. At 5, A. M., the wind reached its greatest fury, drifting the snow into huge piles, and hurling it about in clouds. As early as the weather would permit people were astir clearing away the snow, and Surveyor Mitchell soon had a force of men engaged in breaking out the roads, a work that was thoroughly performed.

When the hour for the steamer's arrival had come and gone, Saturday afternoon, with no tidings from her, it was generally believed that the storm had commenced to the leeward first, and that Capt. Manter had not put out. There were a few, however, who held an opposite view, and anxiously awaited the breaking of day and a cessation of the snow, that they might scan the northern shores of the island and ascertain what the fate of the Island Home had been, if there was sufficient of her left to tell the tale. It has proved that these few were correct as far forth as her leaving Woods Holl was concerned, as the subsequent facts will prove, which have been gleaned from the officers and passengers:

Shortly before 10 o'clock Sunday, a few men on the street were startled by the word that the steamer was on the bar, broadside on, and the word passed rapidly from mouth to mouth. Every step was turned toward the wharf, and one of the wrecking boats quickly run down to Brant Point, and beforc the crew had an opportunity to lift her from the truck, the wind performed the task for them, overturning the entire gear. The boat was launched in charge of Capt. John M. Winslow, but the services of the crew were fortunately not needed. The steamer in the meantime was eagerly watched as she backed and filled on the bar, until she drifted, broadside to the gale, into the harbor, when the anxious countenances assumed a more cheerful expression.

In the harbor the management of the boat was such as to elicit the warmest praise for Captain Manter. Unable to get her round to mind her helm before the gale, he ran in close to Brant Point with a view of catching her bow upon the sand, and allowing her stern to swing, when a favorable gust caught her, and allowed the rudder to perform its duty, when she was headed in and brought prettily to the end of the dock, where willing hands caught the heaving lines and drew the hawsers ashore, making them fast, and after some minutes in backing and filling, and with the aid of the wrecking crew which brought ashore a stern line, the faithful boat was soon safely moored, when a lusty three cheers went up from those on

The appearance of the boat foretold her experience during the night, for some twenty feet of the gangway had been stoven in, and the decks were a mass of ice. The few passengers on board, or rather, the male portion of them, were gathered near the gap, some pale and wearied from the effects of seasickness and a night of anxious watchfulness, and when the plank had been put out, they quickly availed themselves of it to reach terra firma, expressing freely their gratification of the opportunity. The crowd upon the wharf quickly boarded the boat on a tour of investigation, and it required but a very few minutes for one and all to understand something of the experience the vessel had passed through.

Among the crowd was a reporter of the INQUIR-ER AND MIRROR, who immediately sought out Capt. Manter, who was found near the door of the engineer's room, shivering with cold, and with clothes dripping wet, and scarcely able to talk. He intimated that he would see the scribe later, and he later sought him at his home. He had revived somewhat after donning dry clothes and partaking Those on Board-Testimonials to the of breakfast, and as he took up his pipe, and filled Captain and Crew from the Passengers- it preparatory to a smoke, he answered an inquiry as to his experience as follows:

CAPT. MANTER'S STORY.

We were detained at Woods Holl until nearly half-past one waiting for the other boat, and then put out. When nearly up to Cape Poge we had fine snow, but the weather was moderate, and the wind E.N.E., and I did not anticipate anything serious. We made all our buoys, but after leaving Tuckernuck shoal buoy the snow increased, and we were unable to see ten feet ahead. Ran out our time to the bar, but could not see the buoy; then tracked the bar to the eastward about twenty minutes, but still no buoy; come about and ran Some balm of healing to imput minutes, but still no buoy; come about and ran twenty minutes to the westward with like result, and as night was coming on and the wind increased to a strong breeze, decided to anchor, putting ed to a strong breeze, decided to anchor, putting out the small anchor with fifteen fathoms chain, but found we were dragging, and increased the we, to our fellow men, will and we were finally obliged to put our large anchor.

To help the needy, cheer the sale anchor.

To help the needy, cheer the sale anchor.

At 5 o'clock this morning the wind blew the strongest, and as I made my way along the upper deck, it seemed as if the hurricane deck must blow off. We ripped open sacks of grain to get the bags to wrap about the hawser to prevent its chafing. The boat rode like a duck, though, and when it lighted up toward morning, made land close to us, which we took to be the Cliff, until, later on, we found we were close upon Tuckernuck, and could see the hotel. I realized the precarious situation, and when the tide had fallen and we began to strike bottom, knew that something must be done, and that quickly, and decided to beach her on the island. Buoyed the large anchor and slipped the cable, then cut the hawser, when the wind favored us, and headed us so we could run for the bar. Our cook, William Orpin, knows every inch of the ground up that way, and he brought her through the slues among the Swile islands into five fathoms of water, when we put for the bar.

The seas were terrific, and swept clean across the bow, running aft, and Mr. Bucknam, the engineer, was at times almost ankle deep in water in his engine room. The old boat rolled fearfully, and when we reached the outer bar, lying in the trough of the sea, a wave towering above the hurricane deck struck her as she rose upon it, knocking that hole in the side, and sweeping through to the outer saloon. I wouldn't have given two cents at the time for the boat and all on board, but we have passed safely through it, with all hands safe, but slight damage to the boat, and with anchors gone, which can be recovered. It was as much worse than being in the ice as you can imagine, and was one of the wildest times I have known in my many years' life on the ocean. We backed and filled across the bar, and the rest you have seen. I forgot to say that the wheel-rope broke once, but we managed with some difficulty to get it repaired.

Our reporter thanked the captain, and called upon the clerk, Mr. Jared Norton, who was warming up the inner man with steaming hot ginger tea but who greeted us warmly, and drawing nearer the stove, related the facts substantially as given Capt. Manter, paying a compliment to the pas

"COULD WE BUT KNOW

ONE YEAR AGO.

Ah, me! the wintry days draged on Till springtime breeze blew, And April tear-drops sittered mid. The grasses em'rald hue. And then my heart gree gay and blithe, And filled with stranges tolks:
While all the woodland blossoms blushed. Beneath the spring-winds kis.

Heneath the spring-wind kiss.

The rosy flush of smiling May
Set all the woods a-tune;
Then spring's sweet, lovely promises
Fulfilled themselves in June.
And as the summer days were on,
Amid the perfumed air,
A rip'ning joy, deep in my heart,
Was held in secret there.

The drooping summer ross breathed A persumed dying sigh. The softly-sobbing wind poclaimed That autumn's reign wangh, And as the woodland bazers ussed,

In crimson, green and gold,
Ah, then, one blissful, startt eve,
My heart its secret told.

My neart its secret told.
The wintry days have consagnin;
But all is spring to me,
So light and blithesome is my heart
In sweetest eestacy.
Ah, soon my happiness will reach
Its fulminating tide!
For ere the daises bloom gain,
I'll be my darling's bride!

As wintry snows were allier fast, I whispered low one tay, "Pill lock my love wit in my heart, And throw the key awa."

And I'll allow no love's sight of the winter and the light of the mineral love and loves free the mineral love and loves free the winter the mineral love and loves free the mineral love and loves free the winter the mineral love and loves free the mineral loves free

Could we but know the secret cars
That luck in every mortal brest.
We ne'er by thoughtless worder see
Would add one pang to that unest

Could we but know what thorny paths

We cannot know. But if wellst
To what the whisper ng angas say

Of heavy hearts less hard to bear

THE FOOLISH CHICKEN.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond About it white daisies and buttercups gree. And dark weeping willow, that stooped to ground

ground, Dipped in their long branches and shade

A party of ducks to this pond would repair And feast on the green water-weeds that there; Indeed the assembly would frequently me To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat

One day a young chicken who lived the

Stood watching to see the ducks pass in out; Now standing tail upward, now diving below Chick thought of all things she should his

So this foolish chicken began to declare.
'I've really a great mind to venture in the My mother of told me I must not go nigh. But really, for my part I cannot tell why.

doso.

'Ducks have feathers and wings, and so h

And my feet—what's the reason that they not do?

Though my beak is pointed, and their beak round,
is that any reason that I should be drowns.

'So why should I not swim as well as a dm Surpose that I venture, and just my myle For,' said she, spite all that her mother taught her, 'I'm reality remarkably fond of the water.'

So into the pond this young chicken she a And soon found that her dear mother's can were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she is herself round.
And heartily wished herself safe on the grant of the splashed in the sp

But now 'twas too late to begin to repen The harder she struggled the deper she And when every effort she rash, had to She slowly mank down to be bottom and

The ducks, I perceived, began loadly to When they saw the poor and floating de her back,
And by their grave looks they seemed saying

saying That this was what came of a chick's dis

engers for their calmness through the trying night, and to the captain for the excellent judgment and coolness shown throughout the long hours.

heart.

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again;

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YOW"

Say

rman Smith

CHICKEN.

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-Chatte

y and blithe, bliss; ssoms blushed 'kiss.

Engineer Bucknam was next called upon, and came into the apartment looking a little tired, but otherwise in good spirits. It is unnecessary to again detail a description which he gave, corresponding to the state of th sponding with that of the others. In response to an inquiry if the machinery was at all damaged, he replied that everything in his department was all right. He thought it was the severest gale he ever knew, and, like the captain, would not have paid a very great sum for the boat as she reached the bar the next morning.

Mr. Frederick W. Barnard, the mate, called upon us by request Sunday afternoon, and related in his own words the exposure of the crew in attending the hawser during the night, when for the greater part of the time the water was flying over the bow, drenching them to the skin. He also thought the passengers were deserving of much praise for their calm behavior under such trying circumstances.

The passengers were as follows: R. Gardner Chase and wife, Boston; Rev. D. Round and wife; Lu C. Myrick; Mr. Snell, New Bedford; James F. Swain, Boston; H. L. Grew, Boston; John R. Bacon, Boston; R. E. Burgess, Nantucket. The reporter called upon Mr. Chase, but he was lying down, and he made his way to the house of Mr. Round, who, when asked what he had to say relative to the experience of Saturday night, and the management of the boat, replied that he could not find words to express his feelings, nor could he say enough in praise of Capt. Manter and the entire crew. "And you cannot say too much, whatever you may print about him, or them. He did all that could be done. And the clerk, too, was all over the boat, looking to the comfort of the passengers, or helping where assistance was needed. The passengers intend to publish resolutions of thanks to the captain. If you desire to have my words verified, call on Mr. Chase, or either of the other passengers."

After such an encomium as the above, it is useless for us to add our words in praise of Capt. Manter's efforts, and of those under him. Mr. Orpin, who so successfully piloted the steamer out of her dangerous position should not for a moment be lost sight of in this account, for it is due in a great measure to his skill that the boat is safe from more severe injury, and the lives of some if not all are saved, and we are greatly gratified that he has been so substantially remembered, in common with the other attaches of the boat, by a generoushearted passenger, as will be learned by a perusal of what follows.

On Monday Capt. Manter received a note from Mr. and Mrs. R. Gardner Chase, who were among the passengers, enclosing a draft on Boston for \$500, as a mark of personal appreciation of the heroic efforts of himself and crew during the stormy night. It was a graceful act, that has received from all sides the hearty commendation it deserves. It spoke a deep feeling of obligation and evinced the noble spirit the donors are known to possess, which has been before shown in this community. There were others among the passengers who felt the inclination to second the generous gift in the same substantial manner, but were prevented only by their inability. Mr. and Mrs. Chase are to be congratulated upon possessing the ability; but the greater praise be theirs for the noble impulse which prompted their action -a deed that has shown out so clearly their true characters, and won them kind words from every side. Through the courtesy of Capt. Manter we are enabled to present the correspondence which passed between them entire:

NANTUCKET, Feb. 6th, 1882.

Capt. N. H. Manter:

Dear Sir:—Enclosed, please find draft on Boston for Five Hundred dollars, which we ask you to accept for yourself, officers and crew, to be divided in proper proportions in appreciation of your herole conduct on the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th, in the terrible storm on board steamer Island Home, and we feel that we can never be too grateful that through Divine aid and your efforts, our lives were spared. Trusting you may never have a like experience, and wishing you success in the future, we remain, Yours truly,

R. GARDNER CHASE,

MRS. R. GARDNER CHASE.

P. S.—We desire the money divided as follows:
Capt. Manter, \$125; engineer, \$75; Mr. Orpin, the good pilot, \$75; mate, \$50; clerk, \$20; Maria, (the

stewardess), \$5; boy, (Terry), \$5; the balance, \$145, to be divided among the remaining ones, including young Mowry, the express messenger.

NANTUCKET, Feb. 6th, 1882.

NANTUCKET, Feb. 6th, 1862.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Gardner Chase:

My Dear Friends:—Words fail me to express even in the smallest degree our keen sense of gratitude for the munificent gift of Five Hundred dollars, which you have so kindly enclosed me in note of even date. I can assure you, however, that its money value seems quite insignificant to us as compared with the evident appreciation in which you have held our services during the trying ordeal to which you have made allusion, and yet while trying to be faithful in the discharge of our duty, and earnestly hoping that the boat and her living freight might escape what seemed an impending doom, I must say in common with the rest of the orew, that "it is sweet to be thus remembered." The sub-divisions shall be made to the officers and crew agreeably to the specifications in your note, and again thanking you for the high tribute which you have paid to us, believe me with the kindest regards,

Very Respectfully Yours,

NATHAN H. MANTER.

The passengers have also tendered the following

The passengers have also tendered the following testimonial, which speaks their keen gratitude to the worthy crew in fitting words of praise.

TESTIMONIAL.

TESTIMONIAL.

We, the subscribers, passengers on board the steamer Island Home on her late perilous trip from Woods Holl to Nantucket, February 4th and 5th, hereby wish to give public expression to our gratitude for God's mercy in permitting us to reach the Island in safety; and to the officers and crew of the steamer, for the untiring faithulness, one and all, with which they discharged their duty, we hereby record our sincere thanks. Words cannot express our admiration of the noble steamer that so successfully braved the storm; of her captain, N. H. Manter, for his care, steadinesss and good judgment; of her clerk, mate and engineer, for the promptness with which everything was done to aid the captain and secure the safety of all; and for the whole crew who, without fear, stood firmly at their posts in the moments of greatest peril, and finally to the stewardess, who so faithfully cared for the comfort of the ladies.

R. GARDNER CHASE AND WIFE,
DANIEL ROUND AND WIFE,
HERBERT L. GREW,
D. A. SNELL,
JOHN A. BACON,
LU C. MYRICK,
JAMES F. SWAIN,
RICHARD E. BURGESS.

By Thursday's mail Capt. Manter received the

By Thursday's mail Capt. Manter received the following highly-complimentary letter from the president of the Steamboat Company, which speaks his high appreciation of the conduct of the attaches of the Island Home. It is another deserved testimonial that we cheerfully add to the list;

Boston, Feb. 8th, 1882.

Capt. N. H. Manter:

My Dear Sir:—I wish to express to you, for yourself, and officers, and men, and stewardess of the Island Home, my appreciation of the fidelity with which you all performed your duties, under the trying circumstances of last Saturday and Sunday. The Steamboat Company owe very much to your courage and skill, and to the gallant conduct of all your crew. Nothing could be more praiseworthy. I shall take pleasure in calling the attention of the directors to the matter whenever they meet again.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MARSTON,

President N, and C, C. Steamboat Company.

SHOW ME THE PATH.

Show me the path, dear Lord the way is dark—
For gloomy clouds around my pathway roll;
The frightful thunder dashes o'er my head
And waves of anguish break upon my soul.

I grope in darkness—show Thou me the light!
Without Thy help no longer can I stand;
The cruel rocks my stumbling feet have torn;
Have mercy, Lord! Stretch forth to me Thy hand.

With longing eyes and grieving heart I pray; Send Thou relief to me in my distress! I am not worthy of a single glance, But Thou art grace, and love, and tenderness.

I know that Thou canst soothe the aching heart; Can fill with peace the sorrow-laden breast; Can still the troubled waters of the soul, And give Thy weary, erring, children rest.

Thou canst shed radiance on the darkest path, Here in sorrow and despair I roam; Despair? oh no! not that, while Thou art near. To lead me to a blessed heavenly home.

To my sinking heart give faith and courage; Strength to my frame to bear whatever load Thou in Thy wisdom may deem fit to give: But guide Thou me unto that blessed abode.

Where our trials and our troubles may be lifted;
Where our trials and our troubles may be lifted;
Where glories that no mortal tongue can tell
Requite all for the sorrows here encountered,
There, Heavenly Father, let me ever dwell.
—CELIA CARROLL.

Sleepers.—A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeper which sleeper the sleeper while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper which carries the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper imms of the sleeper and waters the sleeper in the sleeper, and there is no sleeper in the sleeper on the sleeper.

Col. Ingersol. At the Grave of Detective Miller's Child, Washington, D. C.—A Touching Speech.—My friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle—asks us "whence?" and every coffin "whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of self-ishness and hate, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught unless we know and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts ar

[From Light for All.]

A TRIBUTE TO A FAITHFUL WORKER.

[The death was announced in Boston on January 11th of Mrs. Laura Kendrick, known to many San Franciscans as Laura Cuppy Smith. She was an enthusiastic be liever in Spiritualism, and delivered many lectures in this city.]

Gone in the strength of her prime, Gone in her ripeness of years, Gone in a knowledge sublime, That leaves behind her no tears.

Gone in a faith that is known, Based on no mythical creed; Gone to a heaven—her own— Earned by her love and her deed.

Gone in the ripeness of brain That spurned its fettered restraint; Gone to a larger domain That senses in manhood a saint.

Born to the wisdom that flows From the home of the spirit abode— That a spark of divinity glows Through all on humanity's road—

That upward and onward, afar
Through the ages and æons of time,
To the gates no longer ajar,
But wide open to portals sublime;

The spark that was quenched by the tomb, In glory's effulgent array Renascent, from desolate gloom Of creeds that are mouldy and gray,

Yet shines in the brightness of youth, In the home of a knowledge that's free, In the splendors of wisdom and truth, Unfettered by creed or decree.

She, too, in her prime, hath laid down The home of mortality's years, Pressing onward toward her crown Of infinite love in the spheres.

Conscious of infinite growth, Cognizant of infinite law, She lives in the realms of both, That know no defection or flaw.

Speeds her soul on its tireless way.
And the fount of all knowledge pursues.
W. B. DOUGLASS.

San Francisco, February, 1882.

BLAINE'S EULOGY.

on the Life and Character of Pres. James A. Garfield.

Delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

Every Seat Occupied, and the Closest Attention Paid to the Distinguished Orator.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27. Prior to 10 o'clock this morning admission to the Capitol was refused to all save members of the two Houses of Congress and their employes, but at that hour the doors were thrown open to persons hold ing tickets to the memorial services of the late James A. Garfield, and soon the galleries of the House were filled to their utmost capacity. A large majority of the spectators were ladies, who, out of respect to the occasion, had for the most part discarded bright colors, and sombre black was the prevailing hue.
There were no signs of mourning in the A full length portrait of the late President was hung just back of the chair of the presiding officer, being itself undraped. Members of the House were early in attendance, all being arrayed in black. In the lobby, back of the Speaker's desk, the Marine band was stationed, and at intervals from 10 o'clock until noon discoursed solemn music.

At precisely 12 o'clock the House was called to order by Speaker Keifer and prayer offered by the Chaplain. The Speaker then said: "This day has been dedicated by the action of the two Houses of Congress to services in commemoration of the life and death of James Abram Garfield, late President of the United States. This House is now assembled and ready to perform its part."

The resolutions setting apart to-day for memorial services were then read by Clerk McPherson.

Clerk McPherson.

At 12:10 the Senate was announced, and all rose as the Senators, headed by the officers of that body, entered and took their assigned seats. They were followed by the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, dressed in their robes of office. Following are lib-eral extracts from Mr. Blaine's eloquent

Mr. President: For the second time in

ment of his character."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Losing his father before he was 2 years old, the early life of Garfield was one of privation, but its poverty has been made indelicately and unjustly prominent. Thousands of readers have imagined him as the ragged, starving child, whose reality too often greets the eye in the squalid sections of our large cities. Gen. Garfield's infancy and youth had none of their destitution, none of their pitiful features appealing to the tender heart and the open hand of charity. He was a poor boy in the same sense in which Henry Clay was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in the sense in which a large majority of the eminent men of America in all generations have been poor boys. Before a great multitude of men, in a public speech, Mr. Webster bore this testimony:

"It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin raised amid the

snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose first from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitize family abode."

With the requisite change of scene the same words would aptly portray the early days of Garfield. The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common tracely and the same words. struggle and where a common sympathy and hearty co-operation lighten the burdens of each, is a very different poverty, differ-ent in kind, different in influence and effect from that conscious and humiliating indig-ence which is every day forced to contrast ence which is every day forced to contrastitself with neighboring wealth on which it feels a sense of grinding dependence. The poverty of the frontier is indeed no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth, and has the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it. No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West where a house-raising, or even a corn-husking, is a matter of common interest and helpfulness, with any other feeling than that of broad-minded, generous independence. This honorable independence marked the youth of Garfield as it marks the youth of millions of the best blood marks the youth of millions of the best blood and brain now trainging for the future citiand oran how tranging for the future citizenship and future government of the republic. Garfield was born heir to land, to the title of 'freeholder which has been the patent and passport of self respect with the Anglo-Saxon race ever since Hengist and Horsa landed on the shores of England. His adventure on the canal—an alternative has Horsa landed on the shores of England. His adventure on the canal—an alternative between that and the deck of a Lake Erie schooner—was a farmer boy's device for earning money, just as the New England lad begins a possibly great career by sailing before the mast on a coasting vessel or on a merchantman bound to the farther India or to the China sage. to the China seas.

Garfield's early opportunities for securing an education were extremely limited, and yet were sufficient to develop in him an intense desire to learn. He could read at three years of age, and each Winter he had the advantage of the district school. He read all the books to be found within the circle of his acquaintance: some of them he the advantage of the district school. He read all the books to be found within the circle of his acquaintance; some of them he got by heart. While yet in childhood he was a constant student of the Bible, and became familiar with its literature. The dignity and earnestness of his speech in his maturer life gave evidence of this early training. At 18 years of age he was able to teach school, and thenceforward his ambition was to obtain a college education. To this end he bent, all his efforts, working in the harvest field, at the carpenter's bench, and in the winter season teaching the common schools of the neighborhood. While thus laboriously occupied he found time to prosecute his studies, and was so successful that at 22 years of age he was able to enter the junior class at Williams College, then under the presidency of the venerable and honored Mark Hopkins, who, in the fullness of his powers, survives the eminent pupil to whom he was of inestimable service.

The history of Garfield's life to this period, presents no novel features. He had undoubtedly shown perseverance, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, and ambition—qualities which, be it said for the honor of our country, are

doubtedly shown perseverance, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, and ambition—qualities which, be it said for the honor of our country, are everywhere to be found among the young men of America. But from his graduation at Williams onward, to the hour of his tragical death, Garfield's career was eminent and exceptional. Slowly working through his educational period, receiving his diploma when 24 years of age, he seemed at one bound to spring into conspicuous and brilliant success. Within six years he was successively President of a college, State Senator of Ohio, Major-General of the Army of the United States, and Representative elect to the National Congress. A combination of honors so varied, so elevated, within a period so brief and to a man so young, is without precedent or parallel in the history of the country.

of the country.
Garfield's army life was begun with no Garfield's army life was begun with no other military knowledge than such as he had hastily gained from books in the few months preceding his march to the field Stepping from civil life to the head of a regiment, the first order he received when ready to cross the Ohio was to assume command of a brigade, and to operate as an independent force in Eastern Kentucky. His immediate duty was to check the advance of Humphrey Marshall, who was marching down the Big Sandy with the intention of occupying in connection with other Confederate forces the entire territory of Kentucky, and of precipitating the State into secession. This was at the close of the year 1861. Seldom, if ever, has a young college professor been thrown into a more embarassing and discouraging position. rassing and discouraging position. He knew just enough of military science, as he expressed it himself, to measure the extent of his ignorance, and with a handful of men he was marching, in rough Winter

weather, into a strange country, among a hostile population, to confront a largely superior force under the command of a distinguished graduate of West Point, who had seen active and important service in two preceding wars.

With possibly a single exception Garfield was the youngest member in the House when he entered, and was but seven years from his college graduation. But he had not been in his seat 50 days before his ability was recognized and his place conceded, He stepped to the front with the confidence of one who belonged there. The House was of one who belonged there. The House was crowded with strong men of both parties; 19 of them have since been transferred to the Senate, and many of them have ser ed with distinction in the gubernatorial clairs with distinction in the gubernatorial clairs of their respective States, and on foreign missions of great consequence; but among them all none grew so rapidly, none so firmly as Garfield. As is said by Tevelyan of his parliamentary hero, Garfield succeeded "because all the world in concert could not have kept him in the background, and because when once in the front he played his part with a prompt intropidity and a commanding ease that were front he played his part with a prompt in-trepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserves of energy, on which it was in his power to draw." Indeed the apparently reserved force which Garfield possessed was one of his great characteristics. He never did so well but that it seemed he could did so well but that it seemed he could easily have done better. He never expended so much strength but that he seemed to be holding additional power at call. This is one of the happiest and rarest distinctions of an effective debater, and often counts for as much in persuading an assembly as the eloquent and elaborate argument.

ment.

The great measure of Garfield's fame was filled by his service in the House of Representatives. His military life, illustrated by honorable performance, and rich inspromise, was, as he himself felt, prematurely terminated, and necessarily incomplete. Speculation as to what he might have done in a field where the great raise have done in a field, where the great prizes are so few, can-not be profitable. It is sufficient to say that as a soldier he did his duty bravely; he did it intelligently; he won an enviable fame, and he retired from the service without blot and he retired from the service without blot or breath against him. As a lawyer, though admirably equipped for the profession, he can scarcely be said to have entered on its practice. The few efforts he made at the bar were distinguished by the same high order of talent which he exhibited on every field where he was put to the test, and if a man may be accepted as a competent judge of his own capacities and adaptations, the man may be accepted as a competent judge of his own capacities and adaptations, the law was the profession to which Garfield should have devoted himself. But fate ordained otherwise, and his reputation in history will rest largely upon his service in the House of Representatives. That service was exceptionally long. He was nine times consecutively chosen to the House, an honor enjoyed by not more than six other Representatives of the more than 5,000 who have been elected from the organization of the Government to this hour.

As a parliamentary orator, as a debater

have been elected from the organization of the Government to this hour.

As a parnamentary orator, as a debater on an issue squarely joined, where the position had been chosen and the ground laid out, Garfield must be assigned a very high rank. More, perhaps, than any man with whom he was associated in public life, he gave careful and systematic study to public questions and he came to every discussion in which he took part, with elaborate and complete preparation. He was a steady and indefatigable worker. Those who imagine that talent or genfus can supply the place or achieve the results of labor will find no encouragement in Garfield's life. In preliminary work he was apt, rapid, and skillful. He possessed in a high degree the power of readily absorbing ideas and facts, and like Dr. Johnson, had the art of getting from a book all that was of value in it by a reading apparently so quick and cursory that it seemed like a mere glance at the table of contents. He was a pre-eminently fair and candid man in debate, took no petty advantage, stooped to no unworthy methods, avoided personal allusions, rarely appealed to prejudice, did not seek to inflame passion. He had a quicker eye for the strong point of his adversary than for his weak point, and on his own side he so marshaled his weighty arguments as to make his hearers forget any possible lack in the complete strength of his position. He had a habit of stating his opponent's side with such amplitude of fairness and such

often complained that he was giving his participation in the proceedings of the House judgment of competent and impartial listoners to gain the mastery.

These characteristics, which marked Garmake him a great debater, did not, however, make him a great parliamentary leader. A parliamentary leader, as that tem is understood wherever free representative government exists, is necessary and yery strictly the organ of his party. An ardeat American defined the instinctive warmth of patriotism when he offered the toat, "Our country," The parliamentary leader who has a body of followers that will do and dare and die for the cause, is one who be lieves his party always right, but right or wrong, who has a body of followers that will do and dare and die for the cause, is one who be lieves his party always nght, but right or wrong, is for his party. No more important or exacting duty devolves upon him than the selection of the field and the time for contest. He must know not merely how to strike, but where to strike and when to strike. He often skillily avoids the strength of his opponents position and scatters confusion in his ranks by attacking an exposed point when really the righteousness of the cause and the strength of logical intrenchment was against him. He conquers often both against the right and heavy battalions: as when young Charles Fox, in the days of his toryim carried the House of Commens against justice, against its immemorial rights, against his own convictions, if, indeed, at the period Fox had convictions, and, in the interest of a corrupt administration, in obedience to a tyrannical sovereign, drove Wilkes from the seat to which the electors of Middlesex had chosen him and installed Luttell indefinence, not merely of law but of public decency. For an achievement of that kind

had chosen him and installed Lutrell in defiance, not merely of law but of public
decency. For an achievement of that kind
Garfield was disqualified—dispalified by
the texture of his mind, by the bonesty of
his heart, by his conscience, and by every
instinct and aspiration of his nature.

The three most distinguished parliamen
tary leaders hitherto developed in this country are Mr. Clay, Mr. Dougle and Mr.
Thaddeus Stevens. Each was a man of
consummate ability, of great amestness,
of intense personality, differing widely,
each from the others, and yet with a signal
trait in common—the power to command.
In the give and take of daily discussion,
in the art of controlling and consolidating reluctant and refractory followers; in
the skill to overcome all forms of opposition, ing reluctant and refractory followers; in the skill to overcome all forms of opposition, and to meet with competency and courage the varying phases of unlooked for assault or unsuspected defection, it would be difficult to rank with these a fourth name in all our Congressional history. But of these Mr. *Clay was the greatest. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find in the parliamentary annals of the world a parallel to Mr. Clay, in 1841, whed at 64 years of age he took the control of the Whit party from the haps, be impossible to find the parliamentary annals of the world a parallel to Mr Clay, in 1841, whed at 64 years of age he took the control of the Whig party from the President who had received their suffrages, against the power of Webster in the Cabinet, against the eloquence of Choate in the Senate, against the Herny A. Wise in the House. In unshared leadership, in the pride and plenitude of power he hurled against John Tyler with deepest scorn the mass of that conquering column which had swept over the land in 1840, and drove his administration to seek shelter behind the lines of his political foes. Mr. Douglass achieved a victory scarcely less wonderful when, in 1854, against the secret desires of a strong administration, against the wise counsel of the older chiefs, against the wise counsel of the older chiefs, against the wise counsel of the older chiefs, against the present the arepeal of the Missouri compromise. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in his contests from 1863 to 1868 actually advanced his parliamentary leadership until Congress tied the hands of the President and governed the country by its own will, leaving only perfunctory duties to be discharged by the Executive. With two hundred millions of patronage in his hands at the opening of theontest, mided by the active force of Seward in the contest and the moral power of Chase on the bench, hands at the opening of theoniest, aided by
the active force of Seward in the Cabinet
and the moral power of Chase on the bench,
Andrew Johnson could not command the
support of one-third in either House against
the Parliamentary uprising of which Thad
deus Stevens was the animating spirit and
the unquestionable leader.

From these three great men Garfield differed radically, differed in the quality of
his mind, in temperament, in the form and
phase of ambition. He could not do what
they did, but he could do what they could
not, and in the breadth of his Congressional
work he left that which will longer exert a
potential influence among men, and which,

work he left that which will longer exert a potential influence among men, and which measured by the severe test of postmous criticism, will secure a more enduring and more enviable fame.

Those unfamiliar with Garfield's industry and ignorant of the details of his work, may, in some degree, measure them by the annals.

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by the aid of his own efforts.

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Garfield's nomination to the Presidency, while not predicted or anticipated, was not a surprise to the country. His prominence in Congress, his solid qualities, his wide reputation, strengthened by his then recent election as Senator from Ohio, kept him in the public mind as a man occupying the very highest rank among those entitled to be statesmen. It was not mere chance that brought him this high honor. "We must," says Mr. Emerson, "reckon success a constitutional trait. If Eric is in robust health and has slept well and is at the top of his condition, and 30 years old at his departure from Greenland, he will steer west and his ships will reach New Foundland. But take Eric out and put in a stronger and bolder man and his ships will sail 600, 1,000, 1,500 miles farther and reach Labrador and New England. There is no chance in results,"

As a candidate, Garfield steadily grew in popular favor. He was met with a storm of detraction at the very hour of his nomination, and it continued with increasing volume and momentum until the close of his victorious campaign:

No might nor greatness in mortality—Can censure 'scape: backwounding calumny

No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape; backwounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue.

Can censure 'scape; backwounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong can lie the gall up in the slanderous tongue.

Under it all he was calm and strong, and confident; never lost his self-possession, did no unwise act, spoke no hasty, or ill-considered work. Indeed nothing in his whole life is more remarkable or more creditable than his bearing through those five full months of vituperation—a prolonged agony of trial to a sensitive man, a constant and cruel draft upon the powers of moral endurance. The great mass of these unjust imputations passed unnoticed, and with the general debris of the campaign fell into oblivion. But in a few instances the iron entered his soul and he died with the injury unforgotton if not unforgiven.

One aspect of Garfield's candidacy was unprecedented. Never before, in the history of partisan contests in this country, had a successful Presidential candidate spoken freely on passing events and current issues. To attempt anything of the kind seemed novel, rash, and even desperate The older class of voters recalled the unfortunate Alabama letter, in which Mr. Clay was supposed to have signed his political death warrant. They remembered also the hot-tempered effusion by which Gen. Scott lost a large share of his popularity before his nomination, and the unfortunate speeches which rapidly consumed the remainder. The younger voters had seen Mr. Greeley in a series of vigorous and original addresses, preparing the pathway for his own defeat. Unmindful of these warnings, unheeding the advice of friends Garield spoke to large crowds as he journeyed to and from New York in August, to a great multitude in that city, to delegations and deputations of every kind that talled at Mentor during the Summer and autumn. With innumerable critics, watchuland eager to catch a phrase that might be turned into odium and ridicule, or a sentence that might be distorted to his own or his party's injury, Garfield did not trip or last in any one of his 70 speeches. This seems all the more rem

secutiveness of thought and such admirable precision of phrase as to defy the accident of misreport and the malignity of misrep-

no doubt perfected.

* * * * * * * *

But, while many of the Executive duties were not grateful to him, he was assiduous and conscientious in their discharge. From the very outset he exhibited administrative talent of a high order. He grasped the helm of office with the hand of a master. In this respect indeed he constantly surprised many who were most intimately associated with him in the Government, and especially those who had feared that he might be lacking in the executive faculty. His disposition of business was orderly and rapid. His power of analysis, and his skill in classification, enabled him to dispatch a vast mass of detail with singular promptness and ease. His Cabinet meetings were admirably conducted. His clear presentation of official subjects, his well-considered suggestion of topics on which discussion was invited, his quick decision when all had been heard, combined to show a thoroughness of mental training as rare as his natural ability and his facile adaptation to a new and emarged field of labor.

training as rare as his haddral monity and his facile adaptation to a new and enlarged field of labor.

Garfield's ambition for the success of his administration was high. With strong caution and conservatism in his nature, he was in no danger of attempting rash experiments or of resorting to the empiricism of statesmanship. But he believed that renewed and closer attention should be given to questions affecting the material interests and commercial prospects of 50 millions of people. He believed that our continental relations, extensive and undeveloped as they are, involved responsibility, and could be cultivated into profitable friendship or be abandoned to harmful indifference or lasting enmity. He believed with equal confidence that an essential forerunner to a new era of national progress must be a feeling of contentment in every section of the Union, and a generous belief that the benefits and burdens of government would be common to all. Himself a conspicuous illustration of what ability and ambition may do under republican institutions, he loved his country with a passion of patriotic devotion, and every waking thought was given to her advancement. He was an American in all his aspirations, and he looked to the destiny and influence of the United States with the philosophic composure of Jefferson and the demonstrative confidence of John Adams.

The political events which disturbed the President's serenity for many weeks before that fateful day in July, form an important chapter in his career, and, in his own judgment, involved questions of principle and of right which are vitally essential to the constitutional administration of the Federal Government. It would be out of place here and now to speak the language of

right which are vitally essential to the constitutional administration of the Federal Government. It would be out of place here and now to speak the language of controversy; but the events referred to however they may centimue to be source of contention with others, have become, so far as Garfield is concerned, as much a matter of history as his heroism at Chickamauga or his illustrious service in the House. Detail is not needful, and personal antagonism shall not be rekindled by any word uttered to-day. The motives of those opposing him are not to be here adversely interpreted nor their course harshly characterized. But of the dead President this is to be said, and said because his own speech is forever silenced and he can be no more heard except through the fidelity and the love of surviving friends: From the beginning to the end of the controversy he so much deplored, the President was never for one moment actuated by any motive of gain to himself or of loss to others. Least of all men did he harbor revenge, rarely did he even show resentment, and malice was not in his nature. He was congenially employed only in the exchange of good offices and the doing of

kindly deeds.

There was not an hour from the beginning of the trouble till the fatal shot entered his body, when the President would not gladly, for the sake of restoring harmony, have retraced any step he had faken if such retracing had merely involved consequences personal to himself. The pride of consistency, or any supposed sense of humiliation that might result from surrendering his position, had not a feather's weight with him. No man was ever less subject to such influences from within or from without. But after most anxious deliberation and the coolest survey of all the circumstances, he solemnly believed that the true perogatives of the Executive were involved in the issue which had been raised, and that he would be unfaithful to his supreme obligation if he failed to maintain, in all their vigor, the constitutional rights and dignities of his great office. He believed this in all the convictions of conscience when in sound and vigorous health, and he believed it in his suffering and prostration in the last conscious thought which his wear le

or possible, the President was content in his mind, justified in his conscience, immovable in his conclusions.

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Surely if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One mement he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, handly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm—courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his: the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken, this country

death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power have been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale suffer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soil may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding

world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal

morning.

The eulogy was concluded at 1:50 P. M., having taken an hour and a half in its delivery. As Mr. Blaine uttered the last solemn words, the spectators broke into a storm of applause, which was not hushed for some minutes. The address was listened to with great interest and in solemn silence, unbroken by any sound except by a sigh of relief, such as arises from a large audience, when a a strong torcion is audience when a strong tension is removed from their minds.

When the spectators filed out, the House was called to order, and a concurrent resolution of thanks adopted to Blaine, with the request that he furnish a copy of his address for publication. As a further mark of respect the House adjourned.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

So Quickly Falls the Night.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON COMMONWEALTH.

So fast the shadows fall. So quickly comes the night, With clouds that shut out all The glad day's vanished light,

And we with work undone And idle hands at rest, Mourn vainly for the sun And morning's hopeful zest.

So quickly falls the night-We thought to fill one day With noble deeds and bright Before it passed away.

We thought to be so wise, On golden fruitage feed, Join favor in their eyes Who all the nations lead.

We thought to climb on high Above the dusty street, To live anear the sky In peace and calm complete.

We built our castles tall In distant, sunny Spain-Fair castles doomed to fall And ne'er to rise again.

So quickly comes the night, We sit with folded hands And wait for other light To shine upon the lands.

We wait with goal unwon; The night comes down apace So soon withdraws the sun The glory of his face.

Come, Death, from out thy hiding-place, And tell us-have we lost the race? J. LUELLA DOWD SMITH.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S CONUNDRUM. "Mom," said little Johnny Peri-

winkle, addressing his maternal parent, "what does 'asthetic' mean? I heard Mrs. Mobby say that you was a disciple of the esthetic school."

"Esthetic, my son," said Mrs. Periwinkle, as she dished Mr. Periwinkle's red flannel shirt out of the wash.boiler, "is an extreme love of the beautiful; the too, too utterly intense allbutness of everything that is lovely. Oh!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands rapturously, "how supremely divine is the study of this noble sci-

ence!" "Well, mom," said Johnny, "I've got a esthetic conundrum fer yer: What's the difference between this nut I'm holdin' in my hand, and a A No. 1 satute from a William goat? Give her up? Why, one is a butter-nut and the other is an utter butt. See?"

Johnny studdied "the science of the beautiful" in the woodshed.

THE TELEPHONE. Facetiously Called "A Modern Convenience." Dramatis Persons - Mr. Hurry, Central Office Officator, Various Voices. Scens-Palace Hotel. Mr. Hurry (ringing for Central Office)—Connect me with the California Theatre; I want to buy two tickets for to-night right away. Operator—Hey? Mr. Hurry—California Theatre. Operator—What about it? Mr. Hurry—I want to be connected with it. Operator—Why didn't you say so? All right. Operator—Why didn't you say so? All Voice—Did you call? Mr. Hurry—Yes, I want to— Voice—You're at the Baldwin, ain't you? Mr. Hurry—No, Palace. Voice—You better keep away from the Palace; they'll spot you. The sucker's kicking. Mr. Hurry—What sucker? Voice—The fellow we scooped the thousand out of

all right now.

last night. He's put the police on your track,

and—
Mr. Hurry—Who the deuce are you?
Voice—Reddy.
Mr. Hurry—Where are you?
Voice—At the faro-bank. You're Earsy, ain't you?
Didn't you just connect with us?
Mr. Hurry—Heavens, no! I'm a respectable country merchant. I called for the California Thea-

tre. I—
Voice—Oh, go soak your head.
[Mr. Hurry, slightly disconcerted, rings up CENTRAL OFFICE OPERATOR again.]
Operator—Well?
Mr. Hurry—I asked you to connect me with the California Theatre.
Operator—So I did.
Mr. Hurry—You didn't. It was a faro-bank.
Operator—Sure enough, I did make a mistake. It's all right now.

Operator—Sure enough, I did make a mistake. It's all right now.

Voice—Is that you, George?

Mr. Hurry (loquitor)—Why, it's a lady's voice. And how did she know my name was George? (Telephones.) Who are you?

Voice—Carrie, and, George, if you don't come down to the house right away, I will never speak to you again. Here mamma and I have been dressed for two hours waiting for you. What does ail you?

Mr. Hurry—Who're you?

Voice—You don't know, do you? Oh! you vile deceiver. You don't know your own promised wife. I don't live at No. Blank California Street, do I?

Mr. Hurry—My dear miss, I don't know you. I don't believe I am your George. I want to telephone to the California Theatre. I want to buy—

Voice—Oh, gracious!

[Mr. Hurry—Yes.

Operator—Hey, did you call?

Mr. Hurry—Yes.

Operator—What do you want now?

Mr. Hurry—You have connected me wrong again. I want the California Theatre instead of No. Blank California Street.

Operator (after a pause)—You're right, so I did. It's fixed for you this time

Operator (after a pause)—You're right, so I did.
It's fixed for you this time.

Voice—Is that you, old man?

Mr. Hurry—It appears you're awfully familiar. I

want—

Voice—To know how Rica is, of course. Well, she's doing better, takes her feed regular, but the Phaeton colt is coughing to-day, and—

Mr. Hurry—What are you talking about? Are you the California Theatre?

Voice—Not much. I'm Ned Nevins; you're old man Plunger, ain't you?

Mr. Hurry—Decidedly not. Where are you?

Voice—Fashion Stables. Guess the operator made a mistake. So long.

Voice—Fashion Stables. Guess the operator made a mistake. So long.

[MR. HURRY meekly signals Central Office again.]
Operator—Hello, are you at it again? What now?
Mr. Hurry—As I have requested three times before, I want to telephone to the California Theatre.
You placed me at the Fashion Stables last.
Operator—You said Fashion Stables.
Mr. Hurry—I didn't.
Operator—I guess you're full, and don't know who you do want to talk to. But I'll fix you with the California Theatre.

ifornia Theatre.

Voice—Hello!

Mr. Hurry—Hello.

Voice—Palace Hotel?

Mr. Hurry—Yes.

Voice—Oh, you old reprobate, I thought you would fetch up there. I suppose you are afraid to come home. That wine supper did it, didn't it? Now, you needn't come home and disgrace me. Go to bed and sleep it off. Nice husband you are, ain't you?

Mr. Hurry—Indeed, I ain't your husband. There's a mistake.

Mr. Hurry—Indeed, I ain't your husband. There's a mistake.

Voice—Who are you?

Mr. Hurry—Mr. Hurry.

Voice—Why didn't you say so before, you fool?

[Once more Mr. Hurry telephones for Central Office. Rings violently. Is replied to.]

Mr. Hurry (angrily)—If I ain't placed in connection with the California Theatre, young man, I'll come down and break your neck.

Voice—Please, sir, I ain't the operator.

Mr. Hurry—Who are you?

Voice—Please, sir, I'm only the office boy. I can't

connect nobody to nowhere.

Mr. Hurry—Where's the operator?

Voice—Gone to supper, sir. Won't be back for two hours; but I'll tell him you want to telephone the California Theatre when he comes back.

[CURTAIN.]

Adapted from the Newyorkian of " The Judge.

"Give the young man a chance," says a writer. Yes; give him a chance at a church festival in a raffle for a blue-eyed doll in a poke bonnet, and "just too lovely for anything." Give him a chance to go out and kick himself because he went to the festival.—The Christian Union. The Christian Union.

The Philadelphia News thinks "Nast might employ his pencil poking fun at the people who get trapped by bogus silver mines. He has lost fifty thousand dollars himself." But you see Nast doesn't see anything funny in it.

The Chicago "Tribune" Primer.

I.—Is this the Great Eastern? No; it is a Cincinnati girl's shoe. See how easy it is to be mis-

taken.

II.—Here is a Poet. He is going up in the Elevator. How happy he looks. Pretty soon he will walk down, looking very Sad. He has seen the

walk down, looking very Sad. He has seen the Editor.

III.—See the Boot. How large and shiny it is. A Man owns the Boot. Call on his daughter some evening, and see what it was made for.

IV.—Here is Miss Luey. How proud and fine she looks in her new Sealskin Sacque. It cost Three hundred dollars. Lucy's Father will Fail next week. V.—This is a Young Lady. She is sitting at a Piano, and will soon begin to sing "Empty is the Cradle—Baby's Gone." Run away quickly, chidren, and perhaps you will miss some of it.

VI.—The Dog and the Cat are fighting. Is this wrong? Yes, it is very wrong for the Dog and the Cat to fight, because they are not married. When you grow up, children, you will see the point of this Lesson.

VII.—What a large Dog. He is going swiftly up the street. So is a Tin Can. It is tied to the Dog's tail. Will the Dog win the race? I should smile. It is wrong to tie a Can on a Dog's tail if the Owner.

It is wrong to tie a Can on a Dog's tail if the Owner of the Dog catches you.

VIII.—See the Man. He is holding on to the Lamp Post. How the wind whistles and blows. It is very cold. The Man is full as a boiled owl. If he goes home will his Wife greet him with a Kiss? No, but she will search his clothes for loose change, and appear at the matinée next Saturday. The Man knows this, and does not go home. He prefers the society of a Lamp Post to that of his Wife.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long, That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time, Sparkle forever.''

SINCERITY.

" Desire can draw the angels near, Doubt bids them stand afar.'

The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—Richter.

ORIGINALITY.

Think for thyself-one good idea, But known to be thine own, Is better than a thousand gleaned From fields by others sown. -[Wilson.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear; heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were .- Suckling,

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

It was only a smile, a loving smile To an erring sister given; But it closed the portals to doubt and guile, And showed her the light and the love of heaven,
And the tempters fled away. — [Belle Bush.

Give even an angel a bad name, and the simplest of us can see the evil expression in his face, whether it is there or not.

MY CHOICE.

A face that should content me wondrous well, Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold, Of lively look, all griefe for to repel

With right good grace; so would I that it should Speak without words such words as none can tell. Her tress should also be of crisped gold. With wit and these, perchance I might be tryde To knit againe with knot that should not slide.

-[Sir Thomas Wyatt. Riches are often thorns that pierce the head with cares in getting them, and heart with griefs in the parting with them.

Get-toe

- Oh pa," cried May, cannot we go
 To court and see that wretch Gee-toe!"
- "Of course," chimed ma, "and take me too; I want to see them hang Gee-tu."
- "I would," Aunt Kate said, "call it law To chop in pieces that Git-taw.
 - Spoke brother John, "That dead-beat, Oh! You ladies should not see Geet-tow."
- "Tut! tut!" said pa, "you must quit, oh!
 This talk about that man Git-'o."
- "All summer long I've been bit, oh!

 By worst of plagues—this muss—Guiteau."

 —Wit and Wisdom.

The Death of Mary Stuart.

BARBARA.—Now draws nigh
That heretic priest, and bows himself, and thrice
Strives as a man that sleeps in pain to speak,
Stammering. She waves him by as one whose prayers
She knows may naught avail her. Now she kneels,
And the Earls rebuke her, and she answers not,
Kneeling. O Christ, whose likeness there engraved
She strikes against her bosom, hear her! Now
That priest lifts up his voice against her prayer,
Praying, and a voice all round goes up with his,
But hers is lift up higher than cherubs' cry
In the great psalm of penitence; and now
She prays aloud in English for the Pope,
Our Father, and his Church, and for her son,
And for the Queen, her murderess, and that God
May turn from England yet His wrath away;
And so forgives her enemies, and implores
High intercession of the saints with Christ,
Whom crucified she kisses on His cross,
And crossing now her breast—ah! heard you not?—
"Even as Thine arms were spread upon the cross,
So make thy grace, O Jesus, wide for me;
Receive me to Thy mercy so, and so
Forgive my sins." BARBARA. - Now draws nigh Forgive my sins.

Look, you, not 1, the last upon ner—
MARY BEATON—Ha!
He strikes awry; she stirs not; nay, but now
He strikes aright and ends it.
BARBARA—Hark! a cry.
VOICE BELOW—So perish all found enemies of the
Queen! —From Swinburne's new "Triology."

Like a Tree.

Like a Tree.

A man is very like a tree,
For instance: crooked limbs has he.
He has a trunk; he grows somehow
And when he leaves he makes a bough.
He can be cut; will often lean;
Is always sappy when he's green.
He is aboard when on the sea,
And oft a-shaving, too, is he.
When he is frightened quite a lot. When he is frightened quite a lot, Like trees, he's rooted to the spot. And often will, like trees, get "high." If he is axed too much, he'll lie, He has his lumber in the night; He has his lumber in the night;
Is sadly warped and feels the blight,
He "chips" for stakes, though he should not,
And has his chops—sometimes a lot.
He gets "deadwood" on him. Is woo'd.
Is knotty when he should be good.
And when he dies he is sure to learn,
That he, like trees, has got to burn.
—Detroit Free Press. his the wee poe the " O poe squ H

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BY JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

No, we are not going to Amesbury, but to Danvers, Massachusetts. Half the persons who read Whittier's poems think that the former place is the one he resides in, but, although he lived in Amesbury for the larger portion of his life, and still owns the house wherein his mother and sister died, and goes there regularly every year for a few weeks' stay, it is at "Oak Knoll," in Danvers, that we shall find the "Quaker poet."

A mile and a half from the station, on

A mile and a half from the station, on the Eastern Railroad, out of Boston, is "Oak Knoll," a delightful place for a poet's home, and it is in a large, almost square house that we seek him.

How modestly and pleasantly he receives us! Why, this might be an unknown farmer, instead of one of the most famous American verse-makers. And, to-be-sure, he was a farmer once, loving poetry and books of the best sort, but little dreaming that he should ever come

to be known far and wide as the author of delightful and perfect poems.

In his father's house there were about a score of books, he tells us, nearly all being theological books of the Quaker sect, and one a novel—if we would call it that in these days—"The History of Eliza Wharton," a book that the grandfathers and grandmothers of the Golden Days' boys and girls will remember well and pleasantly, no doubt. For, do you know, boys and girls, it is the books we read in our youth that we remember most lastingly and happily?

Not a volume of poetry was to be found among those twenty books in the house of Mr. Whittier's father, and just by accident, one day, the future poet came upon a copy of Burns' poems. Think what a feast was here for the young man!

We are told that he sat all night, into

Think what a feast was here for the young man!

We are told that he sat all night, into the gray of the morning, reading this Scotch farmer-poet's work.

Many a time, hearing that some one he knew had a new book of verses, he would walk miles upon miles—eighteen miles in a snow-storm for a certain volume at one time—to borrow the treasure. We can hardly realize this, you and 1, can we?

Now, see how the authors and book-sellers surround him with the most elesellers surround him with the most elegant copies of books as fast as they come from the literary work-shops. He has not time to read a tenth part of them all, he tells us; and small wonder, for every day brings him at least twenty letters asking for his autograph, besides all the other many requests that are made of

Here is a book-mark that has a curious

look. It is the tail of a gray-squirrel, and Mr. Whittier tells us of the one grave fault his large old eat has—that of liking to kill these pretty animals.

We hear a fluttering on the lawn in front of the house, and, looking out, see a flock of over twenty guinea-hens running, with their funny gait, across the short, brown grass.

"I like to watch them, and it often rests me to see how queer these fowls are," our host says.

Here is a marble copy of the "Farnese

are," our host says.

Here is a marble copy of the "Farnese Hercules," so-called—a small statue—and it is much prized by Whittier, for it used to stand on the writing-desk of Charles Sumner, whose sister, when he died, sent it to the poet.

Close beside this is a statuette of Sumner himself, and we find others like it in the libraries of Holmes and Longfellow, for the great Senator from Massachusetts was the friend of all three of the poets.

Then Whittier shows us a photograph of his sister, some of whose poems, you will remember, were published, after her death, in a book that held many of Whittier's own verses

Whittier's own vers We have found that the man we are

come to visit is quite deaf, and "Thee must not be surprised at that," he says, "for I was seventy-four years old last week."

week."
The pretty Quaker speech sounds very quaint to us, and very likely we shall try it among ourselves when we start



JOHN G. WHITTIER,

for home.

"When was your first book published,
Mr. Whittier?" we ask.

"In 1835, and in Philadelphia. A small book; and I think it had a very small sale. My next venture was my 'Anti-Slavery Poems,' for which I was paid five hundred dollars; and it cost me two thousand dollars to buy them back for use when a Boston firm published my collected poems in 1859."

"Do you ever notice that the poems of your own you like the least the public like best?"

"Very often," and Whittier laughs.

like best?"

"Very often," and Whittier laughs.

"Thee knows a man can never judge of the faults or merits of his own work. The great drawback to my literary success has been the lack of a liberal education. A little while at school when a small child, and two years at the cation. A little while at school when a small child, and two years at the Academy when I was eighteen, was all the schooling I had."

And once Mr. Whittier said in a letter:

"In a literary point of view, I do not feel that I have achieved success, but the work has been its own exceeding great reward."

He was writing to a boy of seventeen when he said this, and he added:

"Genius, as has been well said, is only great patience."

You don't believe this, boys and girls, do you? But if any of you have a strong wish to be great in some art or

profession for which you feel you have not genius, try the patience. You will not come out far below your high mark,

not genius, try the patience. You will not come out far below your high mark, I assure you.

Mr. Whittier is a great friend to the poor families around his home. A day or two since, a woman walked into my office, bearing a letter from the poet, who recommended the sick-looking mother of six children to a certain State charity; and it touched me very deeply to hear of how tender and good Whittier had been to her, and how sure she was in her own heart that because he had sent her to me I would be able to open the door of the State aid to her.

But Whittier is waiting to bid us goodby, and he says, as we go:

"Thee must come and see me again whenever thee can; and I hope some of thee will one day take the place of us old fellows, who have been writing perhaps too long."

And then we say the final good by

And then we say the final good-by; and the gray-bearded, slight old man stands at the door until we have driven from the carriage-way of "Oak Knoll" into the road, and are well on our way to the roilroad station. the railroad station.

GOOD HEALTH.

Although many men of infirm health have succeeded in their calling, there is no doubt that good lungs, calm nerves and a vigorous constitution are helpful in attaining the honors which are open to every person.

to every person.

We know that the poet Pope was deformed and feeble in health, that Cowper's mind was at times clouded by reason of his insanity, and that Pascal, the philosopher, was an invalid at the early age of eighteen. But had they possessed the firmest health, their work would have not only been larger in amount but also finer in quality.

Not a few of those who have won the highest distinction, owe their success in a large degree to a strong physical constitution. Byron swam the Hellespont, and the strength and vigor of his body is felt in his poetry. Daniel Webster possessed a frame, not only large and heavy, but also, till his last years, a body that was the fit temple of his vigorous intellect.

heavy, but also, till his last years, a body that was the fit temple of his vigorous intellect.

Gladstone, the English Premier, so learned that he seems equally at home in all subjects, finds his exercise in felling trees, and is so well that he performs a prodigious amount of work. Bismark, the German statesman, is described as "very tall, of enormous weight, with every part of his gigantic frame well proportioned."

Most boys and girls come into the world blessed with good health, having sound muscles and nerves, bones and sinews. Sickness and weakness are usually caused by some abuse they make of the gifts which nature gives their bodies. They ought to guard well their bodies. They ought by care and exercise to keep them vigorous and healthy. As they desire happiness and success, they should give special heed to good health.

HOW REINDEER FIND FOOD.

A traveler, who visited Lapland recently, gives an entertaining description of the manner in which reindeer dig for food. On entering a forest, the traveler found himself in the midst of a great number of reindeer, which were digging through the snow for the moss of which they are fond. They dug first with one fore-foot and then with the other, the holes gradually becoming larger and larger, and the bodies of the animals becoming more and more hidden. The snow was about four feet in depth, and some of the holes had been dug so far that nothing save the swaying tails of the reindeer could be seen. In every direction these busy creatures were toiling, with the sole object of reaching the moss covered by the snow. food. On entering a forest, the traveler

A KETTLE WITH A HISTORY.

A KETTLE WITH A HISTORY.

At a foundry in West Troy, New York, there is an immense copper kettle that has a history. It was used for cooking the rations of the soldiers of General Burgoyne during the Revolutionary war. The kettle is six feet six inches at the tip, five feet deep, and weighs more than 1200 pounds. When Burgoyne's army surrendered, the kettle fell into the hands of an American farmer, named Van Rensselaer, and it remained on the same farm till recently.

FOUND IT ALL RIGHT.

"Is it wrong to kiss?" asked a timid maid Of the shimmering sands that boulder the deep

But no answer she got save the wavelets played A roundelay gay as they kissed her feet.

She asked the sun. but he only turned His saucy face from the eastern sky, And kissed her cheeks till they fairly burned, And a tear of vexation dimmed her eye.

She asked the wind as it came from the south The self-same question. The answer came, For a zephyr sprang up and kissed her mouth And rudy, red lips till they seemed aflame.

She askeda youth who had chanced along And the moral question was solved in a trice; For he answered, "O maiden, it may be wrong, Bnt"-here he proved it-"it's very nice!"

If sea, and sun, and the soft south wind Kiss unmolested by bolt or ban, Where the heart is eager, and lips and mind Are not reluctant. why shoul 'n't man?

An Eight-Gunce Baby.

The story comes from Candelaria that the smallest baby in the world has been born in that camp. The father is a miner in the employ of the Northern Belle Company, and weighs 190 pounds; and the pany, and weighs 190 pounds; and the mother is a stout, healthy woman, weighing perhaps 160 pounds. The child is a male, perfectly formed, but upon its birth it only weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse chesnut, and the size of its legs can be imagined when it is stated that a ring worn upon the little finger of its mother was ersily pulled over its foot nearly up to the knee. It is the opinion of the attending physician that the child will live and prosper in good health, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions. Here is a chance for Barnum.

HE IS DEAD.

Longfellow the Poet Gone to a Better Land.

Boston, March 24. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died at his residence in Cambridge this afternoon, in the 76th year of his age, from peretonitis. Not since the death of his intimate friend, from peretonitis. Prof. Agassiz, has Longfellow been in robust health, Agassiz's death having been a great shock to him from which he never fully recovered. Nearly two years after that event his health was a source of anx-iety to intimate friends. He was unable during that time to enjoy his food, owing to imperfect digestion, living entirely upon bread and milk. Saturday last he was out part of the afternoon, walking upon the piazza, and on going into the house complained of being slightly cold. At dinner he was taken suddenly ill. Soon after he went to his room, and in a short time had a violent a tack of vertigo. Dr. Mor-rill Wyman and Dr. J. F. Minot attended him.

Sunday he complained of severe pains in the stomach and opiates were administered to allay the trouble and induce sleep. His condition seemed somewhat improved until Monday, when dangerous spmptoms became manifest and the family were seriously alarmed.

Tuesday morning these symptoms assumed an aggravated form and it became evident to the household that his death was near. Wednesday and Thursday there was slight improvement, there being a disposition to sleep almost continually.

During the afternoon and evening of

During the afternoon and evening of Thursday he talked a great deal about various topics and seemed to recovered a large portion of his usual bright and cheerful disposition. Late in the night he became partially unconscious and seemed restless and uneasy. Yesterday morning he revived, though his talk was of a rambling nature and somewhat incoherent. This ling nature and somewhat incoherent. This condition continued until about an neur before his death, when he again became unconscious and continued so until the last suffering but little recirc suffering but little pain apparently. The, immediate cause of his death was peritoni-

All the family were present, consisting of his three daughters, Edith (Mrs. R. H. Dana), Alice and Anna; the sons Ernest Dana), Alice and Anna; the sons Ernest and Charles, his nephews William P. and Wentworth Longfellow of Portland; his brother, Alexander W. of Portland; his sister, Mrs. James Greenleaf of Cambridge; and Mrs. Pierce of Portland; his brother-in-law. Mrs. Pierce of Portland; his brother-in-law, Thomas Appleton of Boston; and Nathan Appleton of Boston, and Mrs. Edward Longfellow.

The funeral will be held Sunday or Monday, and it is the desire of the family that it shall be strictly private.

There is a universal feeling of sorrow There is a universal feeling of soften throughout Cambridge at the loss experienced by his death.

The residents of Cambridge were first

apprised of his death by the tolling of his age (75) upon the fire alarm bells, and long before the sun set there were numerous tokens of mourning displayed from private houses, and it is probable that on the day of the funeral the whole city will assume a

Mr. Longfellow before his failing health prevented took an active interest in muni-cipal affairs and attended all public gatherings. His last appearance in public was on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge, in December, 1880, when at Sanders' theater he made a brief address to the children of the public

The news of his death was entirely unexpected by the public, as his dangerous symptons were not generally known until Wednesday.

LONDON, March 25. The Standard this morning in an article on the death of the poet Longfellow, says: "Longfellow commands a wider audience of our people than any poet of this age save, perhaps, Tennyson."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The particulars of the death of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow at his home in Cambridge, yesterday afternoon, are given in another column of this paper. Mingled with the thrill of pain which the news of his decease will carry to the hearts of his countrymen as well as to those of the admirers of genius throughout the civilized world, is the glad consciousness that he lived to round out more than the threescore years and ten alloted to mankind with contributions to lilerature both in prose and poetry that will keep his memory green as long ages glide away. His place among the foremost poets of the age is secure. And before the final summons came, he was made to realize fully on the occurrence of his last birthday the universal estimation with which his life-work is regarded on both sides of the Atlantic.

The story of Longfellow's life is soon told. He was born in Portland in 1807, the second of a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters. His father was a lawyer, remarkable for sound mother-wit, scholarly acquirements and unfailing courtesy. His mother is remembered for her fine manners, which expressed an unusually sweet and kindly disposition. His elder brother and college classmate, Stephen, died in 1850. Alexander Wadsworth lives in Portland, and Samuel in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Of his sisters, Elizabeth Wadsworth died in 1829 and Ellen in 1834. Mrs. Anne Longfellow Pierce lives in Portland and Mrs. Mary Longfellow Greenleaf in Cambridge.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and appointed Professor of Modern Languages in 1826, with leave of absence for three years, which he spent in France. Spain, Italy, Germany and England, in preparation for his duties. In 1829 he began his work at Brunswick. In September, 1831, he married Mary Storer Potter of Port-

In 1835 he was invited to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard College, left vacant by the resignation of the learned George Ticknor. Again he obtained leave of absence, and passed the summer of 1835 in Denmark and Sweden, the autumn and winter in Holland and Germany, and the next spring and summer in Switzerland. At Rotterdam, a heavy bereavement overtook him-the loss of his young wife. She was Mary S. Potter, daughter of Judge Barrett Potter, of this city. His second wife was Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of Hon. Nathan Ap-Appleton, daughter of Holi. Nathan Appleton of Boston, to whom he was married in 1843. In July, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow, while seated at the library table amusing two of her children, accidentally touch ed a piece of lighted paper to her dress, which was immediately in flames. Mr. Longfellow sprang to the rescue, but she was so badly burned that she died the next day. The poet visibly aged under this grayous stroke.

grievous stroke. Mr. Longfellow took charge of the department of modern languages at Cambridge in the autumn of 1836. The work of elementary instruction was performed, under his direction, by five or six foreign teachers. Besides the general supervision of the department, his special duty was to lecture on the literature of modern Europe. He took lodgings in the Cragie mansion, famous as Washington's headquarters in revolutionory times, and afterward the resi-dence of Jared Sparks and Edward Everett. When Mrs. Cragie died, Mr. Longfellow bought the house, which has been his home for forty-five years. Then, in July, 1843, he married Fanny Elizabeth Appleton of Boston, and in the Cragie house his five daughters:

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair,

whose portraits everybody has seen in copies of the famous picture painted by Bu-chanan Reed. Charles Appleton Longfellow still lives at his father's, when at home, and so do the unmarried daughters. Alice Mary and Anne Allegra. Wadsworth Longfellow, the artist. home near by. Edith is the wife of Richard Henry Dana of Boston, and her two sons are named Richard Henry Dana and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana. The tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow sent a thrill of sympathetic pain throughout the world. In 1854, Mr. Longfellow retired from his professorship. He had revisited Europe briefly in 1842, and he crossed the Atlantic again in 1868. His fame had long preceded him, and was formally recognized by both of the ancient universities at Oxford and Cambridge.

The following list of his published works

may indicate the service he has performed for his countrymen, for the English-speaking race and the civilized world:

ing race and the civilized world:

Ceplas de Don Jorge Manrique, 1833; OntreMer, 1835; Voices of the night, 1839; Hyperion,
1839; Ballads and Other Poems, 1841; Poems on
Slavery, 1842; The Spanish Student, 1843; Poets
and Poetry of Europe, 1845; The Belry of
Bruges, and Other Poems, 1846; The Waif, 1846;
The Estray, 1846; Evangeline, 1847; The Seaside and Fireside, 1849; Kavanagh, 1849; The
Golden Legend, 1851; Hiawatha, 1855; The
Courtship of Miles Standish, 1859; Tales of a
Wayside Inn, 1863; Dante's Divinia Commedia,
1867; The New England Tragedeis, 1869; Three
Books of Song, 1872; The Divine Tragedy, 1872;
Aftermath, 1873; The Masque of Pandora, and
Other Poems, 1875; Poems of Places, 1877; Keramos, and Other Poems, 1878; Uitima Thule,
1880.

These twenty-seven titles represent the visible results of fifty years of dilligent labor. There were some text books besides, and articles for the reviews.

For twenty-five years Mr. Longfellow's When thro' the shuddering Sembern atr books have been reprinted in England as soon as they appeared in this country. The when flashed the tidings everywhere; first illustrated editions were published in London, beginning with Evangeline in 1849. Evangeline was translated into German, Italian and French during the first ten years after its publication in this country; and all of Longfellow's works have been translated into German. Many of his songs have been set to music, including fourteen published in London in 1857 with music by Balfe. Balfe's setting of Excelsior, as a duet, has been a common selection for the concert stage during many

For his wide reputation as a poet, Mr. Longfellow was chiefly indebted to his philological aptitudes and his refined taste. He rose to honor by his worth.

Trained as a verbal artist by the discipline

Nor grew to greatness by a company of the compa Trained as a verbal artist by the discipline of a poetical translator, he acquired a tact and facility in the use of words, which great natural fluency and extreme fastidiousness enabled him to use to the utmost advantage. His poems are chiefly meditative, and have that legendary significance peculiar to the German ballad. They also embody and illustrate a moral truth. There is little or no evidence of inspiration in his verse, as that the same to home a superior to the property of the same of evidence of inspiration in his verse, as that He won the homage of his foes, term is used to suggest the power of an over-mastering passion; but there is a thoughtful, subdued feeling that seems to overflow in quiet beauty. It is, however, the manner in which this sentiment is expressed, the appositeness of the figures, the harmony of the numbers, and the inimitable choice of words that give effect to the composition. He often reminds us of an excellent mosaic worker, with his smooth table of polished marble indented to receive the precious stones that are lying at hand, which he calmly, patiently, and with eqquisite art inserts in the shape of flowers and fruit. Almost all Longfellow's poems are gems set with consummate taste. Evangeline is a reflex of rural life and love, which, from the charm of its pictures and the gentle harmony of its sentiment, became popular, although written in hexameters. His Skeleton in Armoris the most novel and characteristic of his shorter poems; and his Psalm of Life and Excelsion are the most familiar and endeared. He was the artistic, as Halleck was the lyrical, and Bryant the picturesques and philosophical of American poets.

Annie Moore's gone away to get married, And her loss we deeply deplore:
'Mong hosts of friends here long she tarried,
But she'll never come back Annie Moore. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

"Clouds and darkness are round about him: His payilion is dark waters and thick clouds or the skies! Justice and indresset are the estab. lishment of his throne! Mercy and truth that go before his face! God reigns, and the gorernment at Washington sun lives!"-James

We meet to-night to honor him Who slumbers by the Western sea-Whose honest fame will not grow dim. Whose grand career will always be A guiding star, whose fadeless light Forever fair will shine on high To show with splender to our sight. How man can live and man can die.

Born in a lonely Western was And cradled on a cable flor. He labored, when a little child. To keep the gaunt wolf from the door; With helpful hands he loved to toil, He worked with youthful might and main He felled the trees, he dug the soil His widowed mether to malntain

What visions must his soul have seen, What dreams of glory and delight, When 'neath the silver stars serene,' He walked the tow-path through the night. What grand hopes must have helped him on When in his garret-room he bent O'er tasks till evening hours were gone And early morning hours were spent!

He struggled on till youth was past; He lived unknown to worldly fame ; He won strong friends whose love will last; He worked for wisdom, and it came. "Mid pinching poverty and pain His bright career was well begun; He aided others to obtain Rhe knowledge he had nobly won

Men heard the boom of Sumer's guns "Columbia calls her noblest sons!" He left his dear young wife and child, His peaceful books the swed to welld. His happy home, to face he wild And awful terrors of the feld!

No terror filled his fearless wal; He dealt his foemen blowfor blow; He never lost his self control Or turned his back upon the foe. He won his way to worth fame: His form was foremost in the fray; A grateful nation learned his name On Chickamauga's dreadful day.

Nor grew to greatness by a crime; His fame shall shine through all the earth, His good name made the envious writhe; They sought to soil his fair renown-Like weeds before the famer's scythe

Their slanders all were smitten down. All eyes to him with hope were turned; Who wisdom from their fallings learned. Men said: "No structure long can stand That rests upon a grierous wrong; Garfield will reunite the land. And make the Union irm and strong! "

He fell, the soldier, chiefain, may A million eyes with less were aim Through all the world a studder ran; All hearts with love were turned to him; How calm, how patient brave and grand The soul within his stricken form; A stillness fell upon the land As comes a lull amid a storm!

Slow ebbed his useful life away; The Christian chief to all was dear; We watched and walled, day by day, With feebler hope, with anxious fear; How brave the battle for his life, To all mankind be seemed a friend; How sweet the fond and faithful wife,

Who watched with courage to the end He died! The land was draped with wee, And all the world was filled with gloom; Men marched with music sad and slow, And bore him to an honored tomb: They passed along the crowded pave; The autumn rainfell on the sod; His dust to Mother Earthh ter gave;

His man Down He met, He bo That ! Beside 1 His fa And mi

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Bright as the splendor of the dawn His name is known in every clime; His manhood will go gleaming on Down the eternal groove of time! He met, with courage, every wrong; He bore his pain with Christian grace; He died a victim to the throng That haunts the Presidential place.

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Beside the Western sea he lies; His fare has vanished from our gaze, And millions yet unknown shall rise To eloquently speak his praise! To him the world its love will give, Will turn with an admiring eye; His life has taught us how to live, His death has shown us how to die!

Longfellow.

Alone, at night, he heard them sigh—
These wild March winds that beat his
tomb—
Alone, at night, from those that die
He sought one ray to light his gloom.

And still he heard the night winds moan, And still the mystery closed him round, And still the darkness, cold and lone, Sent forth no ray, returned no sounds

But time at last the answer brings.
And he, passed all our suns and snows,
At rest with peasants and with kings,
Like them the wondrous secret knows.

Alone, at night, we hear them sigh—
These wild March win is that stir his pall—
And helpless, wandering, lost, we cry
To his dim ghost to tell us all.

He loved us while he luggered here; We loved him, never love more true! He will not leave in doubt and fear The human grief that once he knew.

For never yet was born the day,
When, fain of heart and weak of limb,
One suffering creature turned away
Unhelped, unsoothed, uneheered by him.

But still through darkness, dense and bleak, The winds of March mean wildly round, And still we feel that all we seek. Ends in toat sigh of vacant sound.

He cannot tell us—none can tell
What wants behind the mystic veil!
Yet he who livel and died so well,
In that perchance has told the tale.

Next to the wastes of Nature drift— Else were this world an evil dream-The crown and sole of Nature's gift, By Avon or by Charles' stream.

His heart was pure, his purpose high, His thought serene, his patience vast; He put all suries of passions by And lived to God, from first to last.

His song was like the pine tree's sigh At midnight o'er a puet's grave, Or like the sea bird's distantery, Borne far across the twilight wave.

There is no flower of meek delight,
There is no star of heavenly pride,
That shimes not sweeter and more bright
Because he lived, loved, sang and died,

Wild winds of March, his requiem sing!
Weep o'er him April sorrowing skies!
Till come the tender flowers of spring
To deck the pillow where he hes.

Till violets pour their purple flood, That wandering myrtle shall not lack, And, royal with the summer's blood, The roses that he loved come back.

Till all that Nature gives of light,
To rift the sloom and point the way,
Shall sweetly pierce our mortal night,
And symbol his immortal day!
MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

A: I foil for life's treasures and blessings, And am fainting of labor and zest, O, how sweet it is sometimes to tarry At the house of my father to rest.

To forget for the time what my care is,
To abandon my struckie and pain;
And to sleep 'neath the roof of my father,
While I dream of my childhood again.

What a feeling of safety comes o'er me,
As father is locking the door!
And the clock he is winding so calmly
Is the trusted time-keeper of yore.

It is value to value—the world's way—And you take what your merits receive; And no comrades or friends give the welcome That our fathers and mothers can give;

While each chair, and each couch, and each comfort, Seem to add to your welcome complete, and you fancy that all things are striving To rejoice with your home-coming feet.

O, the fathomiess love of the home-folks! It restrains us wherever we roam; And no time or condition can shadow The return of the wanderer home.

And I think, when life's path grows a-weary,
And the dews of the night on me lie,
I should like to be borne through the gloaming.
To the house of my father to die.

WHITTIER ON LONGFELLOW.

With a glory of Winter sunshine Over his locks of gray, In the old historic mansion, He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures, And his household and his kin, While a sound as of myriads singing From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city, From the prairie's boundless plain, From the Golden Gate of sunset, And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him, And his moistening eyes grew dim, For he knew that his country's children Were singing songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime—

All their beautiful consolations, Sent forth like birds of cheer, Come flocking back to his windows, And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender, The music rose and fell, With a joy akin to sadness, And a greeting like a farewell.

With a sense of awe, he listened To the voices, sweet and young; The last of earth and the first of heaven Seemed in the song they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home.

And to him, in a holler welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
—From the May Wide Awake.

DEATHIN THE PULPIT.

DEATHIN THE PULPIT.

Dr. L. II milton of Oakland Brops
Dead While Preacting.

The Rev. L. Hamilton, pastor of the First
Unitarian Church of Oakland, on the corner
of Thirteeenth and Jefferson streets, dropped
dead in bus pulpit whi e holding morning services on Sunday. At the moment of his sudden demise he was in the midst of his sermon. He was seen to r ise his bund to his
firehead as if to clear his eyesight, when,
without the least tre-firor or p roxysm of his
contabinance, he slowly bowed ris head on the
manuscript before him, sank quietly on his
knees, and then fall prostrate outher floor of the
pulpit. Instant y his a nazed congregation
crowded around his form, but he had passed
awiy. A passeam present pronounced the
attack either that of partitysis of the brain or
poplexy. The shocking news spread with
great rapidity, a d in half an hour after the
facil occurrence the death was announced
from every pulpit and was known throughout
Oakland.

The deceased munister was a native of New

Onkland.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

The decease! minister was a native of New York, aged about 53 years. He was educated at Hami ton College, New York, truned for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church and was settled at San Jose, from which place he moved to O kland. Some fficen years ago he was tried before the Presbytery for heresy, the result of which was his severance from that denomination, her having modified his views on all theological questions. Very soon a term his excommunication he established the Independent Church, in the pulpit of which he preached up to the time of his death. He was a man of anusual ability; a student of the weightiest themes; his mind had a moral and intellectual ffinity for truth, and in it was fearless in pursuing his thoughts to their locical conclusion. He was man of sincular elevation of mind and purity of character, and all was knew him confessed his fine tolities and his great personal worth. He will be lamented by a wide circle of friends.

A SINGULAR WISH PULFILLED.

Dr. Hami'ton had always expressed a hope that it might ple se God to call him in the iste of his work, and added: "I know of no pace in which I would rather die than in my patpit, preaching the word of the God word two children, a son and daughter, grown. They were born of his first wife, he having unrived a second time.

Last Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Ham

Last Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of the Independent Church, Oakland, Cal., fell dead in his pulpit. Mr. Hamilton had just reached the preliminary of his sermon, entitled, "I have not come to destroy, but to fulfill," Mat. v., 17, and the last words he uttered were, "We know not what matter is," when he was seen to put his hand to his head, as if to ease the pain of a severe headache. He then staggered, fell and died in a few moments.

For the BLADE. TWILIGHT PICTURES.

X-MELANCHOLY MAD. The Artist's dream is sitting there, A woman young, and wildly fair, With flossy curls of sunny hair.

Breeze-twined and flowing all unbound, Beside a low and grass-grown mound, While silence reigns, above, around.

I see, beneath the semi-light, Her eyes, like dark and starry night, And full of tender, holy light.

The wasted form is one of grace, And woe has penciled no dark trace, To mar the white and perfect face.

The satin tobe of gray and gold, Is trimmed with lace, rich, rare and old, And damp with dew drops bright and cold.

The richest gems from Tropic lands Adorn the slender arms and hands, The wrists are clasped by dead gold bands.

Alone she sits, no loved one near. Tis night, and yet she knows no fear. The storm wind waves, she does not hear.

To him her heart and hand she gave, Who sleeps within that narrow grave, Marked by a cross, where shadows wave

She sits above the loved one's bed, Above the loved and early dead, While darkness falls about her head.

She does not weep, she does not sigh, And, all undimmed, her dusky eye, While leaden-footed hours go by.

Sad as the moan of Bushat dove, Sweet as the cradle-hymn of love The tones that rise that grave above.

She chants, while wailing winds complain, These words that breathe of woe and pain, Of buried love and wishes vain:

O, grave of my loved one, thou art covered with

flowers, To the heart that is broken, how sad are the hours.

And how gloomy the night, and how weary the day,
And how full of still shadows the dark, length-

ening way. Thou hast fled me so long, thou art gone on be-

fore. I can weep, I can pray, but can smile never-

When 'tis rosy-hued morning I long for the

night, And when night shadows deepen I wish for the light.

We have laid thee away in this cold, narrow

We have planted the roses above the bright head.

And a garment of gloom o'er the spirit is

I shrink from the life path, se darkened, and

I have lived and loved, known its joy and its sorrows.

I have loved, O, make up my grave-clothes

to-morrow,
I'm praying for the hour of re-union to come,
When the lips that are sealed shall no longer be

HOW TO CLEAN WHITE WORSTED AR-TICLES .- Lay your white worsteds in a pan, one at a time, cover them with wheat flour, then rub them thoroughly in it. After this has been well done, take them from the flour and shake them, or if it is a clear, windy day, hang them on the clothes line, where they will be whipped by the wind, and they will be well cleaned, and have the light, downy appearance of new worsted. Some recommend rubbing them in Indian meal, but we do not think they look so clean and white. If white furs are laid in a large pan or basin half filled with Indian meal, and well rubbed with the meal they will look as nice as new. Use no water either on the worsted articles or the furs.

TWILIGHT PICTURES.

BY MOSS ROSE.

VI.-THE BRIGHT PICTURE. My thoughts are mournful like the tread Of steel-girt men, the past, long, dead, The dead and shrouded years arise. And file before my aching eyes, At noon of day, or noon of night, Beneath the cold moon's borrowed light. They look at me from Summer bowers, When sets the sun, when close the flowers, The red lights glow in Memory's halls, And show the pictures on her walls, Another night, another day, And yet the twilight phantoms stay.

A cheerless room, a feeble lamp, A dark and piercing eye, A brow on which is set the stamp Of genius, proud and high.

A son of light, with will and toil, Delves in the mines of thought, And smiles above the midnight oil, As if in Faith he wrought,

His every thought is pure and free From any taint of guile, Look at the mouth's firm lines and see The peaceful, holy smile.

And listen, for I hear his words, His voice is low and sweet, 'Tis like the harp tones when the chouds Light, skillful touches meet.

"I'll write a name," he whispers low, "High on the list of fame, A beacon light, that all may know, A pure and lofty name.

To mariners on life's rough sea, When comes the gloomy night, With compass lost, my name shall be, A steady, guiding light.

I work but in the cause of Truth, With purpose firm and high; New in my manhood's early youth, And Truth can never die.

Though crushed to earth she will arise, Her's are the living years, And I will breathe no useless sighs, And hold no weakening fears.

And I will meet the sternest strife, Beneath the amber light, Now in the morning of my life, Nor dread the coming night.

The sacred banner I will hold. Still with my firm, right hand, More pressing far than Ophir's gold, The cause for which I stand.

O. Lwill toil to win a name As honored names are won;
A proud name on the list of fame, By good deeds dared and done.'

And he has genius proud and high, O, will he as the years go by, Win for his name the deathless boon? Or will he fall ere life's high noon?

HE NEVER HAS BEEN THERE

"A Life on the Ocean Wave!"
The man who wrote it was green;
He never has been at sea,
And a storm he never has seen.

He never has seen a wave, As it dashed o'er the vessel's deck; He never has seen a fire at sea, Or been floating upon a wreck.

He never has been aroused
From his morning's gentle doze
By the sound of the splashing water
As it fell from the horrid hose.

He never has heard a man Scrubbing right over his head, With a noise sufficient to arouse From the grave the slumbering dead.

He never has seen a fat woman Growing thinner day by day, And, leaning over the vessel's side, Throwing herself away,

While people look carelessly on, Though in tears the woman may be, And unfeelingly say it is nothing at all— Only the roll of the sea.

Seasick he has never been to his toes, And crept into bed in his coat, While every motion increased his throes, And his feelings were all in his throat.

This man may have sailed in a boat, In some puddle, or on a sound, But if he has been to sea and wrote Such a song no deserved to be drow

THE WITCH'S BLACK CAT. &

Once there lived an old witch, one Dame Kill Von Stadt-

A hideous old thing in a steeple-crowned hat-And she wore, besides, a voluminous cap, With a very full crown and a wide, double flap,

She had round green eyes, Of unusual size:

With a hook in her nose, and a crook in her chin, And between the two her mouth went in. In short, on the whole, I think you and I Will agree that she must have been an old guy.

Well, she lived all alone In a house of her own; Or, perhaps, I should not exactly say that-I mean, all alone with her great black cat.

And the great black cat was as bad, I declare, The cat and the witch were a finely-matched pair.

Their eyes were both green, And their smile, I ween,

Was the very worst smile that ever was seen; And so wolfish and gaunt the cat even became That she grew more and more to resemble the dame, Till the neighbors declared-with what truth I can't tell-

That the witch's black cat was a witch as well. Indeed, it was known, when the two were out walking.

That the great black cat did most of the talking.

And the terror of all the country about Were the witch and the cat. When the two walked

The folks said, "That old witch has an evil eve. And a grin and a sneer for the passers-by.

Such a hideous old fump, With her cat and her hump, Could by no means be good. Nor behave as she should.

d old witch only grinned with aelight; And the cat gave a howl And a satisfied yowl, As if it would say, "Serve 'em right!"

The farmers declared, "That old witch should be hung!"

They solemnly vowed, "That cat's neck shall be wrung!

For the cause of the old witch's magic, no doubt, Is that great black cat she is never without. A witch has no power without a black cat; Every school-boy is posted enough to know that. If the cat-accidentally, of course-was to vanish. Our fears of the witch we might easily banish!"

> So the neighbors had grumbled, And oftentimes mumbled,

Threats of a vengeance-dark, dire and deep-That would happen some night when the folks

were asleep;
And would cure the black cat of such desperate ways,

That would end with the river-perhaps in a blaze.

But they could not agree What the great cure should be. Till once, at a meeting, held with great indigna-

genius arose, with this wise observation: "Whereas, all the power of the wicked Von Stadt.

And the cause of our trouble, lies in the black cat, The remedy seems at once simple and right Not to kill the old witch, but to paint the cat white!"

"To paint the cat white!" cried the people, astounded,

The idea-grand, yet simple-the meeting confounded.

Now, to dare an old witch is a dangerous thing; 'Tis no easy proceeding a cat's neck to wring. (If you'd try it, you'd know That what I say is so.)



"ON EACH SIDE, WITH A BRUSH, STOOD TOM AND STOOD PETER."

And the cause, sure as fate, of each evil and trouble, Is this frightful old witch, and her witch-like

So all the misfortunes of every description, That happened in farm-yard or parlor or kitchen-If the grain crop was spoiled, or the cows taken sick, If the cream should turn sour, or the horse give a

If the children got hurt, or the housewife had chills, Or the stove wouldn't draw—any one of these ills—Were ascribed by the people, whenever they came, To that wicked black cat and that wicked old dame. But if the folks muttered,

But to stop just half-way betwixt one thing and t'other.

Not to harm the old witch, but her power to smother,

It seemed a wise plan, And the folks, to a man, Resolved, "To be done—if we possibly can!"

So one very dark night-When the moon, in a fright, Hid her face 'mid the clouds, and 'twas very bad weather-

The people once more were assembled together. By twos and by threes, from far and from near,

stealthily round, that the co elear.

An able young man bore in one hand a pan.
In the other two brushes, lest one brush should fail
To put on a coating sufficiently pale.
And, gasping and groaning with fright and fatigue, Came a man with a bag that was not very big; But seemed active enough to make up for its size, And produced, now and then, low, mysterious cries.

"Ha, now!" cried the people. "Quick, let it be done!

Come, gather round closely-all-each-every one. And keep precious sharp watch that the black cat don't run;



"THEY ARE OFF THROUGH THE AIR."

For, doubtless, she'll lead us no end of a dance, And struggle and fight, if you give her a chance." "Here, Tom, take one brush; you, Peter, the other, Lay the paint on so thick that not her own mother Would know her, if she

The black cat should see!"

The bag opened slowly, an inch, just a crack, With a dozen hands guarding against a springback; There was watching and shaking,

And some little quaking Of those who were scared at the risk they were taking.

On each side, with a brush, stood Tom and stood Peter,

When the cat should squeeze out, with a welcome to meet her.

"Here's her head!" "Now!" With a thump and a whack

Came a thick coat of white on each side of her back.

Another-one more-to the end of her tail. Again- When a howl that made stoutest hearts quail,

And caused knees to tremble and faces to pale-A yell that seemed echoing from mountain and

Had called up a presence most frightful to see.

In their midst, for one instant, she stood-Kill

With a scowl, and the howl that had echoed the

Then-" Hi!" To her broomstick the old lady with, "Away!" To the broomstick the black

cat had clung. They are off, through the air!

They are gone-anywhere! And to follow-to find! Where's the man who would dare?

And whether the earth had opened that night And swallowed the two; or, whether their flight

Was up through the air, through the clouds,

out of view, The folks never found out, any more than

But what matter? They went, and the way of

their going Lookers-on didn't care, and had no means of

knowing; For, after the meeting got over its fight, And quickly and madly adjourned for the night, Each one felt, perhaps, quite as well satisfied That they'd seen the two worthies beginning their

ride.

They were gone, that was plain, Peace resumed her mild reign, And the farmers were not vexed with witchcraft

They had found out the cure For a witch, swift and sure

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OAKLAND POLITICAL GOSSIP. EDITOR ENCINAL:-The Christmas holly has been hung, and many hearts made joyous with the nice things Santa Claus has furnished. Every flaxenhaired little female hugs to her maternal (?) bosom a new arrival, as flaxen-haired and blue-eyed as its miniature mama, and every low-browed, coarsevisaged young male blows a little tin horn, to the great disgust of all within hearing distance except himself. With the dawning of the new year many wonder what its unwritten pages will chronicle for each and every one. Will they be filled with the longed for culmination of hopes and granfied ambitions, or will they deal out to us failures and disappointments? The great and absorbing question to a native Oaklander is "will my political aspirations be gratified? "Notwithstanding we have two months before an municipal ticket is trotted out to receive the suffrages of the people, every little while we hear of Mr. So and So's friends being determined that the said Mr. So and So shall run for some important office. Although as yet no one knows anything definite, private offices whisper, street corners echo, and resorts tell us that so far as the majority is concerned it depends on the new appointments made by Governor Perkins, as every candidate for Mayor is also a candidate for some State appointment, and those who fail will be satisfied to run the Mayor's office, except the present incumbent, who seems to be seeking greener fields and more extensive pasturage. At least the "feed" he gave in San Francisco not long since, "to become acquainted" as it were, would lead an ordimary thinker to believe his aspirations are larger than his body or even his new ulster. Justice Yule will be a candidate for Police Judge; Judge Clark also will go before the Republican Convention, and if not successful will start on the "go-as-you-please ticket." Where he will come out and how many "laps" he will make no man knoweth, as yet. H. M. Van Arman, the Post correspondent, says he will be a candidate for the same position, and premises to "aet down" on each of the other candidates. The many friends of ex-city Marshal Perry Johnson are no g him to accept the nomination for that position again. There are several names mentioned for that office, and we presume the present incumbent-although Grant-like he has not as yet committed himself-will be a candidate. Who the successful man will be it is difficult to say; but there is talk of some new man coming in as "the dark horse" in the race. The City Attorneyship will be acceptable to Messrs. Morgan, Wiggin, Hamilton, and in fact to many of the lawyers who possess more brains than practice. City Clerk Dods, and even Captain Fletcher, will condescend to serve the people "once more." To tell the truth, there is not a single city official but who can be persuaded to continue in their present fat positions unless the people send up the cry to the populace, Macedonia-like, to "come and help (save) us." It is a lamentable fact that it matters not how good and efficient a business man may be, one term of office ruins him, and he thinks, and tries to persuade his friends into the belief, that a second term is a necessity to even the people. The oldest inhabitants of this city never remember to have known of a "one-termed politician." It would seem that those to the manor born would require a little rest, even in these quiet times; but they say that politicians never sleep, and you would think so should you happen in the corridors of the City Hall and just be sufficiently "on the inside" to distinguish the leading connubiators quietly emerging from the committee-rooms or private offices of the city officials. Had the walls of that building tongues strange stories of "slates" made and broken and political plottery might be given to the isnocent public. The greatest good to the smallest number seems to be the motto of the Oakland politician, and instead of improving by continued living off of the public crib, their cry is ever, Oliver Twist like, "more, more, more?" Is there no relief from these political vampires and public blood suckers? Let every man take upon himself the responsibility of assisting to purify politics, and then perhaps you can, with exclaim:

ENOCH ARDEN GOING HOME.

He said that being in the city he would like to take in the City Hall, and after he had tired himself out in climbing stairs and walking over corridors he came back to the ground floor and remarked to the policeman on duty there:

"It's seventeen years since I saw this town before."

"Seventeen long years—long years. Did you ever hear anything in particular about a man named Philo Brace?"

Brace?"
"Can't remember that I did."
"Ever see anything in the papers about his mysterious disappearance?"
"Guess not."

"Guess not."

"Well, you were too young, I am Philo Brace, and seventeen years ago this month I disappeared from my home in Oakland County in a mysterious manner, and I've never been heard of since. I am now on my way home,, and shall be there to-night."

"Why, that's quite a romance."

"Reckon it is. I'm a sort of Enoch Arden, you see. I left a wife and two children and have never sent them word or line. No doubt they have mourned for me an dead."

dead."

"You may find your wife married to another, as Enoch did," suggested the officer.

"Say, I've thought of that!" said the stranger, "and I know exactly what I'll do. I'm going to reach the old place soon after dark and peep into the windows. If the old gal sits there thinking of me and wiping away the tears of grief it will be O. K. If I see a man bossing around in my place I'll rush in and knock down and drag him out."

"Well, I hope you'll find things all right."

"So do I, and if ever I see you again I'll tell you how I came out."

The stranger went away, but in the course of an

The stranger went away, but in the course of an hour he returned with considerable excitement and

"Great snakes! But I ran across the old gal out "Great snakes! But I ran across the old gal out here on the street, and she's got a man with her; I knew her in a minute but she didn't give me a second look. They are coming right into the hall!"

The couple entered and made for the officer, and after the usual inquires passed up stairs.

"Married again, by jingo!" whispered Mr. Brace to the officer.

the officer.

"Wes!" what do you think? That's my old Maria Jane, to a dot; and she's got a new husband. Now what would you do if you were me?"
"She's fat and squatty," mused the officer.

"She never was good-looking."
"Never! She was as homely as a tamarack swamp
the day I married her, and she's run down hill ever

"I don't see how you could make anything by rais-

ing a row.*

"Nor I either. Say, I guess I'll let her slide and go back to New Jersey."

"I would."

"I would."

"I would."

"I will, sure pop! I'd like to knock that second husband into a captaplasm, just to let him know that I was on earth, but I'll hold my musele. She used to fret and whine from dawn till dark, and I don't believe she's mended her temper any. He walks lame and looks glum, and I won't add to his sorrows. Good-bye, old brass buttons! Enoch Arden sneaked off and died, you know, but I'm not that kind of a clothes-pin. If I don't marry a widow that ownes a red clay farm of ninety acres before I'm ten days older, you may horrow my boots for old stone-boats!"—Free Press.

We have discovered why young ladies have become so fond of wearing long frings. Recently, in a crowd, a gentleman's coat button became tightly entangled in the fringe of a young lady's dress. "It is evident," he said, smiling, "that I am very much attached to you, and that I cannot make up my mind to tear myself away." Fringy, but a fact.

A GENUINE INNOCENT: Dr. L—— called upon a lady acquaintance, the other day, and was met at the door by the lady's little girl. He asked her to tell her mamma that Dr. L—— had called. The child went up stairs and presently returned.

"Did you tell your mamma?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

Wait as a child—how shall I know my darling if changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair? If since her flight has grown my little starling, How shall I know her there?

"And what did she say?"
"She said, '0, pshaw."

DO YOUR BEST.

Have you failed to day, good heart?

'Tis no cause for sorrow.

Try avain; the clouds may part—
Ferhaps may part to morrow.

If you will do the best you can.

Be your best, and leave the rest;
Better may come to morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold?

That's no cause for signing;
One bright hour doth oft infold
Many a year's denying.

Be not weary or downeast;

Patience holds the gate at last."

Do your best, and leave the rest,
And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man;
Wear no golden fetter.

Do the very best you can.
And you'll soon do better.
Every day you do your best is a vaniage for the rest.

Don't complain; every gain

Is making your best still better.

MARY AND I ARE SORRY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

'Twas a little cabin Far across the sea, Low-roofed and peat-thatched, And poor as poor can be.

But the tiny window Half-way to the ground With black and white for mourning Was pitifully bound.

To a blue-eyed laddie A wandering traveller said,
"Tell me, little fellow,
Who here is dead?" Who here is dead?

"No one here," he answered; "Garfield, o'er the sea; And Mary and I are sorry-Sorry as we can be.

"Father's over yonder— 'Twas he sent us word. Sure its very strange, sir, That you never heard."

Just an Irish cabin Far across the sea, Low-roofed and peat-thatched, And poor as poor can be.

"And Mary and I are sorry That Garfield's dead," said he
The bare-foot, blue-eyed laddi
"As sorry as we can be."

O martyr, lowly lying Beside the Western lake, For thee, around the wide world, Hearts are like to break.

In the new year's dawning How many a home for thee, Like that far little cabin, Is sorry as it can be!

Boeten.

"YES, AS A CHILD."

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."—[LONG-PELLOW.

O, say not so! how shall I know my darling If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair? If, since her flight, has grown my little starling, How shall I know her there?

On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted, I see the features of my angel-child; She passed away, ore sin her soul had tainted— Passed to the undefiled.

O, say not so, for I would clasp her, even As when below she lay upon my breast; And dream of her as my fair bud in heaven, Amid the blossom blest.

My little one was like a folded lily, Sweeter than any on the azure wave; But night came down, a starless night, and chilly; Alas! we could not save!

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet,
(0, heaven were dark, were children wanting there!)
I hope to clasp my bud as when I wore it;
A dimpled baby fair.

The' years have flown, toward my blue-eyed daughter My heart yearns ofttimes with a mother's love; Its never dying tendrils now enfold her— Enfold my child above.

E'en as a babe, my little blue-eyed daughter, Nestle and coo upon my heart again;« Wait for thy mother by the river water— It shall not be in vain!

The Aliases of Noted Actors and Actresses-Pretty Patronymics Adopted by the People of the Sock and Buskin.

The nomenclature of the stage is illustrative of the delusive character of everything pertaining to the drama. Actors and actresses, for numerous unaccountable reasons, have buried their individuality and even their personality, until their original distinctiveness is forever lost, and the public knows them only by the high-sounding appellations that appear on the bills. This is truer of actresses than of actors, for the latter generally prefer to retain their own names, choosing to trust to the whims of fortune, meeting honor and obloquy alike. The actress has greater reason to shield herself behind the screen of a fictitious per- James. sonality, and she takes advantage of her privilege. In latter times there are fewer fictions in connection with the stage than once characterized it, but the list is still full to overflowing and quite complete.

The following is an accurate compendium of all the fictitious nomenclature that is known to the modern stage. There may be a few unimportant omissions, but the list will be found general y correct and interesting, and is worthy of preservation as a matter of news and reference:

Lotta is Miss Charlotte Crabtree. Clara Morris is Mrs Fred. Harriott. Mme. Janaushek is Mrs. Fred. Pillot. Kate Claxton was Mrs. Dore Lyon,

now Mrs Chas. Stephenson. Effic Ellsler is Mrs. Frank Weston. Kitty Blanchard is Mrs. McKee Rankin

Eliza Weathersby is Mrs. N. C. Goodwin.

Mrs. Bernard McAuley's maiden name was Miss Rachel Johnson.

Mange Branscombe is Mrs. Stuart. Maggie Mitchell is Mrs. Henry T. ster. Paddock.

Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau's maiden name bury. was Miss H nrietta Baker.

Marie Rose is Mrs. Henry Mapleson. Lee. Mrs. Agnes Booth's maiden name was Miss Marian Agnes Lander Rooks. Alice Dunning is Mrs. Horace Lin-

Alice Oates' maiden name was Alice Merrit. She has been married three times and is still single.

Charlotte Thompson is Mrs. Leraine Rogers.

Jenny Liud is Mrs. Goldsmidt.

Rose Eytinge was Mrs. G. H. Butler, but is now Mrs. Cyril Searle.

Emily Melville is Mrs. Derby. Her maiden name was Emily Jones, but she dropped the Jones and substituted Melville, which was her mother's maiden name.

Mattie Viokers is Mrs. Charles S. Rogers.

Fanny Davenport is Mrs. Edwin l'rice.

Lydia Thompson is Mrs. Alex. Henderson.

Mrs. W. J. Florence's maiden name was Malvina Pray, and she is a sister of Mrs. Barney Williams. She was divorced from Joseph Littell before er marriage with Floren

Pauline Markham's maiden name was Margaret Hall, and is now Mrs. MacMahon.

Adelina Patti was christened Adele Juana Maria Patti, and is the marchioness of Caux, divorced. She travels with Nicolini.

Emma Maddern was Mrs. James M. Nixon, and is now Mrs. Stephens.

Minnie Maddera is Mrs. LeGrand

Mrs. Ben DeBar's maiden name was Henrietta Vallee.

Lucille Western was Mrs. James Harrison Meade.

Miss Courtney Barnes is a daughter of Rose Evtinge. Pauline Lucca is Baroness Von Wal-

hofen. Maggie Moore is Mrs. J. C. Wil-

Marie Wainright is Mrs. Louis

Hannah Bailey is Mrs. H. A. Sar-

Jane Coombs is Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. John Ellsler's maiden name was Euphemia Murray.

Mrs. John Drew's maiden name was Louisa Lane, and she was once the wife of a Mr. Massop.

Mrs. Frank Drew was Louisa Mayners, afterwards Mrs. C. L. Stone.

'Helen Western was Mrs. James

Mrs. Selden Irwin was Mrs. Harry Rainforth.

Betty Rigl is Mrs. Whitney.

Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim is Mrs. Mansfield. Ahrens.

Nellie Wallace, of the Wallace sisters, is Mrs. W. B. Henry Ada Webb is Mrs. W. M. Connor.

Christine Nilsson is the widow of Rozand.

Eme. Roseau is Miss Emeline Reed. Belle Archer is Mrs. Belle Mackenzie. Louise Sylvester is Mrs. F. F. Mackay.

Nellie McHenry is Mrs. John Web-

Mme. Von Stamwitz is Mrs. Salis-

Adelaide Neilson was Mrs. Philip

Kate McDowell is Mrs. Morey. Mlle. Bonfanti is Mrs Hoffman.

Mme. Modjeska is the Countess Bo-

Leona Dare is Miss Bridget McCarthy.

Kate Putnam is Mrs. J. J. Sullivan. Dickie Lingard's real name is Harriet Sarah Dunning.

Fanny Morant is Mrs. Chas. Smith. Adelaide Ristori is the Marchioness Capronica del Grillo.

Florence Webster is Mrs. Chas. Selig.

Rachel, the great French tragedienne was Elizabeth Rachel Felix.

Anna Cora Mowatt was Mrs. William F. Ritchie.

Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt's maiden name was Jennie Blitz.

Caroline May Richings was Mrs. Peter Bernard.

Mrs. Zelda Seguin's maiden name was Miss Zelda Harrison.

Mrs. Daniel E. Bandman's maiden name was Alice Herschel.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons real name is Mrs. Canter. It appears that her husband's father objected to having his name used on the stage, so her husband adopted the maiden name of his mother, Scott, by law, but Miss Siddons objected to giving up her name and the matter was compromised by both assuming the pame of Scott Siddons.

Marietta Ravel was Mrs. Martin W. Hanly.

Nellie Pieris is Mrs Carlo Patti. Kate Fisher was Mrs. Maher.

Mile. Mariana Dufray is Miss Mary Ann Duffy.

Emma Lake is Mrs. Gil. Robinson. Ninon Duclos is Miss Bridget O'Brien.

Mrs. Agnes Lake is Mrs. Hickock, widow of Wild Bill.

Kate Raymond is the divorced wife of H. B. Gates.

Josephine Orton is Mrs. B. E. Wolf. Eliza Newton is Mrs. W. H. Black-

Miss Mariett is Mrs. Robert Edgar. Annie Levering is Mrs. T. H. There is no spirituality at an window use spirituality begins, continues and culminates in use. To be McVicker.

Olive Logan is Mrs. Wirt Sykes; Celia Logan was Mrs. M. H. Kellogg, be spiritual in a grand way. - O. B. Frothingha and Eliza Logan was Mrs. George

Laura Keen's maiden name was Lee, and she became Mrs. Taylor.

Mrs. F. W. Lander was Miss Jean Margaret Davenport.

Mrs. Charles Kemble's maiden name was Miss DeCamp.

Mrs. Frank Lawlor was Miss Josie Georgiana Langley is the divorced

wife of Charles Furbish. Mrs. John Hoey's maiden name was

Josephine Shaw. Matilda Heron was Mrs. Robert

Steopel. Effie Germon was Mrs. Carlo Patti,

and afterwards Mrs. Nelse Seymour. Mrs. E. L. Davenport was Miss

Fannie Vining. Mrs. J. G. Gilbert was Miss Sarah H. Garrett.

Mrs. Benj. F. Butler was Miss Sarah Hildreth.

The Duvall sisters were Mrs. Hall. and Mrs. Kooch.

Minnie Doyle is Mrs. Charles B. Howard.

"Imogene" is Mrs. Nat Hyams. Maud Beverly is Maud Stewart. Rose Temple is Mrs. Jones.

Signorini Bellini, is Miss Lauri Woolwine.

Ilma Di Murska has changed her name four times. At last accounts she was Mrs. Hill.

"Zoe," of circus fame, is Mrs. Ber Yates.

E. E. Southern's real name was Douglas Stewart.

Harry Hunter was first known as Harry Hudson, but his right name was Henry Hunter.

Lawrence Barret is Mr. Larry Bran nigan.

Stuart Robson's real name is Harry Stewart. Barney Williams Was Barner

O'Flaherty. Gen. Tom Thumb is Mr. Charles Stratton.

John T. Raymond was John O'Bra until the law permitted him to adop his stage name.

Dominick Murray's real name to John Moran.

Yankee Robinson was Fayette Rob inson.

Knight Ashton once called himsel Sig. Sarti.

Ole Bull's full name is Ole Borne man Bull.

Oliver Doud Byron is Oliver B

REQUIREMENT.

We live by Faith; but Faith is not the slave Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's, Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds. What asks our Father of his children, save Justice and mercy and humility, A reasonable service of good deeds, Pure living; tenderness to human need Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see The Master's footprints in our daily ways? No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife. But the calm beauty of an ordered life. Whose very breathing is unworded praise. A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,

genuinely useful, in any way, is to be so far spiritual. To be nobly, comprehensively, humanly useful, is to

Fast rooted in the faith that God is Good.

Mrs. J. T. S., Oneida, Hl., sends a copy of an old song, in answer to request made some weeks ago: TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Twenty years ago.

I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school house playground, which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom, bareford boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But Master sleeps upon the hill, which, coaled

o'er with snow, Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years

The school house has altered some-the benches

The school house has altered some—the bendes are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our per-knives
had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall—the
bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas imenty
years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beauth the same old tree,
I do forget the name just now—you've played the same with me—
On that same spot, 'twas played with kaives by throwing so and so,

The leader had a task to do-there twenty years The river's running just as still, the willows on its side

its side
Are larger than they were, Tom, the stream
appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where
once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts, pretty girls, just

twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spring that bubbled heath the hill, cost of the spreading beech,
Is very low—twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear feet, I startled so,
To see how much I've changed, since twenty years ago.

years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you
did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark
'twas dying sure but slow
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died
twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but sears came

in my eyes I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties: I visited the old churchyard, and took some

flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty
years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid—some sleep,
beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you
and me:
And when our time shall come, Tem, and we are
called to go.
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just
twenty years 2go.

FROTHINGHAM'S LIFE OF GEORGE RIPLEY.

A Singular Novel-Political Economy-Some Historical Works-Literary News and Gossip.

To be

The literary world was much surprised about a year ago at the excellence of the poetical work of Oscar Wilde. Many of his poems showed genuine feeling and all betrayed a skill which few would have given the languid esthete the credit of possessing. The book disproved the idea that a dilettante was incapable of thorough work in art or literature. It showed that Oscar, though a good deal of a charlatan as an esthetic reformer, could lay claim to high rank as a poet. There was imitation of Swinburne's measures and Swinburne's immorality, but there was enough that was strong and original to make the book of poems one of the noteworthy literary events of the year.

Now comes a dainty slip of a book, bound in vellum and printed on parchment, which contains the poems of one of Oscar Wilde's devoted disciples. It is entitled "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf," by Rennell Rodd, and is brought out in this country by J. M. Stoddard & Co., of New York. It is dedicated to the apostle of estheticism, and is enriched by a long eulogistic preface by him. The songs and poems needed no such praise. They would be accepted anywhere as "a valuable addition to poetical literature. The style in which the book is issued, as well as the man who stands sponsor for the poems, prejudice the reader against the new poet. But when one has read a few pages all prejudice vanishes, for in the exquisite songs and sonnets it is not difficult to see the traces of a master hand, whose work will be a revelation to the majority of readers. Mr. Rodd is master hand, whose work will be a revela-tion to the majority of readers. Mr. Rodd is evidently a thorough admirer of William Morris and Swinburne, but there is no weak imitation of their mannerisms with all the spirit omitted. The simple truth is that one ballad given here is equal to anything Morris has written, while other poems would do credit to Swinburne, Keats or Rossetti. In the sonnet this new poet produces his finest effects, and no better illustration of his skill can be found than in these two sonnets on well-known incidents in classic history:

When the last bitterness was past, she bore Her singing Casar to the Garden Hill, Her fallen, pitlini, dead Emperor. She lifted up the begar's cloak he wore—The cne thing living that he would not kill—And on those lips of his that sang no more, That world-loathed head, which she found lovely still, Her cold lips closed, in death she had her will, ACTEA.

O wreck of the last human soul left free
To gorge the beast thy mask of manhood
screened!
Because one living thing, albeit a slave,
Sh d those hot tears on thy dishonored grave,
Although thy curse be as the shoriess sea,
Because sho loved, thou art not wholly fiend,

IMPERATOR AUGUSTUS.

Is this the man by whose decree abide
The lives of countless nations, with the trace
of fresh tears wet upon the hard, cold face?

He wept because a little child had died.

They set a marble image by his side,
Asculptured Eros, ready for the chase;
It wore the dead boy's features, and the grac
of pretty ways that were the old man's pride,

And so he smiled, grown softer now, and tired Of too much empire, and it seemed a joy Fondly to stroke and pet the curly head. The smooth, round limbs so strangely like the dead, to kiss the white lips of his marble boy And call by name his little heart's desired.

Another equally good sonnet recalls Keats in the felicity of phrase and the rare beauty of several of the lines.

on the lines.

On the Border Hills,

So the dark shadows deepen in the trees
That crown the border mountains, all the air
If the control of the border mountains, all the air
Is filled with mist-begotten phantasies,
Is filled with mist-begotten phantasies,
Is filled with mist-begotten the sunset glare.
Shaped and transfigured in the sunset glare.
What tossing head-gear and whatred-gold hat
What lances flashing, what far trumpet's blare
That dies along the desultory breeze?
Slow night comes creeping with her misty wing.
Up the hill's creet, where the vew trees grow;
About their shadow-haunted circle chings
The rumor of an unrecorded wee,
Old as the hattle of the border kings
Slain in the darkling hollow-lands below.

High over the wild sea-border, on the farthest downs to the West.
Is the green grave mound of the Norseman, with the yew-tree grove on its crest.
And I heard in the winds his story, as they leapt up sall from the wave, and the act the creaking branches that grew from the sea king's grave.
Some son of the ald world Virines, the wild see downs to the West.

Is the green grave mound of the Norseman, with the green grave mound of the Norseman, with the yew-tree grove on its crest.

And I heard in the winds his story, as they leapt up salt from the wave, and tore at the creaking branches that grew from the sea king's grave.

Some son of the old world Vikings, the wild seawn wandering lords,
Who sailed in a smake-prowed galley, with a terror of twenty swords.

From the flords of the sunless winter, they came of Odin passed.

Till over the what world's seaboard the shadow of Odin passed.

Till over the what world's seaboard the shadow of Odin passed.

It shay sped to the thinand waters, and under the Southland skies, and stared on the puny princes, with their blue, victorious eyes.

And they said he was old and royal, and a warror all his days, but the king who had slain his brother lived yet in the island ways.

And he came from a hundred battles, and died in his last wild quest, for he said: "I will have my vengeance, and then I will take my rest."

He had passed on his homeward journey, and the king of the isles was dead; "He had drunken the draunch of triumph, and his cup was the isle king's head; and he space of the song and feasting, and the gladness of things to be, and there days over the water they rowed on a waveless sea.

Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward, and a gust brok out of the cloud, and a spray beat over the rowers, and the murmir of winds was loud, with the voice of the far-off thunder, till the shadering air greew warm, and the day was as dark as ever, and the wild god rode on the storm.

But the day was as dark as ever, and the wild god rode on the storm.

But the and his brow, and he waved he was his brow, and he waved he was his brow, and they found him dead.

So here, in his war guise armored, they laid him down to his rest, in his flery eyes.

And his rest, in his brow harmess and gleamed in his flery eyes.

And his part of the shord him cheat, and his hair and his beard burned red; and his prest; lister of his crew.

We have space only for two short selec-We have space only for two short selections, which will give the reader an idea on the versatility of the poet and his skill in producing artistic effects from the simplest materials. The one entitled "When I am Dead" is the type of a class of poems reflecting the varying moods of one who has suffered the bitter loss of a love which promised to enrich life and redeem it of all unloveliness. The other is as simple and charming as the flower it describes:

when I am dead my spirit
shill wander far and free,
Through realms the dead in horit
Shill wander far and free,
Through realms the dead in horit
Of earth and sky and ear.
Through morning dawn and gloaming,
By midnight moons at will,
By shorss where the waves are loaming,
By neas where the waves are still,
I, following late behind you,
In wingless, sleepless flight,
Will wander till I find you,
In sunshine or twillight;
With slient kiss for greeting
On lips and eyes and head.
In that strange after-meeting
Shall love be perfected.
We shall lie in summer breezes
And pass where whirlwinds go,
And the Northern blast that freezes
Shall bear us with the enow.
We shall stand above the thunder,
And watch the lightnings hurled
At the misty mountains under
Of the dim, forsaken world.
We shall flught and on boosteps traces,
And passing hand in hand
By old familiar places,
We shall laugh and understand,

THE DAISY.

With little white leaves in the grasses,
Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
It waits till the daylight passes,
And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even, And I know what it wished to say; There are stars all night in the heaven, And I am the star of day.

From these selections it will be seen that this new poet is worthy of a generous reception. It is a misfortune that his songs have been given so costly a dress, for they should have a wide circulation, as they show the best Slain in the darkling hollow-lands below.

As a striking contrast to this delicate work agreement of the best etching—we reproduce the following Scandinavian battle dirgo, which is saft with the spray of the sea and resounds with the clangor of the Viking's arms: tendencies of the modern school of poetry. They are wholly free from the crotic element

A GIGANTIC LIAR.

The Story of a Half-Hanged Man. Detroit Free Press.

He had asked the man in the seat beafter stuffing half the contents of the box into his mouth, he had put the box itself into his pocket. When reminded of this he replied:

of this he replied:

"Bless me—bless me! Why, so I did!
Hope you wen't take offense, sir, for I
had entirely forgotten it. Dear me! but
I find fresh evidences every day that I
am not what I used to be. I see that I
am losing my memory."

"That's too bad!" said the other. "How
long have you been thus afflieted?"

"Exactly 13 years ago to-day."

"Did some accident happen to you
then?"

"Accident? Bless you, my dear sir, it was a terrible thing. I was hung by a

mob."
"Is that so? I don't want to be impertinent, but I should really like to hear

about it."

'Certainly — no impertinence about that. I was in Denver. My business there was to sell pianos and organs. One night I called at a house to see about the sale of a piano, and I found the lady murdered in the hall. While I was standing there, horror-struck and terrified, several parties came up, accused me of the deed, and in 10 minutes a mob had a repe around my neck. I was dragged to a tree, given two minutes to pray, and then pulled up."

'Hung by the neck?'

'Yes—a regular hangman's noose and

"Hung by the neck?"
"Yes—a regular hangman's noose, and the end of the rope was made fast, and I was left swinging."
"Great Scott! and—and—but you didn't die?"

didn't die?"

"I dunno," softly answered the piano man. 'I date my loss of memory from the very minute they began pulling on the rope. Perhaps I was cut down and resuscitated—perhaps the corpse was taken out and buried. As I told you before, my memory has sadly failed me."

The other puzzled over it, blew his nose, got red in the face, and finally blurted out:

"Say mister I beliave you are a circum"

"Say, mister, I believe you are a gigantic, consarned liar!"

"Like as not—like as not!" blandly replied the piano man. "When a man's memory begins to fail, he may ht the truthor he may lie—just as it happens. Have you any good chewing tobacco with you?"

Rest.

Rest will be sweet in the evening, when the day's long labor is done—

Now, I must be up and doing, for my work is scarce begun!

Peace may be dear to the veteran, grown weary of war's alarms—
But now I'm longing for battle, the clash and the clang of arms!

Death by and by will be welcome, if I have been faithful and true—

Now, there is life to be lived, and I have so much to do!

Once, in the early morning, when the dews were not yet dry. In the misty summer morning, or ever the sun was high,

As I looked along the road whereby I must presently go, and saw how great was the journey, how fiercely the noon would glow,

Kafe felt too heavy a burden, and I so weary and worn, Weary before I had labored, and longing for night at morn.

Weary before I had labored; but labor has brought me rest,
And now I am only eager to do my work with the best.

What right have I to be weary, when my work is scarce begun?
What right have I to be weary, when aught remains to be done?

I shall be weary at even, and rest will the sweeter be:
And blessed will peace be to them that have won the victory!

But now is the time for battle-now I would strive with the best:

Now is the time for labor; hereafter remaineth rest.

- Mary A. Hoppus.

Egypt's Dying Queen.

Antony! my love and lover,
Conquered by my wondrous spell,
Glorious victim of my magic,
Have I dragged thee down to hell?
Fallen chieftain! Unthroned monarch!
Lost through blindest love of me,
Fast, on shades of night eternal,
Wings my soul its flight to thee!

Caesar shall not grace his triumph
With proud Egypt's captive queen;
Soothed to sleep by aspic kisses,
Soon my breast on thine shall lean;
Soon my life, like lotus blossoms,
Swift shall glide on Charon's stream;
Clasped once more in thy embraces
Love shall prove an endless dream.

Iras! Charmian! Bind my tresses-Place the crown above my brow;
Touch these hands, and take these kisses —
Antony reproves not now.
Gods! My lips breathe poisoned vapors;
They have struck my Charmian dead!
Foolish minion! Durst precede me
Where my spirit's lord has fled?

None shall meet his smile before me, None shall meet his smile before me,
None within his arms repose;
Be his heart's impassioned fires
Quenched upon my bosom's snows,
None shall share his burning kisses,
Ere I hasten to his side;
Octavia's tears may prove her widowed—
Cleopatra's still his bride.

See! my courage claims the title; See: In y courage claims the title; Closer press the aspic fangs; Memories of his quickening touches Sweeten now these deadly pangs. Honor, manhood, glory's teachings, All he bartered for my smile; Twined his heart-strings round my fingers, Vibrant to the touch the while.

Followed fast my silver rudder; Fled from Cæsar's scornful eye; Heeded not his bleeding honor, Glad upon my breast to lie.
Then I snared him in my meshes,
Bound him with my wily art,
From the head of conquering legions
Snatched him captive to my heart.

Wild his soul at my caresses;
Weak his sword at my command; Weak his sword at my command.
Rome, with fury, saw her mightiest
Bowed beneath a woman's hand.
Noblest of the noble Romans!
Greatest of the emperors — thee!
Thou didst fling away a kingdom —
Egypt gives herself to thee!

Sweet as balm, most soft and gentle, Drains the asp my fainting breath; Antony, my lord, my lover! Stretch thine arms to me in death. Stretch thine arms to me in death.

Guide me through the deepening shadows—
Faint my heart and weak my knee;

Glorious victim! Ruined hero!

Cleopatra dies for thee!

—Anon.

NEVER MIND WHAT "THEY" SAY.

Don't worry nor fret
About what people think,
Of your ways or your means,
Of your food or your drink,
If you know you're doing
Your best every day,
With the right on your side,
Never mind what "they" say.

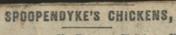
Lay out in the morning
Your plans for each hour,
And never forget
That old time is a power.
This also remember
'Mong truths old and new,
The world is too busy
To think much of you.

Then garner the minutes
That make up the hours,
And pluck in your pilgrimage
Honor's bright flowers.
Should grumblers assure you
Your course will not pay,
With conscience at rest,
Never mind what "they" say.

Then let us, forgetting
The insensate throng
That jostles us daily
While marching along,
Press onward and upward,
And make no delay—
And though people talk,
Never mind what "they" say.

—Palmer Journal.

"And they twain shall be one flesh." A woman in Philadelphia being so dreadfully burned that the flesh tissue would not grow again, her husband, without flinching, allowed the physicians to take ten pieces of skin from his right arm, and offered them the whole of it if necessary to save her.



And the Coop He Tried to Build to Keep Them In.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he appeared before his wife with a broad grin on his face, "say, my dear, "ree bought some chickens, so we can have tresh laid eggs. Look!" and he held out a couple of pair of fowl tied by the legs, for Mrs, Spoopendyke's contemplation.

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Of all things! chickens! Ever since we've been married I've wanted chickens!" and she approached the birds cautiously and with a look of misgiving that belied her words. "Where can we keep them?"

look of misgiving that belied her words. "Where can we keep them?"

"In a coop, Mrs. Spoopendyke, in a coop!" retorted her husband, laying the chickens on the bed while he divested himself of his coat and vest. "We might keep 'em up the chimney or in the clock, but we probably won't. We'll just keep 'em in a hen coop, and I've got the laths and nails down stairs to build it with. Come down in the yard," and Mr. Spoopendyke grabbed his new acquisition by the legs and started oil, followed by his wife.

"Do you know how to build a coop?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she watched her husband dig a posthole in the corner she had reserved for a geranium-bed.

dig a posthole in the corner she had reserved for a geranium-bed.

"If I don't, you probably do," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, kicking away at the spade until he loosened his leg. "Now, I put this post here and that one there. Then the two dences make the rest, and I only lath up these two-dod gast the post!" he concluded, as it toppled over on his ear. "Can't you hold it up? What're you sitting around there like a cork in a jug for? Hold it up, will ye?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke grasped the post firmly with both hands and held it at an angle of thirty de-

ooth hands and held it at an angle of thirty de-grees.

"Now hold it perfectly still while I dig the other hole," and Mr. Spoopendyke hacked away at the ground again and set his second post.

"I see what you mean," giggled Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, "You slat it up from one post to the other and then put the chickens in, My! how nice that'll be!"

Mr. Spoopendyke glared at her a moment and then began putting up his laths, standing between the posts and the fence corner and whist-ling as he worked.

"Now," said he, as he fluished, "what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke examined the job critically.

think of that?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke examined the job critically,

"It's a perfect palace!" she exclaimed. "But
say, dear, how are you going to get out?"

"Yah-h-h! roared Mrs. Spoopendyke, boundang into the air. "Why dian't ye tell me? What'd
ye want to let me build myself in like a dod
gasted mummy for? Ain't ye got any sense at all
anywheres? Why dian't ye watch what I was
doing?" and Mr. Spoopendyke grinned horriely
through the stats.

"I supposed you were going to build a hole in
it," Taltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, jamming
his leg through the structure. "Want any more
holes?" and he kicked the side half way across
the yard. "Four chickens, four holes!" he
roared, and the laths flew in all directions.
"Want any more holes?" and he smashed the
roof out with the spade. "Holes constantly on
hand! If you don't see the hole you want, ask for
it!" and be blew out the end with terrific energy.
"New goods coming all the time! Second-hand
holes a specialty!" and he banged out the other
end. "Parties wanting holes to send in the country will consuit their interests by applying here
before going elsewhere!" and he ripped down the
rest of the coop with prodigious clatter. "Want
auy more holes in this particular coop?" he
roared, wrenching out the posts and slauming
them across the yard. "Does this hencoop begin
to convey the impression of having a hole in it?"
he demanded, strakking up to his wife.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothlogly, "I'm so glad you got out, but where can we
keep 'em!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke, with a
horrible grimace, and grashing the wretched
towis by the legs, "who's going to keep 'em!" and
he cut the lashings. "Spoopendyke, as the
last bird sild over the fence and disappeared.
"Elected and "Alexed and "A

into the air.
"Never mind," coosed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as the last bird sild over the fence and disappeared.
"Chickees are a nuisance, anyway. We really didn't need any."

! Why didn't you say so before I bought 'em?"
blurted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he dashed into the news.

blurted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he dashed into the house.

41 didn't know it," signed Mrs. Spoopendyke, hooking around on the wreck, "and, beside, I dou't believe we would have had many eggs, because these chickens were all roosters."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke failowed her husband, who stormed around the rest of the evening because she couldn't find the Eagle of January 12, 1878, which he had cautioned her to save because there was something in it he wanted to read, and which he had used the next day in conjunction with the back breadth of her new flannel petticoat, to clean his shotgun with.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY JOHN R. TROMPSO Two armies covered i ill and plain Where Rappanannock's waters Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain Of hattle's recent slaughters.

The Summer clouds lay pitched like tents in meads of heavenly azure; And each dread gun of the elements Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slewly from the river,

And now where circling hills looked down With cannon grimly planted, O'er listless camp and silent town The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came A strain, now rich, now tender, The music seemed itself aflame With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn Played measures brave and nimble, Had just struck up with flute and horn And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the bank Till margined by its peobles, ne wooded shore was blue with "Yanks," And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band, With movement light and trickey, Made stream and forest, hill and strand, Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow, Went proudly o'er its pebbles, But thrilled throughout its deepest flow With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And Yankee Dooule was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew To kiss the shining pebbles— Loud shrieked the swarming boys in blue Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang Above the stormy riot; No shout upon the evening rang— There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood Poured o'er the glistening pebbles; All silent now the Yankees stood, All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard That plaintive note's appealing. So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees, As by the wand of fairy, The cottage neath the live-oak trees, The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies Bend in their beauty o'er him; Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes Ris loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain In April's tearful weather. The vision vanished as the strain And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art, Expressed in simplest numbers, Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart, Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines, That bright, celestial creature, Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines, Gave this one touch of nature,

Consolation of One Who Disbelieves.

lieves.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt.
Where the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail;
I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;
I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;
That the rulers must obey;
Toat the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace;
In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear;
That faith is truer than doubt;
And fiered though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side;
Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars,
I shall see Him—and I will wait.
— Washington Gladden.

LINCOLN'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

LINCOLN'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

Twice Made Insane by Jiits and Bisappointments.

Springfield Republican.

The death of Mrs. Lincoln at the home of that sister where she first met and was courted by her future husband closes the family life of the great President. She was not his first or his deepest love. That distinction belongs to Ann Rutledge, whose father was the founder of the village of New Salem, on the Sangamon, a village which is now deserted. Rutledge was one of the famous South Carrina family, and his daughter, four years younger than Lincoln, seems to have impressed the whole community as a lovely and refined girl, unaffected. "a blonde in complexion, with golden hair, cherry-redlips and a bonny blue eye," says McNamara. McNamara was the lover who first won her heart. He went home to New York to take West his parents, but was detained some years in New York. In the mean time Lincoln pressed his suit, and the girl's parents doubted whether McNamara would ever come back; she gave her love to Lincoln, but insisted on waiting for a formal release from McNamara before marriage. This waiting told upon her sensitive organism, her health declined and she died of what was called brain fever on August 25, 1835. This was the great grief of Lincoln's youth. His reason was unsetted, and his friend Bowlin Greene had to take him off to a lonely log cabin and keep him till he recovered his sanity. Then was when he learned the poem beginning—

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? An old friend who asked him, after his election to the Presidency, if it was true that he loved the name of Rutledge to this day. It is true—true; indeed I did. I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day. It

An old friend who asked him, after his election to the Presidency, if it was true that he loved and courted Ann Rutledge, got this reply:

"It is true—true; indeed I did. I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day. It was my first. I loved the woman dearly. She was a handsome girl; would have made a good, loving wife; was natural and quite intellectual, though not highly educated. I did honestly and truly love the girl, and think often, often of her now."

McNamara returned soon after her death, lived near the little burying—ground, and in 1866 bointed out the grave of Ann Rutledge to Mr. Herndon. This affair had a marked effect upon Lincoln's life, and added to its somber tone; but it probably had also a deeper meaning in purifying and ennobling his inner nature.

Mr. Lincoln, who by this time was a memper of the Legislature, and about 27, next "paid attentions" to a Miss Owens, a smart young woman of some avourdupors, who once told him that she thought he was "lacking in the smaller attentions, those little links which make up the great chain of woman's happiness," because he dangled along by her side once when they were going up a hill, and allowed her friend, Mrs. Bowlin Greene, to "carry a big, fat child, heavy and crossly disposed," up the hill. A still more untoward incident happened once at Mrs. Able's, a sister of Miss Owens. Lincoln had sent word to Able's that he was coming down to see diss Owens for the was coming. Mrs. Able said no, but one of her enfants terribles promptly replied: "Yes, ma, she did, for I heard Sam tell her so," "Lincolu sat awhile and then went about his business," says Lammo's account. Letters exist from Lincoln to Miss Owens in 1836 and 1827, in one of which he says:

"If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, pro-

wont about his business," says Lamon's account. Letters exist from Lincoin to Miss Owens in 1836 and 1827, in one of which he says:

"If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while on the other hand I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any considerable degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miscrable than to believe you aliserable—nothing more happy than to know you were so."

This is the language of an honorable man, a cool lover and a practiced hand in the English language. Miss Owens declined his hand and lived to marry another man at her home in Kentucky and have two sons in the renelarmy, Lamon prints also a letter of Lincoln's to Mrs. O. H. Browning in 1838, reviewing this affair in terms, it must be confessed, brutally derogatory to the young woman's personal appearance and parts. Lamon speaks of its defective spelling, out there are only one or two mispelled words in it, and those, likely enough, by accident. Lincoln was evidently mortified by his rejection and ignobly attempted to represent to Mrs. Browning (the wife of his new-found legislative friend), that the object of his affections had been unworthy of them.

It was not two years (1839) before another Springfield matron, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, had a Kentucky sister to live with her, Mary Todd, daughter of Robert's. Tood of Lexington. Miss Todd was of distinguished family in both States. Her mother had died young, and she had been educated by "a French lady." She had a keen sense of the ridiculous, was sharp, ambitious, high-bred, proud, brilliant, witty, and with a will that open every one else to her purposes, she took Lincoln captive the very moment she considered it expedient to doso." She was ambitious to be the wife of a President, and was courted by Douglas till she dismissed him for his bad morals. She said of one of her mates who had married a wealthy old gentleman

married another maniform it to her the track" again, by which he once manity. He was "arrive arrive definition of the track" again, to use the rison by which he once described he sin by which he once described he of insanity. He was "as crazy as how nearly a year, and did not attent the soft he Legislature of 1841-42, to which he described he and reson and the several head been chosen. They had to "keep and razors away from him." As he can not to marry, as they were unfinted not to marry, as they were unfined a not to marry, as they were unfined a two hours, and probably in consequence advice they—went and married on "two hours," notice." Lincoln told his Matheny, who made out the license if shall have to marry that girl," at "looked as if he was going to the simp and said he was "driven into it" by wards iamily. But, perhaps, these estons ought not to be taken to sen Lamon prints letters from Lincoln to earlier in the year, indicating hisening position, his "great agony," as I calls it.

The "Shields duel" was fonght and two before the marriage, and was one by Mass Todd's saturical sketches in he.

The "Shields due!" was foughts month of two before the marriage, and was ceasioned by Miss Todd's saturical sketches in the San gamon Journal. These sketches were date from the "Lost Township," a homores expression of indefiniteness in locally which add a local point, and were written in vernacular and signed "Rebecca." The last one was in verse and signed "Cathleon." The Miss Todd was no green Western sir is evinced by the spirit of these sketches o local life, which are reproduced in "Lamon's Lifte of Lincoln." She teased Shields in them and he demanding to know the author, Lincoln accepted the responsibility.

WHAT THE BURBOOK WAS GOOD FOR.

"Good for nothing," the farmer said.
As he made a sweep at the burdock's send;
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To see his corn, to gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little tost,
As he hopped up out of the dusty read.
He had just been having a dreadful inght,
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy; "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant forme."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,
And spun his cables fine between.
Twas a beautiful bridge,—a triumph of skill;
The files came 'round, as idlers will;
The spider in hed in his corner dim,
The more that came the better for him.

'Cood for play,'' said a child, perplext
To know what frolic was coming next.
So she gathered the burs that all despead,
And her city play mate was guite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about will ari
And played all day by the burdeck's side.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later we shall go Over the river whose silent flow Bringeth no bark from the further shore, Wafteth no echo or voice or oat.

Sooner or later sad tears will fall On our still faces, and love's swet call Fall unheeded upon our ears— We shall be heedless of smiles or lears.

Face to face with an injured God.

Face to face we must meet His ward.

Sooner or later,—what matters it men We leave the censure or praise of men! What matters it how, if our sails are ble In the Love that guideth to price rest

Sooner or later, life's dreamall o'er.
We shall awake on another shee;
O, what if our feet have never found
The path that leads to the foly ground?

What if our hearts have spuned the love Of the dear Christ who pleuts above! What if in deed and thought and word We have scorned to follow this blessed Lord?

What, O what will the waking he When we have gained elemity?
For sooner or later we all shall meet
The deeds of the past at the indement seat.
Portland Transcript. Ila

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I would like You of You

Or :

CLEOPATRA TO ANTONY.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Last night as I lay in the moonlight,
I listened in vain for your speech;
I lay in the light, and I stretched me,
But empty my aching arms reached.
I drew back my soft silken curtains
To let in the splendor of night,
And it shone on my hot, throbbing bosom
That glowed and pulsed in its light,
I breathed the soft breath of the midnight;
I bathed in the moon's silvery flood;
I panted with heat, and the fever
Of love in my riotous blood.

Of love in my riotous blood.

I lay on my hot couch of purple,
And I wished that it were a grave
I went to the crystalline fountain,
There my hot body to lave.
I plunged in the sparkling waters,
Beneath the broad light of the moon,
And the air was oppressive with fragrance
Of flowers that hung folded at noon.
I listlessly gazed on the garden,
Where rich trees bowed to the wave,
For my heart lay under a burden
Of jealousy strong as the grave—
Aye, strong as the grave and more cruel
For Antony tarries away.
Has a fair woman captured the hero
Once victor in every fray?
Has a woman fettered my tyrant
With tresses of bright golden hair?
Does she feed on his eloquent kisses?
And has he forgotten me there?
Ho! Charmian, call me a messenger;
I will send once more to my brave,
My grand, gray-haired, old Roman.
Sale carry this message, O slave!
Since ever the day when my soldier
Clasped on his armor and sword,
To march at the beck of the Caesar,
I have never forgotten my word.
Not made was my promise for breaking, I have never forgotten my word.

Not made was my promise for breaking,
Though my Roman would say with a smile,
Expect nothing better of women.
Is 't not so, my old Serpent of Nile?"

WAS

My,

kill;

Ah! what king is like to my hero,
With his royal, godlike form?
With his arms like the steel of Damascus,
And his voice as grand as the storm.
With shoulders like broad, showy mounta showy mountains, With shoulders like the pomegranate's bud;
Dark eyes like the deep pools in forests,
Quick-angered with hot, jealous blood!
Never another was like him.
No warrior so brave and so true; one blame me or wonder That into my life he grew?

That into my life he grew?

Antony, come back to your Egypt!
The hours are so weary. It seems
The only delight in life's promise
Appears to me in my dreams.
One night I lay in deep slumber,
Oppressed by the evening's still heat,
And I dream ed I saw you lying
Stretched at a woman's feet.
That up to her pale, high forehead,
Were raised your passionate eyes,
And you lifted the hem of her garment,
While your breath was broken with sighs.
You raised the hem of her garment,
And pressed it long to your lips;
As if her mouth were her raiment
You kissed, as the honey-bee sips.
Then, filled with a jealous fury,
I sprang at her treach'rous neck,
But you stretched your hands and caught me,
And held my fury in check.
And I struggled, and screamed, and panted,
While her carmine cheeks turned pale,
And she trembled, and drooped, and shivered,
Like a lily before a gale,

And then your red lips parted,

And then your red lips parted,
And your white teeth showed between,
As you said: "I will go to my Egypt,
And I never will leave my queen."
And then I awoke and called you,
But I called to an empty space;
I listened for your answer,
And heard but the sullen pace
Of the slow and sluggish river
That creeps by the palace door,
And I turned on my heated pillow,
And wept, for my heart was sore.

And wept, for my heart was soic.

I would give my kingdom to see you; If only a little while.
You clasp me again, and call me Your Serpent of the Nile.
Glad if you came but to chide me, Or should curse me in your mood, For only love or jealousy Would fan a flame in your blood.
What an empty life is this one That I'm living out alone! From a whole world full of suitors, Not one I'd call my own; For my grint and grizzled hero, With his crisp and curling hair,

Widowed forever leaves me, If he forgets me there.

Bring me a tiger-lily, Iris,
 I will have my fortune told,
 I will have a lover for every
 Black spot on its petals of gold;
 Each leaf shall be a sabre
 To hew all traitors down,
 And then I will call my soldier,
 And I'll give him Egypt's crown,
 Lily, what is my fortune?
 Will my Antony come home
 To his burning sands of Egypt,
 Or tarry there in Rome?
 See! The spotted lily quivers;
 Look! The heavy palm-tree, wave,
 And the lions now lie crouching
 That once were roaming brave; And the Hons how he crouching
That once were roaming brave;
And the listless, lagging river
Is hot now, and it burns
And all Egypt seems as waiting
Till Antony's returns.

What! Here is a Roman soldier-Good news bring you from Rome? uick! Tell me of my Antony, And say he's coming home—

Home to his queen who loves him; Home to his longing mate, Who long ere this has wearied Of watching; but she waits— Your news, grim Roman soldier? My Antony, will he come? And was he friends with Cæsar When you left him in Rome?

Charmian, think you I'm dreaming?
Was a soldier here from Rome?
Did he tell me of Antony.
And say he was coming home?
Here, let me whisper softly,
Lest you shall think I rave,
Did he tell me my Antony
Hatl wedded the pale Octave?
What shall I do, oh, Charmian?
Where hide my shame and grief?
Give me to drink mandragora;
Will oblivion give relief?
O Isis! The glory of Egypt
To the earth is trolled and torn,
No more the head of kingdoms,
Her queen is held for scorn.
Charmian, robe me in sable,
And drape the palace in gloom;
I care not now for its splendor;
A palace may be a tomb.
When I think of the deep devotion

When I think of the deep devotion I laid at his slightest breath, My heart beats faint and heavy, And I wish it might mean death. Think you, Iris, he is happy With that pale and bloodless Octave, And forgets there is an Egypt? Gods! Let me reach this slave, The black night-bird of Erebus, That brought the evil tale, I'll scourge and lash and rack him Till his evil heart shall quail. 'Tis another name for traitor—A Roman soldier? Shame! Aye, shame it is, for Antony Bears a Roman soldier's name!

* * * *
List, Charmian! Hear the sound
Of war-like tramp, and the footstep
Of my Antony on the ground.
It is my soldier's footstep—
Now the gods be praised! He's come—
My love has proved a magnet
To drav him away from Rome.
Aye, now I'll sound a pæan
That shall echo far and near,
And the envious gods shall listen .That shall echo far and near,
And the envious gods shall listen
As it rings out sad and clear!
He loves me, Antony loves me;
Tear your tawny hair, Octave!
He left you for me and Egypt;
Wring your slighted hands and rave.
Let Cæsar behold your sorrow,
And bewail your vaunted charms;
Tell him Antony's in Egypt,
And asleep in Egypt's arms!

CLEOPATRA TO ANTONY.

BY MRS. SARAH M. CLARKE.

Spread a feast with choicest viands— Friends, 'twill be my very last— Bring the rarest flowers to grace it— Haste, my sands of life flow fast; Place an asp beneath the lotus That shall light me to the grave With its starry petal's splendor— Weep not, let your hearts be brave,

Speed, Octavian, with thy minions— Fire thy heart with deadly hate! Thou wilt miss the royal victim— Cleopatra rules her fate! She defies Rome's conquering legions;

Let them triumph in her fall!
What is earthly pomp, or greatness?—
Love, thy love outweighs it all!

Thrones and sceptres are but trifles To my spirit's yearning pain;
What were fortune's gifts, without thee
I would lose the world to gain!
Let no base heart tell our story;
Ages, speak, when time unurns
These dull ashes, say to Ages—
Soul to soul their love still burns.

Facal asp, thy sleep's not endless,
That the morrow's dawn will proveI shall reign in lands elysian Antony's proud Queen of Love!

Isis, and Osiris, hear me!

Hear me, gods of boundless power!

Ye have tasted deathless passion—

Ye will guide me to his bower!

Pardon, mighty ones, the error
If Octavia I have wronged,
Judged by higher laws supernal—
Ah! how earthly passions thronged,
Overpowering heart and reason—
Nature, answering Nature's call,
Rushed, as cloud responsive rushes
On to cloud, to meet and—fall.

Antony, my love, I'm dying!
Curdles fast hie's crimson tide,
But no dark Plutonian shadows
Fall between us to divide,
Hark! the Stygian waters swelling,
Call me, love, with thee to rest—
Death I fear not since thou braved it,
Pillowed on my aching breast.

Strange emotions fill my bosom As I hear the vast unknown;
Yet my heart still throbs in dying,
Antony, for thee alone.
Oh! I feel immortal longings—
I can brave stern Pluto's frown—
Robe me in my regal garments,
Deck with jewels, sceptre, crown.

Antony! I'm coming! coming!
Open, open wide thy arms!
Ah! the blissful hope of union
Robs the grave of its alarms.
See! the glorious heroes beckon
O'er the Stygian water's swell—
I shall have immortal crowning!
Egypt—dear old Nile!—farewell!

CLEOPATRA'S DREAM.

BY W. W. STORY.

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets;
They bar with a purple stain
My arms. Turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain.
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze o'er my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden flow.

And in his arms I lay;
And in his arms I lay;
Ah me I the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep.
Reach down the lute and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with a dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

And the slumbering alternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
The wary crocodile;
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above the grave. As a stone above the grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature An me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain.
Oh, for a storm and thunder—
For lightning, and wild, fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together,
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings;
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"

Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell.
Take him; my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And, melted as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald, blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned. With glowing mountains is crowned, That, burning like molten jewels, Circle its temple round.

Circle its temple round.

I will lie and dream of the past time, Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory Loosen my fancy to play
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And fierce in a tyrannous freedom
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffe fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor
Quivering along the glade; In a yellow cloud of fear.

I sucked in the noontide splendor
Quivering along the glade;
Or, yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade;
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone.
Then I roused and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight
Upon the warm, flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
How powerful he was, and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then, like a storm, he seized me,
With a wild, triumphant cry;
And we met, as two clouds in heaven,
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love, like his rage, was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.
Often another suitor—
For I was flexile and fair.—

Often another suitor— For I was flexile and fair—

For I was nexue and tair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink;
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.
That was a life to live for !

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero;
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!—
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us— That was a life to live for ! When the tiger passions were in us-And love as you loved me then.

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA. BY IULIA CLINTON JONES. Why tarries thus my Tribune? The weighted hours drag on. slave! I tell you, since Antony is gone. Tis æons, slave! I tell you, since Antony is gone. Now, by the hide of Apis! by Isis' sacred veil! The walls of Rome shall totter before the Tribune I fear not haughty Cæsar; my heart his power dis-The pale blood of Octavia creeps in her brother's While he who once with Egypt has piled Love's altar Remembering her caresses, may Egypt's foes defy. Fling wide the casement, Iris! and, Charmian, bring the steel That once my Roman wielded; I would its sharpness Ye gods! that Pharaoh's daughter in place of sor should stand. To fight like fettered tigress, while others draw the brand With lips, twin flames of passion, with eyes that shame the stars, With form of Grecian Helen, yet bear I heart of I'd fling my crown to Nilus, and kneel to sacred To know that haughty Cæsar acknowledged Egypt's might. Hark to the clash of metal—the bray of trumpet How dare the fools this tumult? What means this surging crowd? Why droops Rome's stately standard—staffless, and stained, and torn? it be borne, But in the teeth of triumph, and floating on the wind, For even now Serapis his shadow o'er me flings; With victory around it, and conquered field behind. I'd go as fits the daughter of Egypt's mighty kings. Off with the slave to torture, while you who cower There, throw the gauze about me. Look, Iris, that nigh— Hist, hist! 'tis "Actium!" "Actium!" 'tis "An- Fair as myself at Tarsus, to meet Marc Antony tony!" they cry. Tis news of triumph, surely! none other dare he That banner was the Cæsar's, or Lepidus', his friend. Perhaps e'en now the Tribune hastes hither to my feet; The lotos scents oppress me—I see Canopus shine! So! Death alone is royal, and only Love divine! How stirs the blood within me, when they but call his name his name! At thought of his embraces my pulses leap in flame! I live but half my being until again I taste The rapture of thy kisses—haste, Antony! oh, haste! Bring out the regal purple—bring out my diadem! I'll 'tire me for the victor with every flaming gem. Though fair as Aphrodite at Tarsus, when we met In city of Serapis, my charms are potent yet. When, flushed with pride of conquest, the consul summons sent That Egypt should attend him, in conscious power I Each went to slay the other, and each became the slain. But, by the great Osiris! I'd die that death again! Oh, that wild night on Cydmus, when Sirius shone We poured our full libations, and owned no god but Then maddened by the rapture of passion's frenzied glow, We burned with fiercer fires than Isis' altars know. Scorning all other triumphs, he reveled in my charms, While all the world I cared for I held within my arms. That night e'en gods might envy! Come, Antony, I'll rouse my throbbing pulses, like wine my kisses pour! Now, by the throne of Pharaoh, let fame, ambition Now, by the Inrone of silp! Silp! For Egypt longs to clasp you, an empire, on her lip. The lotus-perfumed breezes blow soft o'er reedy Nile; Our Alexandrian revels and Cleopatra's smile Await to greet the victor. Hark, hark! that odious shout! Libeth a sound like "Ruin!" There, Charmian,

list without.

hath come.

sword.

Ha, Charmian, upon mil

Who dares to couple ruin with the Triumvir's name? Or who dares cry "Disaster!" and blare forth Egypt's shame?

Perchance that pale Octavia hath chilled with cold

The martial blood within him. Her frozen, marble

Hath turned to ice his fires; thus some mischance

Then needed he his Egypt, to thaw that frost of

But he, the great Triumvir, and Cleopatra's lord, Hath won too many triumphs to fall 'neath Cæsar's

Ho, guards! enforce a silence! When next the rab-

They'll cheer the mighty Tribune, and hail his victory.

me word passed thee, and smote

guile. Speak quick! again!—Thou liest! What, dead! —the Tribune dead! Forsaking Cleopatra—is that what thou hast said? Out, out! thou brazen liar! Serapis' self might shrink

Speadout. Why dost thou falter? Shall I, an em-

press, fear?
The Circe of old Egypt, the Serpent of the Nile,
Though every god desert her, can Death himself be-

To tear my lover from me. I'd snatch him from the brink Of that dark, awful region. I hear! tis true—again!
"Fa a the great Triumvir, on his own weapon slain!"

I knew no paltry Cæsar could lower this Roman's

His own steel drew the torrent-none other pierced

his breast. He, o'er himself sole victor, hath gone with daunt-less tread,

For us a colder Cydmus in Stygian shades to spread. What could the gods grant better, O Antony, than this-

To live in arms of Egypt, and die for Egypt's kiss? Shall I survive my kingdom—a queen undone, discrowned?
Shall minion of an upstart, a Ptolemy be found?

What though Octavius seek me, it were in truth disgrace
Should puppet of an empire usurp the sovereign's

Old Egypt's proud Astarte hath held too high a

For whom one conqueror languished, one held a world at bay.

Come hither, Charmian! Nea! Prepare my regal

state: I go to wake Serapis, and banquet with my mate. Bare once again my bosom; these smooth, warm limbs unvail;

Why lags the slave that bears it? Not thus should Perfume my dusky tresses; tinge where the rich hues

pale; For even now Serapis his shadow o'er me flings;

Now for the last caresses! Ah, gods! with closer

And sweeter lip than lover's, clings to my breast the asp.

CLEOPATRA.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

On crimson cushions, floating down the Nile-On crimson custions, notting down the reflection of the old, old Nile of dreams and sleep—slow drifting, With Antony a slave beneath her wile, And over her the sunbeams brightly sifting, O starry eyes that would a soul beguile
From glittering courts of heaven to nether hell! Great midnight lamps-slumbrous, and sweet, and

With heavy lily-lids so slowly lifting—
Falling, trembling, drooping 'neath his smile,
The smile of Antony, who drinks her beauty in
In breathless rapture!

Whysbould it be sin

To be a craven, and let proud Rome go To the invading dogs, when the sweet woe Of Copatra's love is all his own? Oh, the is honor to a kiss of her, Clinging, and long, and warm, and rich as myrrh?

Languid she lies beside him as they float Down the old mystic Nile in sunset splendor. A serpent gleams about her dusky throat; Her luscious mouth is curved in smiles, and tender; Her tawny limbs, half-bare and half-concealed, Are perfect as the lotus buds; her hair, Are perfect as the lotus buds; her hair,
Perfumed and silken, trails in heavy cloud
Across her tawny bosom, where the blood
Throbs red and hot. The sunset's tinted shrouds
Fade into night. Her velvet lips are parted;
She winds her arms round Antony, faint-hearted,
And all the world is lost, well-lost, for this,
For this one rapturous, shivering, maddened kiss.
And night comes down to take her star-gemmed
throne.

And hight comes down to take he throne.

And Antony is in the feverish flood

Of this great rushing madness. And the hours

Are long and dark; faint with the musk of flowers,

And drowsy music, as they drift and drift,

Weepped in each other's arms, adown the Nile. Ha! by our sire, Sesostris! by every Ptolemy!
I'll teach the slaves a lesson when comes Marc An-Wrapped in each other's arms, adown the Nile.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY GENERAL W. H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying! Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast, And the dark Plutonian shadows Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me! Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear! Hearken to the great heart-secrets Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions Rear their eagles high no more, And my wrecked and scattered galleys Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;

Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman— Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions Mock the lion thus laid low; Twas no foeman's arm that felled him— 'Twas his own that dealt the blow; His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray;
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble Dare assail my fame at Rome, Where my noble spouse, Octavia, Weeps within her widowed home

Seek her! Say the gods have told me—Altars, augurs, circling wings—That her blood, with mine commingled, Yet shall mount the throne of kings!

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian Glorious sorceress of the Nile, Light the path to Stygian horrors With the splendors of thy smile. Give to Cæsar crowns and arches; Let his brow the laurel twine; I can scorn the Senate's triumphs, Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die. Ah! no more amid the battle Shall my heart exulting swell; Isis and Osiris guard thee— Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross; Always an effort to make

If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take,
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder's the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill
We must push and struggle and strive,
And always and everywhere
We'll find on our onward course
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet
And a difficult river to cross.

For rougher the way that we take
The stouter the heart and the nerve;
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve,
For the glory we hope to win
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis foily to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So ready to do and to dare Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountain high
The billows may war and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm,
When the difficult river we cross.

-Exchange.

IF I WERE A GHOST.

If I were a ghost, and you were a ghost,
And we met in the deadman's land,
Would your heart rejoice at the sound of my Would you shrink at the touch of my hand?

If you knew at once, as I know you would,
That all of the pleasures and pain.
Of the gladness of love and the sadness of Were to be lived over again.

Would heaven seem heaven, then, do you think?
Would you find it a sweet surprise,
If within your breast the human nurest
Should awake again in the skies?

Or would it not darken that fair new world With a shadow of earthly stain? For if perfect bliss could be marred by my Then the peace of heaven were vain.

Oh, foolish questions and idle thoughts, What do I care for the life above? When our souls, I know, wherever they go, Vid die with the death of our love.

CUPID SCHOOLID.

When she was gay as a linnet, And I was as fresh as a lark Never a day but some minute 'We met betwixt dawning and lark.

"Katle, and when shall we marry "
"Marry?" she said with a sub"That's cake and ribbons on Ecoda;
And sorrow ere Saturday's by.

"You are as lean as a lizard, I am as poor as a mouse; Nothing per annum paid quetarly, Hardly finds rent for a house, " Love and crust in a cottage.

Capital! just for a pair; What if the hut should grow popul How would the populacs fare? "Oh, ay! the uncle you recken on, Gouty, and rich and unwed... Dick! They wait ill, says the idage, who Wait for the shoes of the dead.

"Ah! If I loved you I'd risk it!
That's what your thinking, I gue
Why, I would risk it to morrow,
Dick, if I cared for you less!

"Love's apt to fly out at window
When poverty looks in at door;
Rather I'd die than help banish him, Dick, just by keeping you poor.

"Kiss me! You'll look in en Sunday? Wen't my new bonnet be brave? June at its longest and leanest— My! what a ramble we'll have

"Bye-bye! There's grandmetter wai Patient at home for the tea. Dick, if you wouldn't wed both of us, You must be patient for me!"

Showers, if they ruffle its foliage, Freshen the green of the grove; True lover's tiffs, said old Terent Only fresh fuel to love.

If I flung off in a passion-If she crept in for a cry— unday came smiling and settled it; Katie was wiser than I.

Love's but a baby that, passionste, Tries to be mated at birth; Time isn't lost if it teaches you What a good woman is worth

What if the waiting was wearsome?
What if the work days were dreat?
Time, the old thief, couldn't rob us of
Fifty-two Sundays a year.

How long was liberty coming: Long enough—even her way Lustrum or Decade, or Centary What does it matter to-day?

Nunky died single at sixty, Granny at eighty or so; Well, if we didn't weep long for 'em-'Twasn't in nature, you know.

Grannies and uncles are lisble All to die some day, that's clear; Sorrow finds wonderful comfort in Five or six hundred a year.

And lovers may marry at forty,
Ay, and live happy to boot;
Though Phillis be gray as a badger,
And Cordyon baid as a coot.

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The Quiet Garden.

All silent is the garden
Where the children used is stray;
The children, men and women now
Grown up and gone sway.
Amid the strife and foil of life
Have never time to play!

Here in the rustling beeches
Once the immet loved to sing;
The bird still seeks the old home-fi
While human hearts take wing.
For man has less of faithfilness
Than any living thing.

Oh heart, grown sour with sorrow
While the swift years is apose.
Is there no everlasting low.
That knows not time par pace?
All loves revive, and grow of thrive
In God's great resting place.

The treasures of His kinrim
Are our old things all make new,
Old hopes, old scenes, and nied flowers
Beptized with heavest en;
The sin and doubt he wash out,
And leaves the pure and trae.

Want in the quiet garden
While the linner thrills its sons;
The other voices, silent now.
Shall come to thee are long.
Bartill's weakness past, love's tone at last
Shall ring out clear and strong!
Shall ring out clear and strong!

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OLD NANTUCKET.

Observations of Prentice Mulford.

LIFE IN A QUEER COMMUNITY.

Relics of Former Greatness-Modern Improvements Ignored.

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I Written for the CHRONICLE I

I spent recently two weeks on the island of Nantucket. I was told there that Nantucket sent a thousand young men to California in '49, and that of these few had ever returned. Of these those wire survive and recollect aught of their native piace may be interested to know that the brick Customhouse still remains, but the "House of Lords" and "House of Commons" are almost defunct, and being so belong rather to Nantucket's past than present history. The "House of Lords" was a atom in the Custom-house wherein the whaling merchants were accustomed to meet and "talk oil." The "House of Commons" was another room frequented by the whaling captains and mates for the same purpose. But no whaler has salled from Nantucket for twenty years. Of the old whaling merchants, but two now meet in the "House of Lords." Half of the old wharves have rotted away. There remain of them nothing but artificial "spits" reaching out from the shore, with a few rotten timbers projecting therefrom daily covered and uncovered by the tides. Cooper shops, boathouses and warehouses still stand near the water's edge, but they resound no longer with the busy hammer of the cooper, the boatbuilder, or that of the blacksmith forging harpoons and lances, here and there is seen one of the huge iron try-pots, but it seems now to have no mission, and lies patiently waiting for its ultimate destination—the scrap-iron furnace. The "walks" on the house-tops are all there, but none go upon them to view the long-absent and approaching whaleships. These "walks" surrounding the ridges of many of the Nantucket houses puzzle inland visitors and are sometimes by them taken long-absent and approaching whaleships. These "walks" surrounding the ridges of many of the Nantucket houses puzzle inland visitors and are sometimes by them taken for aerial tea gardens or ice-cream saloons. They are in effect artificial yards, having board floorings, inclosed by a fence breast high, and sometimes extending the whole length of the house. When an incoming whaler was signaled it was an event for all Nantucket. Everybody rushed to catch a sight of the vessel. The garret scuttle was not large enough to accommodate the whole amily, so the Nantucketer devised this walk" on his house-top. It was his shore lookout, or "crow"s nest."

A DESERTED VILLAGE

Nearly half the houses are unpainted and mostly shingled on the sides as well as tools. They stand directly on the street, omitting the formality of dooryards. The treets are generally narrow, sandy, crooked the streets are generally narrow, and hour among treets are generally narrow, sandy, crooked and lifeless. I tramped for an hour among private residences of high and low degree. I saw but three live people and these were children. Outside these houses convey to you the idea of being half empty. At the court end of the town I passed several large trick residences, whose door plates bore the names either of Macy or Starbuck. I presume these belonged to the Nantucket nothing. At some of the windows I saw old men's faces, and from their expression they men's faces, and from their expression they semed living over the life of Nantuck-t's past, when the wharves were crowded with whalers under repair, the adjagent streets with full oil casks, and the sidewalks with returned whalemen in round tarpaulin hats, long streamers of black ribbon pendlectures and accidents. He also sells papers and cries the regular meat auctions. On certain days the Nantucket butcher atranges his older stock of meats in lots, pierces each lot with a skewer and the public auctioneer sells them to the highest bidder. The town has but one lawyer. The two doctors, allopath and homeopath, have formed forces and merged themselves in a single drug store. The Rev. Mrs. Hannah Baker for twenty years has preached in the Congregational churches. I saw no indications of liquor shops on the streets. Not even a lager-beer sign was visible. The town jailer still receives his \$50 per year and house rent free, as did his father before him. The jail looks as though it might be wrecked by any prisoner in a fit of deitrium tremens. The principal town-crier is "Billy Clark."

THE PEOPLE OF NANTUCKET. The principal Nantucket family names are Mill, the historic ones of Macy, Folger, Starbuck, Collin, Swain, Hussey, Mayhew, Barnard and a few others. If of the many Barnard and a few others. If of the many Macy, Starbuck, or Coffin families two babies nave accidentally the same surname tacked to them, they add verbally a numeral to distinguish them, as "John Coffin first"; or they prefix to the name the locality of his birth, as "Sconsett Bill Baxter," to distinguish him from "Nantucket Bill Baxter," The Nantucketer on arising in the morning makes it the first duty of the day to pull aside the window curtains and ascertain which way the wind is blowing. He must kill his pig while the moon is fulling. If it is killed while the moon is decreasing in size, he holds that the pork will shrink in the pot while boiling. If it has rained during the night and there remain drops on the window-panes, he argues that it will rain all day. He declares that no man ever saw a cloud rise In the eastern horizon. One of the present industries of Nantucket is that of selting its antique furniture to sirangers. There is one large store filled with ancient chairs, mirrors, table-ware, bureaus, bellows, andirons, spinning-wheels—anything, everything in domestic use 100 and 200 years ago. These articles are sold on confinission. Even the remaining har-Macy, Starbuck, or Coffin families two babie and 200 years ago. These articles are sold on commission. Even the remaining har-poons and lances of Nantucket find their way to these stores. I visited one shop with a friend who summers permanently at "Sconsett." He was seized with the an-"Sconsett." He was seized with the antiquarian distemper soon after entering, and bought two harpoons, a large pewter platter at \$4 and ten pewter plates at \$1 apiece. At certain brica-brac stores (peculiar to all watering places from Nantucket to Niagara and farther on, where are kept the same shells, Indian beadwork and Swiss wood carvings.) I found also departments devoted to the Indian beadwork and Swiss wood carvings,) I found also departments devoted to the sale of the ancient Nantucket earthen or china ware cream jug, milk pitcher and sugar bowl. The Nantucketers call a clambake a "squantum." A thunder-shower is termed a "jempest," no matter how brief its duration. Soft clams are the only clams known to the natives. Hard or round clams they denominate "quahogs," Bluefishing is extensively carried on. The fishermen use a small dory, pointed and rising from the water at either end. These they launch and land with great dexterity amid pretty heavy breakers. The Nantucket cart laumen and land with great dexterity amid pretty heavy breakers. The Nautucket cart is still used. It is drawn by one horse, is an open box on wheels, can seat four, tilts slightly backward, has no springs and is accessible by a step behind. This style is peculiar to the island. A team of horses is seldom seen.

A BLEAK ISLAND.

You can look over the whole island from its more elevated points. It reminds one somewhat of a Western prairie. Trees are very searce. There is more solid timber in the many wrecks imbedded at intervals on the sands of the Nantucket beaches than is growing on the entire island. The houses stand out bare and unrelieved by foliage. There is one patch of stunted pines a short distance from Nantucket town. They were planted by an enterprising citizen in 1847. Their limited growth does not encourage further tree culture. Nantucket now takes planted by an enterprising citizen in 1847. Their limited growth does not encourage further tree culture. Nantucket now takes summen his shore life was summed up in a twelve-weeks' spree previous to shipping for another three-years' cruise. Nantucket's single bank still closes at 1 r. M. The bell rings at 12 moontime. The Nantucketer hand a heavenly caim reigns over the whole own for an hour god a bail. Business sleeps this he consumes his midday meat. There a public bell rung at 7 o'clock in the consumes his midday meat. There is a town-crier, who goes reining. There is a town-crier, who goes reining about the streets announcing frequently about the streets announcing frequently about the streets announcing the course of the streets announcing and another at 9 o'clock in the continue and a beach another at 10 o'clock in the continue and a beach another at 10 o'clock in the continue an self-elected postmastership. For years Captain Baxter brought a mail from Nantucket to Liasconsett, having no delegated authority from the United States Government for so doing. When captain Baxter blew his horn in front of a private residence it was to announce the arrival of a letter. He received I cent for each delivery. But when the railroad joined Nantucket to "Sconsett," as its name is abbreviated by the Nantucketer, strangers increased. They built stylish cottages and wanted a regulation postmaster. Congress was appealed to and a postoffice established. No man c Sconsett could be found to take it. None of the young ladies would have it, and at last Mrs. Afmy, after much urging, was prevailed upon a few months since to accept the situation. "Sconsett" centers at its town pump, which is an institution. You go to the town pump for local news; church, legal and other notices are posted on it. The pump was "restored" and repaired about a year ago, which was the occasion of a public celebration and several appropriate cold-water speeches. Many of the native "Sconsett" cottages are decorated with figure-heads and carvings taken from wrecked vessels. The ships's names—Shenunga, or Windsor Custless are to be seen in gill letters on the native's harn. Or over his front door there rests the highly colored bust of some former notoriety who made his last port on the Nantucket beach. The city cottagers, pleased with this custom, have adopted it and will in time purchase all these figure-heads of the Soonsetters.

conseiters.

Some old timers.

Some time during the last century one Zaccheus Macy found himself possessed of great skill in setting bones. As this skill had been given him freely, he also gave of it freely, and during a practice of fifty years treated 2000 cases without pay. But Nanteckt is so far out at sea that the "regular profession" could not legally interfere with Zach's ruinous system.

The last Nantucket Indian died in 1822. The Indians were converted to Christianity at an early period, and at one time had five meeting-houses on the island. Out of their number were elected Justices of the Peace who gave decisions from their benches in a mixture of Indian and English. In one instance one of these Indian Judges had

mixture of Indian and English. In one instance one of these Indian Indees had both phaintiff and defendant tied up and hors swhipped, after which he dismissed the case. A strange sickness finally swept off most of the aborigines. It did not attack the whites.

The Nantucket "sheep commons" are still divided and subdivided by the same intricate fractional system as when some 200 years ago they were parceled out among the twenty-seven original proprietors. A single sheep commons in Nantucket means as much land as will feed a single sheep. Exactly how much land this is no one can tell. An owner in these sheep commons at one time rated a single share is no one can tell. An owner in these sheep commons at one time rated a single share (that, is, a single sheep commons) as 720-19,420 of the whole lot. This, says one of the histories of Nautucket, means an "undivided interest in an indefinite something." About sixty years ago one Obed Mitchell contrived to have a portion of the sheep commons set off for "certain oth purposes." The result was that the purposes." The result was that the owners of the commons owned also the same fractional part in the lands set off. The denominator of the fraction indicating the indefiniteness of what a man owned was changed to suit Obed. Obed died. But the mathematical intricacy of ownership in these Nantucket commons has gone on increasing ever since. Nantucket's single lawyer was kind enough to give me a igthy explanation of the whole system. When he had finished I knew less of the matter than before and held also doubts whether the lawyer himself really under-

stood it. PRENTICE MULFORD, When a pair of red lips are upturned to your

own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them
alone?
Well, mebby you can—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted

selze,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a
squeeze and, mebby you can—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in feach of your

arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and
the harm?
Weil, mebby you do—but I doubt it.
And If by these triers you should capture theart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you gnard it, and keep it, and act the
good part?
Well, mebby you will—but I doubt it.

SACRED SPOTS.

Where Decensed Presidents of the United States are Buried. Albany Evening Journal. The body of George Washington is resting a brick vault at Mount Vernon, in a mar-

ble coffin.

John Adams was buried in a vault beneath
the Unitarian Church at Quincy. The tomb
is walled in with large blocks of rough-faced

granite.

John Quincy Adams lies in the same vault by the side of his father. In the church above, on either side of the pulpit, are tablets of clouded marble, each surmounted by a bust and inscribed with the familiar epitaphs of the only father and son that ever held the highest office in the gift of the American people.

Thomas Jefferson lies in a small, unpretentious private cemetery of 100 feet square, near Monticello.

James Madison's remains rest in a beautiful spot on the old Madison estate, near Orange.

James Monroe's body reposes in Hollywood cemetery, Va., on an eminence, commanding a beautiful view of Richmond and the James river. Above the body is a huge block of polished Virginia marble, supporting a coffin-shaped block of granite, on which are brass plates, suitably inscribed. The whole is surrounded by a sort of Gothic temple—four pillars supporting a peaked roof, to which something of the appearance of a bird cage is imparted by filling in the interstices with iron gratings. James Monroe's body reposes in Hollywood

parted by fitting in the interstices with fron gratings.

Andrew Jackson was buried in the corner of the garden of the hermitage, eleven miles from Nashville. The tomb is eighteen feet in diameter, surrounded by fluted columns and surmounted by an urn. The tomb is surrounded by magnolia trees.

Martin Van Buren was buried at Kinderhook. The monument is a plain granite shaft fifteen feet high.

William Henry Harrison was buried at North Bend, fifteen miles from Cincinnati.

John Tyler's body rests within ten yards of that of James Monroe in Hollywood cemetery, it is marked by no monument, but it is surrounded by magnolias and flowers.

James K. Polk lies in the private garden of the family residence in Nashville, Tenn, It is marked by a limestone monument, with Dorie

marked by a limestone monument, with Dorie

Zacharay Taylor was buried in Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville. The body was subsequently to be removed to Frankfort, where a

quently to be removed to Frankfort, where a suitable monument was to be erected, com-memorative of his distinguished services. Millard Fillmore's remains lie in the beau-tiful Forest Lawn cemetery of Buffalo, and his crave is surmounted by a lofty shaft of Scotch granite.

Scotch granite.

Franklin Pierce was buried in the Concord (N. H.) cemetery, and his grave is marked by a marble monument.

James Buchanan's remains lie in the

James Buchanan's remains lie in the Woodward Hill cemetery at Lancaster, Pa., in a vault & masonry. The monument is composed of a simple block of Italian marking.

e. Abraham Lincoln rests in Oak Ridge ceme-

Abraham Lincoln rests in Oak Riage cemetery, Springfield, III., enclosed in a saccophagus of white marble. The moment is great pile of marble, crunite and bronze. Andrew Johnson's grave is on a cone-shaped eminence, half a mile from Greenville, Tenn... The monument is of marble, beautifully organization.

The body of James A. Garfield has been placed in a tomb at Cleveland.

THE DUDE FROM DUDEVILLE.

This is the dude from Dudeville. This is the maid with golden hair. The soft blue eyes and languid air. That was mashed on the dude from Dude-ville.

This is her brother, a slugger bold, Who thumped the dude when to him was told.

That his sister, the maid with the golden hair,
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.

This is the father who saw the fun,
But said not a word till the thing was done
By his son, the tough young slugger bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was
told
That his sister, the maid with the golden
hair,

hair, And soft blue eyes and languid air, Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville,

This is the buildog, true and tried, That caused the dude to "git up and slide," When unloosed by the father who saw the

This.
But said not a word till the thing was done
by his son, the tough young slugger bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was
tale.

told
That his sister, the maid with golden ha;
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.

An Active Campaign Against the Rodent by the Spoopendykes,

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she backed up into a corner and stuck her head straight out in front of her. "My dear, there's a mouse, what are we going to

"I should judge from the width of your mouth that one of us was going to eat him!" replied Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from his chair and grasping his cane. "Where is he? Show him to me!" and Mr. Spoopendyke rattled under the bed with his stick and then charged on the table. "Haven't ye got any more arms you can stick out in different directions so as to give the approximate locality of that mouse?"

"There he is!" yelled Mrs. Spoopendyke, turning her face to the corner and making a desperate effort to climb up the wall. "Don't you see him? Look out! He'll bite you!" she squealed, springing on a chair.

"Look here!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, who had added a boot to his armament. "Let me smell your breath. What have you been drinking lately? Going to give some adequate idea of the haunts of that mouse? Where is he?" and Mr. Spoopendyke whirled around and smote right and left with his implements. "Has he got a door-plate on his residence to indicate where he lives? Going to sit up in that chair like a frog on a float until that mouse issues cards to show where he transacts his businiss? If ye can't talk out his geography, point your measly finger at him, will ye?"

'Can't you see him?" gurgled Mrs. Spoopendyke, to whose distorted imagination the mouse filled the whole room and lapped over. "There he is! Ow-w-w! Here he comes! There he goes! Whe-e-e-e!"

Mr. Spoopendyke made a lunge in the direction indicated by his wife's stony glare of horror, got the cane between his legs and rolled tumultuously into the closet.

"Do I give the impression of having got him?" he yelled, as he looked out and saw his wife sliding up the back of the chair life a reversed avalanche. "Does the view from your mountain fastness appear to detect the crown of success on the head of this campaign against that dog-gasted mouse? Bring me twelve baskets for the fragments." and Mr. Spoopendyke bounded out of the closet and fired his boot through the mirror,

"Got any more mice anxious to undergo the brief excitement of annihilation! Where-"

"There he goes! Ho-o-o-e-e-e!" interrupt ed Mrs. Spoopendyne, with a prolonged

Mr. Spoopendyke looked around with dazed eyes and spied the mouse for the firs

Whoop!" he roared, as he plunged for the corner. "What is this I see before me, with the tail toward me? Now watch the triumph of genius over the activity of vermin!" and he banged his head against the wall as the mouse darted between his

"He's climbing up the chair! Take him out! Scald him! Burglars?" piped Mrs. Spoopendyke, with her knees in her neck and her hair on end.

"What's the matter up there?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, wrenching himself into a sitting position and contemplating his wife with an expression scarcely indidative of admiration. "What're you doing up there a thousand feet above the level of the sea, anyway? Got some kind of a notion that you're a fancy sunset, haven't you? Think you only need a candle and an emetic to be an active volcano, don't you? Well, you don't-!. Hi, there! Got you now, have 1?" and he made a dive under his wife's chair after the mouse. "Got some kind of

a scientific impression that this combination of mercantile intelligence, known the banks as Spoopendyke, isn't to be reli ed on as a phenomenon in the role of amateur rat trap, haven't you?" and Mr. Spoopendyke gave a vicious jab at the mouse with his stick and found himself stuck under the chair.

"Is he dead" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the gyration of her husband's limbs with pronounced solicitude.

"Get up!" howled Mr.Spoopendyke, trying to extricate himself. "Pull off this measly chair before I convert it into tracts and begin to disseminate it among the clamoring heathens Hear me! Get-!" and with a mighty effort Mr. Spoopendyke upset the chair, bringing his wife down on him like a bundle while the mouse went up the chimney. "That what ye wanted?" he demanded, as Mrs. Spoopendyke strugsled to her feet and looked around for the foe. "Think you've accomplished your dod-gasted design on things? Got through with your earthquake, or was this only a rehearsal?"

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, still dreading the reappearance of the mouse. "You did splendidly. I really think you have scared him away for good."

"Do, do ye?" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with a horribly pleasant expression of visage. "Had time since it happened to think it all over, haven't ye? With your celerity of thought and ability to impart what you know, you only want a tin staircase inside of you and a fire-fly in your fist to be a dodgasted Bartholdi statue of measly Liberty Enlightening the World! The next time you see a mouse around these premises, you get up and sit on him until I get ready to commence You hear? And with this verbal letter of instruction Mr. Spoopendyke projected himself into his night-shirt and filed himself away beneath the sheets.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, scrutinizing herself in the glass and wondering if she was too old to wear her hair banged. "I don't care. I know they bite, because if they didn't, how could they scare folks so?" and, pondering on the impregnability of this argument, Mrs. Spoopendyke pushed a table against the chimney, so the mouse couldn't get back into the room, and sank into a blissfull dream of the Utopian period when the backs of chairs would be made broad enough for women to walk on, when threatened with invasion by the predatory rodent. - Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

WELL, NOT THIS EVENING.

HARVARD LAMPOON.

'Twas a bright and moonlight evening As they wandered on the shore, And she gently pressed his coat sleeve, As she oft had done before.

And they talked about his college, While she charmed him with her looks; Then she called him very naughty, Not at all well up in books.

"Have you ever read," she murmured, "Squees' Memoir? I wish you would." "Well, since you insist," he whispered, "I will try and be so good."

"Take your arm away-you monster!-From my waist, you awful man! That's not what I meant at all, sir! There, you're breaking my new fan!"

"Twas the life of Joseph Squees, sir, And I think you're awful bad! Am I angry? Take me home, sir. Yes, I am just fearful mad!"

Twas a bright and moonlight evening, As he wandered on the shore; But no maiden pressed his coat sleeve As she used in days of yore.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

and Figures Concerning Our Country and Its People.

One voter in seven cannot write.

There are 1952 clerks in the Pension Office.

O00 a year.
The pay-roll of the Government amounts to \$50,609,736 95. to \$50,609,736 96.
In the thirty-eight States there are 1,871,217 illiterate voters.
To improve our rivers and harbors this
year costs \$12,086,200.

year costs \$12,086,200.
One-seventh of the population of Kentucky is colored.
In 1830 there were eighteen clerks in the General Land-Office. Now there are 367.
The postal service of the United States costs the Government this year \$46,225,900.

It costs Uncle Sam this year \$5,456, 389 31 to take care of "Lo," the poor In-

dian.

There are eight Senators and thirteen members of the House Kentuckians by

There are eight Senators and thrreen members of the House Kentuckians by birth.

By the census of 1880 there were in the United States 36,761,607 persons 10 years of age and upward.

It is estimated that the wool clip of this year will amount to 300,000,000 pounds, and be worth \$85,000,000.

Tom Ochiltree is the only native-born Texan that has ever been sent to Congress from that State.

The United States has 143,940 miles of telegraph lines completed, while the whole world has only 550,000 miles.

Pennsylvania has more postoffices (3846) than any other State in the Union. New York comes next, having 3131.

James G. Fair is the wealthiest United States Senator. He is an Irishman and is said to be worth more than \$40,000,000.

The actual yearly expenditures of all moneys for public schools in the whole country is at this time just about \$80,000,000.

There will be expended this year \$146.

000.

There will be expended this year \$146,000 for the manufacture of adhesive postage and of newspaper and periodical

O00 for the manufacture of adnesive postage and of newspaper and periodical stamps.

In 1880 there were 6.239,958 persons over 10 years of age who could not write, or 17 persons in 100. Now there are \$7,000 000 000 who cannot write.

Of the 336 in the Electoral College in 1876, 234, or more than two-thirds, could have been controlled by voters who were unable to read the ballots they cast.

In. proportion to population, notwith-standing the great cities within her borders, New York has only one voter who cannot write to five in South Carolina.

There are nine establishments in the United States producing 3650 watches a day, one establishment alone turning out a watch a minute for ten hours each day.

There are 1,272,208 white persons over 10 years of age in the twenty-two Northern States that are tated as illiterate and 156,644 blacks in the twenty-two Northern States and eight Territories.

THE DEAR MOTHER HUBBARD.

How dear to my heart is the loose Mother Hubbard!
Why can't the authorities let it alone?
'Twas worn by the matron who went to the cupboard

One day to procure for her doggle a bone.

And if a staid matron could wear such a

garment,
Why is it indecent if worn by a belle?
vow I will wear it; there's really no
harm in't,
The loose Mother Hubbard that suits me

The sweet Mother Hubbard, the gay Mother Hubbard, The frilled Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.

II. The garment is graceful; no one can deny it, Enhancing the charms of the matron and

Then why should these Illinois deacons de-

of multiplied graces they's surely afraid.
Unlaced and unbelted, so cool and so

breezy, Within its loose folds it delights me to dwell, No garment I've worn feels so light and so

easy— The sweet Mother Hubbard that suits me

so well.

The dear Mother Hubbard, the frilled Mother Hubbard,
The neat Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.

What though it is frilled at the neck and the shoulders
And looks like a garment that's worn at night,
Its drapery so graceful, enchants all beholders.
And beauty sign to

And beaux view its pretty lace frills with delight.

The garment's a symphony sweet in apparel.
Though shapeless and wanting in shythmical swell;
I'll wean it though in it I look like a barrel—
The dear Nother Hubbard that suits me so
well.

well.
The gay Mother Hubbard, the sweet Mother tinboard.
The critical Mother Hubbard that suits me say and

One voter in seven cannot write.

There are 1952 clerks in the Pension flice.

There are 58,190 postoffices in the United ates.

Mail locks and keys cost Uncle Sam \$25,

00 a year.

At nothing, I am sure; And if you've wounded justice, John, You know the only one Is punishment. So come, stand up; Transgression must abide ne pain attendant on the scheme. That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunbarnt face And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to All the face that John will not—
And if he's been unkind or rude,
I'll whip him on the spot."

"We—we were playin' p-prisoner's bass,
An' n-he is s-uch a t-tease,
An' w-hen I'w-was'nt l-lookin', ma'am,
H-he kissed me—if you please!"
Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind,
The stick came harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged!
Begone ye smiles, begone!
Away, ye little dreams of loye—
Come on, ye frowns, come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John;
Such conduct breaks the rule?
No bay, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A Nemesis she stands—
A premium were put an sin
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals trenible,
So trembled Mary's rosebud lips—
Her heart would not dissemble,

'I wouldn't will him yery hard"—
The stiet steps in its fall—
It wasn't rights do it, but
It didn't hur at all!
'What made you ory, then, Mary Ann''
The whoo't noise makes a pause—
and out open the listening air

ry comes, "Because!"
—Boston Transcript.

MY FIRST PAIR OF BREECHES. How dear to my heart were my first pair o

Although now worn out I remember them They'd been in the house a year or two pre-

And were formerly owned by my big

How my eyes opened wide in great expecta-tion
When told that new breeches for me would be made;
How I let in my heart a stranga sells

And laughed when I thought how I'd loo so arrayed. They were not cut in fashion, of that I

assure you;
They came to the knees, no suspender
were worn;
A patch in those days would excite no grea

notice,
If in climbing a fence my new breeche
were torn. When I first put them on a peculiar sensa-Arose in my bosom that gave me great

For now all the neighbors who'd want in Could see that no girl I was, but a bi

And the pockets-how large, how deep an

how roomy;
I had a place for my marbles, my top and
my ball.
I found one behind—why, twas nothing but
pockets!
There were three that were large and one
that was small.
When I strutted out proudly an addition

titter. From

pain;
When he said: "Can your mother make
panis fit no better?"
I said naught for answer, but looked with
disdein.

From those days of our childhood, siss we've now parted.

Does your first pair of breeches ne'er give you a thought?

Did they not fit you better, at least you did think so.

Than those from the tailor that since you have bought?

Than those from the tailor man have bought?
But now, when you see that new breeches are needed.
A tailor, you'll find, you must soon interview.
And your purchase of pant will, perhaps be impeded—
He's not like your mother he will not trust you.

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CALIFORNIA NAMES.

Their Derivations and Meanings.

PIETY AS A GEOGRAPHER.

An Extensive Spanish Nomenclature and a Few Last Traces of the Indians.

There are few San Franciscans who do not know that this cuty when a village was called Yerba Buena and that the name is Spanish, signifying "good herb," but there are few perhaps who have taken the trouble to inquire why the little settlement should have been so called. Yerba buena, or yerba benedicta, besides its literal interpretation, means "mint," and it is generally supposed benedicta, besides its literal interpretation, means "mint," and it's generally supposed that this herb must have been found growing wifid both on Goat island and the hills surrounding the cove by the first Spanish discoverers of San Francisco. The city's present name is the original one of the Prasidio, which, on the 17th of September, 1776, was founded—the day on the Catholic calendar, being dedicated to the stigmata of the seraphic St. Francis of Assisi. It will not be considered pedantic to remark here that San is the Spanish for the masculine form for Saint and Santa for the feminine. So Saint Francis is San Francisco and Saint Clara is Santa Clara. There are a number of other counties named after saints of both sexes, thus San Diego means Saint Jones and Saint Joachim, and San Louis Obispo means Saint Louis the Bishop. In nearly every instance, however, Bishop. In nearly every instance, however, these saintly names were originally borne by the old missions within the county's borders.
MISSION NOMENCLATURE,

these saintly names were originally borned by the old missions within the county's borders.

MISSION NOMENCLATURE.

This is notably so in the case of San Diego, the first mission in California having been founded where the town now stands in honor of San Diego de Alcala on his day, July 16, 1769. When the county was formed the old Spanish name was still further perpetuated by being given to it. In the case of San Joaquin, the county has taken the name of the river, which by the way was first called El Rio de San Francisco, which flows through it. In the case of San Luis Obispo, 100, the county name was first borne by the mission, the distinctive "Obispo" being added because there were two missions dedicated to San Luis, this one having been a very worthy Bishop of Toulouse, who died in 1298, and the other having been styled San Luis Reg de Francia, in commemoration of Saint Louis, a king of France, whose life works and goodly death entitled him to canonization. So, 100, there are a couple of missions dedicated to St. John, whose name might puzzle mose "not to the manner born." There are San. Juan Capistrano and San Juan Bautista. the first being situated in the south and dedicated to St. John, a converted lawyer who lived at Capistrano, in the kingdom of Naples, in the fifteenth century, and the second lying near Gliroy (it is now simply called San Juan) and having been dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The other counties named after the missions within their borders are Santa Clara, so within their borders are Santa Clara, is oralled in honor of Santa Clara the Virgin; san Buenaventura, the saint having been dedicated to the mastyred daughter of the idolator Dioscorer and patron saint of the idolator Dioscore and

immaculate Conception. December S. 1787; while the Mission Dolores in San Francisco was so called because the creek—the mission creek—was first crossed by the party seeking out San Francisco bay on the last Friday in Lent, a day dedicated to Nuestra Senora de los pholores; that is, to Our Lady of Sorrows, one of the many Catholic titles of the Virgin. There was at first some discussion whether the Presidio should give way to the Mission in the matter of name, but the difficulty was settled by the more napidly growing importance of the Mission. Now, however, matters are reversed and San Francisco is known all over the world, while the Mission Dolores is only a spot of local curiosity. On the other hand, it was a case of long prior selection of pames with the missions San Carlos, San Antonio and Soledad. The first was dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo and is called the Carmel, because situated on the Carmelo river; the second is dedicated to St. Antonio of Padua, a famous preacher in his day; and the third to Nuestra Senora de Soledad, Our Lady of Solitude, yet another of the Virgin's titular dignities.

PATRONYMIC DESIGNATIONS.

The religious spirit of the early settlers is shown in a hundred other instances and almost every saint in the calendar has had his name perpetuated. There are, for instance, San Jose (St. Joseph), San Pablo (St. Paul), San Mateo (St. Matthew), San Pedro (St. Peter), San Andreas (St. Andrew), San Lorenzo (St. Lawrence), San Leandro (St. Paul), San Mateo (St. Matthew), San Pedro (St. Peter), San Benito, the Spanish form for St. Benedict, founder of the Renardino, named after St. Brigits, a holy woman of Sweden; and San Benito, the Spanish form for St. Benedict, founder of the celebrated order bearing his name; San Bernardino, named after St. Brigits, a holy woman of Sweden; and San Benito, the Spanish form of St. Hyacinth. Then there is a whole directory of places mamed after the mother of St. Angeles, our had the attribute the founder of the Carthus and San Agelia, Santa Paula, Santa Pau

and Point Concepcion, which in its fail form was the Point of the Immaculate Conception.

Congruption of these places have been so changed that their original form and signification have both been lost sight of. For instance, Angel island was originally called Isla de Nuestra Senora de los Angeles, and Solano has nothing whatever to do with the "east wind," or an Indian chief of the same name, but is so called because it was formerly under the jurisdiction of the Mission at Sonoma and which was first dedicated to San Francisco de Solano. Another system of changes, which will prove a stumbling-block to future antiquarians, is that of dropping part of the name, curtailing Canada de San Andreas to San Andreas, El Monte de San Bruno to San Bruno, and Laguna de la Merced to Lake Merced. Lastly, to conclude this division of the present article, some names have disappeared entirely, the shores of the Mission bay having been first dignified by the poetic appellation of La Ensenada de los Llorones de Santa Maria, the Cove of the Tears of St. Mary. It is to be by no means concluded, however, that all the names bestowed by the Spanish were sacred in their character. The great bulk of names belonged to what may be styled the order of nature, that is, they were bestowed on hill and dale because of some local peculiarity.

For example, El Paso de Robles means the Pass of the White Oaks; Contra Costa means the opposite side, or opposite coast to San Francisco; Alviso means the prospect, or view; Fresno, the ash tree; Pescadero, a fishing village; Tree Pinos, the three pines; Rincon, a rocky corner; Arroyo, a creek; Arroyo Seco, a dry field; Salinas, salt marshes; Alameda, an avenue; Sauzalito, a little clump of willows; Laguna Seca, dry lake; Cienega, a miry place; Buena Vista, a good view; Corte Madera, a place for cutting timber, lumber lands; Alamo, an elm tree; Alamo Mocho, pollard elms; Alvarado, a while road; Chico, very small; Potrero, pasture fands; Rio Vista, river view; Embarcadero, a landing place; Tulare, rush lan

Chiler Dames, Egalia, Have an agricultural straight alon—sace, for instance, as Berrano, trees; Bellota, accu, for instance, as Berrano, appie ceived their names became of the program of the resort of certain naminis—thus, La Isia de las Alcatraces, the island of the pelicans, or Pelican island, now called simply Aleadra (Canada de los Osos, now called Bear Halle Canada de los Osos, now called Bear their Canada de los Osos, now called Bear their Canada de los Osos, now called simply Aleadra (Canada de los Osos, now called Bear their Canada de los Osos, now called Bear their Canada (Canada de los Osos, now called Bear their Canada (Canada de los Osos, now called Bear their Canada (Canada de los Osos, now called Bear their Canada (Canada de los Osos, now called Los Pinnos, black of their Canada (Canada de los Osos, now abbreviated to Pajaro, explanations which which head and was called Punta Blanca, a red river, Rio Colorado, a snowy range of mountains Sierra Nevade; a black hill Loma Pricas, and so on. It has been seen that the los, sufficient on the called Punta Blanca, a red river, Rio Colorado, a snowy range of mountains Sierra Nevade; a black hill Loma Pricas, and so on. It has been seen that the los, sufficient can demand of the state of the climate had its part in the nominations. One hot place was called Callente, which means very warm, and and the state of the climate had its part in the nominations. One hot place was called Callente, which means very warm, and and the state of the custom are found in Valley, named after the cyforenor Mariano Levens of the custom are found in Valley, named after the cyforenor Mariano de Callente, which means very warm, and and the state of the custom are found in Valley, named after the cyforenor Mariano de Callente, who was manager of the property of the Mission San Jose about 1825; Cape Mendocino was named after the noble patron of soveral adventurous enterprises. The cyforenor was a sea of the property of the Mission San Jose about 1825; Cape Mendocino was named after

Ish names have generally been retained is remarkable. The worst modera fault has been that of chopping off the articles, while Los Gatos and the Farallones are about the worst examples of misspelling. The first should be Las Gatas, meaning the cats, and the second should be Farrelionos, meaning cliffs in the sea. What California means no one has been able to definitely settle, but it is generally accepted that the name was first used in a Spanish novelette entitled "Las Lergas de Esplandian." published in 1510, and was there applied to an island "on the right hand of the Indies, near the Terrestial Paradise." When Cortes discovered the peninsula he called it California and then Baja, or Vieja California (Lower, or Old Cailfornia) when the explorations had been pushed farther north. The present State was first called Alta, or Nueva California (upper, or new), but these prefixes were dropped in 1849, and now this is California simply and the peninsula is Lower California.

INDIAN SOUVENIES. INDIAN SOUVENIRS.

Many of the Californian names that are supposed to be Spanish are in reality Indian. The disappearance of the Californian Indians is little less than extinction, and offers one of the most remarkable samples of the way in which the red man dies out before the progress of the white. The tribes are quite numerous, some of them being the Moicelumne, the Taolumne, Chowchilla, Cosumnes, Coiusa, Mojave (Arizona), Tehachapi, Tamals or Tamales, Cucamongas, Inyo, Mono, Modec, Volo, Yuba, Tlamath or Klamath, Tshastl or Shasta, Siskiyou, Tehama, Cahulila, Saticoy, Wynemer or Hueneme, Susool, Temecula, Ukaiah, Cuyama, Myacinas, Bobones, Sulicos, Hulchica and Hoopah are all Indian and are nearly all the names of tribes long since disappeared, bearing with them the meaning of their names. Fortunately some few of them have been preserved. Sonoma or Zonoma, for instance, means the valley of the moon; Remescal is the Indian for sweathouse; YreRa is a corruption of Wiesah and means white, being the Indian and most appropriate name for Mount Shasta; Napa is the Indian for fish; Marin was the last chief of the Tamales Indians; Modoc means strange, or strangers, or hostiic; Tahoe, the big or deep water; Yolo, rush land; Yosemite, big rizzly bear; Siskiyou was an Indian chief; Standshus was the name given to a Christianistic of the streams; Sequonia, or Sequoyal, was a Cherokee, better known as George Guess, who invented a tribal alphabet; Klamath was an Indian chief; so was Soquel and so was Suscol; Elembenden (Lake county) is the Indian for paradise; Fetaluma is the Indian for duck-pond; Suisun means a big expanse, and Tanalpais is a composite word meaning the country (pais Spanish region) of the Tamals.

A MERICAN BAPTISMS.

A large addition to the names of California was made by calling places after persons. Of counties there are Humboldt, Suiter, Kern and Lassen, name of fair Mayor of Sean Francisco; the Practics slope; John W. Geary, the last Alcaide and first Mayor of San Francisco; Thomas O. Lackin, the first Countrylie is n

"A HUSH ON MT. McGREGOR."

BY ANNA C. STARBUCK.

Yes, a hush on the dewy mountain,
Where the grand old hero sleeps;
And a hush through the shaded valleys,
While a nation softly weeps.

Weeps for the loss of its chieftain;
But Faith puts all murmurs aside;
For we know that "joy came in the morning"
To him; and he won when he died.

Rochester, July 23, 1855.

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

Henry Ward Beecher's Tribute to Grant.

Boston, October 22 .- An immense crowd assembled in Tremont Temple to-night to hear Henry Ward Beecher's eulogy on General Grant. The speaker began with a brief synopsis of the life of Grant, alluding to his lack of success in early business pur-suits and his connection with the war with Mexico. He referred to the need of the Mexico. He referred to the need of the North, at the opening of the war of the Rebellion, for a man of iron mold who had but two words in his vocabulary, "victory" or "annihilation," and added: "Three great names were rising to sight—Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan—and larger than either was Grant. With his advent the armies, with some repulses, went steadily forward from conquering to conquer. Aside from all his military qualities, he had one ab-sorbing spirit, the Union must be saved; the rebellion must be beaten; the Confederate armies must be threshed to chaff, as erate armies must be threshed to chart, as on a summer threshing floor. He had no political ambition; no imaginary reputation to preserve or gain. A great genius for grand strategy; a comprehension of complex and vast armies; caution, prudence and silence while preparing; an endless patience, an indomitable will, and a real damprier, gentless results. downright fighting quality. Thus, at length, Grant was really born. He had lain in the nest long as an unfertile egg. The brooding of war hatched the egg, and an eagle came

The speaker then referred in detail to the condition of the armies, the motives ruling the commanders and soldiers of both sides, the many fierce battles in which thousands were killed and many more thousands wounded, and added: "Into this sulphur-ous storm of war Grant entered almost un-

one storm of war Grant entered almost unknown. It was with difficulty that he could obtain a command. Once set lorward, Monelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chiekanauga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, Appomattox, these were his footsteps. In four years he had risen, without political favor, from the bottom to the very highest command, not second to any living commander in the world."

Reviewing his military career as a whole, Mr. Beecher said: "He never lost his couraga or equanimity. With a million men for whose movements he was responsible, he yet carried a tranquil mind, neithef: distressed by disasters nor elated by success. Gentie of heart, tamiliar with sill, never boasting, always modest, his work was done and the defeat of the Confederate armies was final. This dreafful man of blood was settender toward his late adversaries as a woman toward her son. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disbanded Southern men with food and with horses for working their crops. And when a revengeful, spirit in the Executive chair showed itself and threatened the chief Gouthern Generals, Grant, with holy indignation, interposed himself and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose."

The speaker dwelt at some further length hon Grant's military career, refuting in pasing the charges which attributed his success to luck, and criticisms upon what some called the waste of life of his own soldiers and the butchery of his enemies, and in concluding his remarks upon Grant's military life, said: "All summer, all the apring and in early summer again, he hammered Lee with blow on blow until at Appomattox the great, but not the greatest, sonthern Generals went to the ground, Having brought the long and disastrous war to a close, in his own heart Grant would have chosen to have rested upon his laurels and lived a retired military life, it was not to be permitted. He was citied that the original propers of the intrinsic difficulty of the questions belonging to his

all civilized nations gave sincere tokens of sympathy. For the hour sympathy rolled as a wave over all our land. It closed the last furrow of wer, it extinguished the last prejudice effaced it, the last yestige of hatred, and cursed be the hand that brings them back. Johnston and Buckner on one side of his bier, Sherman and Sheridan on the other, he has come to his tomb a silent symbol that liberty had conquered slavery, patriotism rebellion, and peace war. He rests in peace. No drum or cannon shall disturb his rest. Sleep, hero, putil another trumpet shall shake the heavens and earth! Then come forth to glory in immortality!"

LINCOLN AS A BOY.

Another Chapter in the History of a Wonderful Man.

Charleston Courier.

Dennis Hanks of Paris, Ill, is a cousin of Abraham Lincoln. Uncle Dennis is a typical Kentuckian, born in Hardin county, 1799. To our query he replied cheerily: "Certainly, certainly sir, I'll talk to you about Abe. I kin talk, too, bein' as I'm the only livin' man that knows all about him."

"How old was he when you first met him?"

him?"
"About 24 hours—hardly that. I rikkileet "About 24 hours—hardly that. I rikkliect I rin all the way—over two miles—to see Nancy Hanks boy baby. 'Twas common then for connection to gether in them days to see new bables. Her name was Nancy Hanks before she married Thomas Lincoln. I held the wee one a minnt. I was 10 years old, and it tickled me to hold the red, little Lincoln."

"When did you move to Indiana?"

"When Abe was about 9. Mr. Lincoln moved first, and built a camp of brush in Spencer county. We came out a year later, and he then had a cabin up, and he gave us the shanty. On this spot Abe grew to manhood."

"Ilow far apart were your cabins?"

"How far apart were your cabins?"

"About fifteen rods. Abe killed's turkey the day we got there and couldn't get throtellin' about it. The name was pronunced Linkhorn by the folks then. We were all uneducated. After a speil we learned better. I taught him to speil, read and cipher. He knew his letters pretty wellish, but no more. His mother taught him his letters. I tever there was a good woman on earth she was one, a true christian of the Eaptlat Church; but she died soon after we arrived and left him without a teacher; his father couldn't read a word."

"Is it possible he had no schooling?"

"Only about one-quarter; scarcely that. I then set in to help him; I didn't know much, but I did the best I could."

"What books did he read first?"

"Webster's speller. When I got him through that I only had a copy of Indiana statutes. Then he got hold of a book; I can't rikkflect the name; maybe you kin if I tell you somethin' et was in it. It told a yarn about a feller, a nigger or suthin', that sailed a flatboat up to a rock, and the rock was magnetized and drawed the radia out of his boat, and he got a duckin', or drowned, or suthin', I forget now."

"That's it, that's the book. Abe would lay on the floor with a chair under his head and laugh over them 'Rabian Nights."

"That's it, that's the book. Abe would lay on the floor with a chair under his head and laugh over them 'Rabian Nights' by the hour. I told him it was likely fies from end to end. But he learned to read right well in it."

"Yes. I borrowed for him the 'Life of Washington' and the 'Speeches of Henry Clay.' They had a powerful influence on him. He told me afterward in the White House he wanted to live like Washington. His speeches show that, but the other book did the most amazing work. He was a Democrat like his father and all of his, when he began to read it. When he closed the was a Whig, heart and soul, and he went siep by step until he became leader of the Republicans."

"Well he was at this time not grown, only six feet two inches high. He was is

"No; we had to hire him at first. But when he got a taste it was the old story—we had to pull the sow's ears to get her to the trough and pull her tail to get her away. He read a great deal and had a wonderful memory—wonderful, Never forgot anything."

thing."
"What church did Abe attend?"
"The Baptist. I'll tell you acircumstance about him. He would come nome from church and put a box in the middle of the cabin floor and repeat the seminit from text to doxology. I've heard him do it often."

about him. He would come home from church and put a box in the middle of the cabin floor and repeat the seminit from text to doxology. I've heard him do it often."

"Was he a religious man?"

"Well, he wasn't in early life a religious man. He was a moral man strictly—never went to frolics, never drank liquor, never used tobacco, never swore. But in after life he became more religious, but the Bible puzzled him, especially the miracles. He often asked me in the timber, or sittinaround the fireplace nights, to explain scripture. He never joined any church or any secret order."

"How did he fare for food and clothing?"

"Plenty, such as it was—corn-dodger, bacon and game, some fish and wild fruits. I've often seen him take a dodger to the field and gnaw at it when plowing. We had very little wheat flour. The nearest mill was eighteen miles. A boss mill it was with a plug pullhi' a sweep around. And Abe used to say his hound could stand and eat the flour as fast as it was made, and then be ready for his supper. For clothing he had jeans. He was grown before he wore all-wool pants."

"Did you ever visit him in Washington?"

"Certainly. There were some folks arrested in Charleston, and I, for their folks' sake, went on durin' the war to get'em free, for it was best. I got there and found the White House surrounded with soldiers. I went up to the door to get in, and a porter stopped me and said; 'Who do you want to see?' I said, 'Mr. Lincoln.' He said, 'You can't see him; it ain't the time of day yet,' I said, 'Fill show you if I can't. I hain't come here from Iillnois for nothin'.' He grinned and showed me the door of his office. Outside was a heap of fellers waim' to git to see the President. I opened the door kinder soft, and at the other end of a big room sat Abe at an old desk worth about six bits. 'Hey' I hollered; 'you're a pretty President, ain't you? He looked up and said, 'Well, Dennis, is that you? and made a pan and just gethered me. When I could get able to talk I said; 'How to wan to obiginalutin' down t

PANTIES IN POLITICS.

Sister Stow Addresses the Masses.

THE "PEOPUL" IS WITH HER.

Vice - Presidential Candidate Who Wears a "Bag" and Eats Things "Raw."

Sister Marietta L. Stow calls yesterday the proudest day of her life. She hired Metroolitan Hall and held a political mass meet ing for Lockwood and Stow, Equal Rights candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. The doors of the hall were wide open at 1 P. M., and within Sister Stow stood ready to receive the masses. But the masses failed to come. Two o'clock, the hour for the opening of the meeting, came and still the masses failed to be allured by the piece of canvas tacked to the door, on which was stenedled an invitation to walk in and hear Mrs. Stow, our next Vice-President. At 2:15 o'clock, however, one of the component parts of the political masses appeared. It was a gentleman of color, the janitor, bearing in each hand a pickle jar, in which were stuck some branches of cypress. These he set at Sister Stow's feet, the generous proportions of which stuck out from under her "bag" like the spurs of a mountain. The janitor

next prepared a reading-desk by wrapping around it a flag so dirty that its colors could not be told. To this, with her own hands Sister Stow pinned a wood-cut of Belya A Lookwood, and having arranged a table for the sale of her antiquities, including a photograph, she sat down once more photograph, she sat down once more to await the coming of the masses. The masses came at last, singly and in pairs; among them a number of Sister Stow's female ad-herents, "Borrowed Money - Your - Own" Dougherty and Poet Stephen S. Maybell. When the number aggregated twelve Siste Stow mounted the platform, and standin behind those emblems of domestic economy the two pickle jars, she declared the meeting opened, with a smile infinitely more aweet than that of the good Mr. Metches at the "tough old board."

SCOUTED INVITATIONS.

"Ladies and gentleman," she began, "here I am. I invited Mayor Bartlett to preside. He didn't come. I invited Generals Miller and Barnes. They didn't come. Just think, Generals, men who have looked into the cannon's mouth, they're afeered to

Just think, Generals, men who have looked into the cannon's mouth, they're afeered to face me—me. [Mrs. Stow smiled again with angelic sweetness.] If invited Chara S. Poliz and Kate Kennedy to speak, and they didn't come. [Here Mrs. Stow's expression became severe.] Now what can I do but introduce myself. Here I am, Mrs. Marietta I. Stow woo-man, and Vice-Presidential candidate." Sister Stow then executed a bow, which would assuredly have broken her pull-back had she worn one.

"Come nearer, dear," she resumed, looking at Borrowed-Money-Your-Own Douglerty, "I need your magnetissum. Sit close, it'll make warmer weather. Close the doo-shs, please."

The doors were accordingly closed and the masses, as represented by fifty gray and bald-headed men and about twenty spitcuri adorned women, sat down to listen to Sister Stow.

"The time has arrived," solemnly ejaculated the bag-wearer behind the pickle jars, "when we women must interfere with them men. We want equal rights for all that's what I want to dismaniate. There are thieves in the tempuls of justice and the Constitushun is man-made. I say down with housekeeping. The old parties has spegewed women out of its mouth [Sister Stow suited the action to the word, and the Greenbackers has offended Mrs. Anthony. The CHRONICLE is the fifth wheel to the wagin, and it's got the stomach ache because I am in the field. It's troo. [Here Mrs. Stow glared at a man whom she supected to be a reporter in disguise.] want to 'lectioneer' in hong the wimen and one day 'mong the men, only I had to wear my bag instead of my pants—my pantaloons."

Here the masses began to look interested, hooning to see the mysterious garment. Sis-

and one day mong the mein, only hand to wear my bag instead of my pants—my pantaloons."

Here the masses began to look interested, hoping to see the mysterious garment. Sister Stow continued:

"Man says man means man. I say man embraces woman." Twenty-five fans at once spread themselves before twenty-five faces and Poet Maybell looked embarrassed. Sister Stow, behind the pickle jars, was wholly unembarrassed.

"I don't say nothin to dessicate the solemity of this meetin', only I want to say I'm not an extempus speaker and so I'll read you one of Mrs. Lockwood's speeches." She redeemed this promise at once and for an hour kept on spelling out words from a Louisyille paper. When she had finished, a sigh of relief went up from the men, for, like Bob Hastings, Sister Stow announced:

MONEY AND MUSIC.

a Louisville paper. When she had imasses, a sigh of relief went up from the men, for, like Bob Hastings, Sister Stow announced:

"I haye taken a cold, which is a bad thing to take, or I would read some more. Now I want to take up a keriection, because you want to take up a keriection, because you you go before this young lady here passes round with thre hat."

The girl started on the collecting tour at once, while Sister Stow continued to regale the audience with rendom remarks, despite her cold.

"You see, I'm in my bag to day, when I should wear my pantaloons; but I haven't pair decent enough to wear. I hope that gentleman won't leave without leaving at least 5 cens. Now, dears, you can burn phiotograph for a dime on this here tasks that's taken with my pantaloons on Novif you come to my house next Saturday I'm show you what I live on. You know I saturday on things raw. You see I'm in condition. I'm a fighter. I come with the sword in the a—What's that the Bible says?" She looked. "Oh, no! I am in condishun," said Sister. Stow. "Anyhow, I come with the swond in the appealingly to Poet Maybeil.

"Condition powders," growled the poet. "Oh, no! I am in condishun," said Sister. Stow. "Anyhow, I come with the swond in the appealingly to Poet Maybeil.

"Condition powders," growled the poet. "Oh, no! I am in condishun," said Sister. Stow. "Anyhow, I come with the swond and all women must fight in this movement. I have been fighting for many years, through I am living on E. D. Nick diet-law means everything raw, you know. Thank you," she concluded, finally, when the pan other speakers, because they didn't one other speakers,

A Ros

Vary

Ac writes 01d F Nantu est thi This h of the man's tourist ride in out to leading whom, towner nit con

assortn north people fishing and cl Down r the shor of rank bloom o famous high.

last rest request. sea. I In the city Fre tomers Macy's l

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invested. had mon ing the w desk, ar ge her e share in tucketers oil wells ing rapid dead and Parker town, to

made an and he v score of watched wings on and sail he went Coffin, a Edgarto yard, w cousin at the feat

FRED PARKER.

Varying Fortunes of the Hermit of Nantucket.

A Romance of the Flush Days of the Whale-Oil City-A Wrecked Barkentine and Ruined Hopes.

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes as follows, from Nantucket, Mass.: Old Fred Parker's fame as the Hermit of Nantucket has attained additional interest this season in the minds of visitors. This has come about by the unearthing of the romance connected with the old man's early days. Up to 1880, every tourist to Nantucket took a three hours' ride in a springless, jolting fish-wagon out to Quidnit to see old Parker, the leading human curiosity of the island, to whom, however, Billy Clarke, the historic towncrier, was ever a close second. Quidnit consists of three houses and a varied assortment of sand dunes on the eastern edge of the island. It is two miles north of Saukati lighthouse and its people live mainly by sharking and blue fishing in Summer, changing to codding and clamming in the colder months, Down under the sandhills, sheltered from the shore, and partially obscured by waves of rank gray-green sedge and the purple bloom of the shore pea, still stands the famous hermitage of Quidnit, one story high. Everything about it is the same as when old Parker died, and a plain marble slab in the rear marks the old man's last resting spot, for, according to his last request, he was buried by the sounding sea. His little property has passed into the hands of a thrifty descendant, who reaps a Summer harvest from the curious

IN SEARCH OF MEMENTOES. In the halcyon days of the whale-oil city Fred Parker was a tall, ambitious, but rather gawky youth, who served customers from behind the counters of Macy's busy grocery. He had a very moderate salary for those flush times, but his slender earnings were snugly invested, in common with all here who had money, in ships which were chasing the whale. His ventures were successful, and serimped and scraped toge her enough to buy a sixteenth share in the bark Cynthia, which Nantocketers were then fitting out for the oil wells of the ocean. The oil excitement was at its hight. Money was pouring rapidly into the strong boxes of the rich, and business of all kinds was in a booming state. Everybody in this now dead and deserted old hamlet was on the lookout for fresh ventures. In an ill-advised moment the youth mortgaged the Parker homestead, at the back of the rown, to enable him to command a still larger interest in the new bark. If she made any sort of a voyage she would repay him his investmentin a twelvemonth, and he would be a capitalist. With a score of other interested islanders he In the haleyon days of the whale-oil pay him his investment in a twelvementh, and he would be a capitalist. With a score of other interested islanders he watched the Cynthia unfold her snewy wings one spring morning outside the bar, and sail away to Greenland seas. Then went back to his desk and to his work.

he went back to his desk and to his work.

Time sped on. Meanwhile Fred Parker had met and loved blue-eyed Mollie Coffin, a laughing, rosy-cheeked lass from Edgartown, on the neighboring Vinevard, who spent the Summer with her cousin at Nantucket. They met at one of the features of the island, a "pound party," and she was escorted home that night by the enamored grocer. Intimacy followed, and young Parker made her his confident. He was madly in love. When she left the island for the Vineyard in the Fall her hand was pledged to him. They were to be married

WHEN HIS SHIP CAME IN.

WHEN GIS SHIP CAME IN.

Through the long cold Winter that followed the strangling New England sail packet made only now and then a trip to Nantucket shore. But each time it came and wentittransferred let ers and pledges of love between young Farker and his affanced. Her notes were tender and assuring, his responses ardent and truthful The Cynthia was much overdue,

he wrote the following Spring, but she was a new vessel, and in the most skillful hands. A competency and happiness could not fail to be in store for them. Other months of waiting followed. Then there was a break in Mary's letters. The young lover could not account for it. A two weeks gale prevailed, and then the mail boat came, but he got no word from her. He gale prevailed, and then the mail boat came, but he got no word from her. He wrote her upbraidingly. After this there came another fortnight's storm, and the mail boat was not seen again for fifteen days. When she did arrive she brought a bulky delayed mail, and the late New York and Boston papers were eagerly sought for by the shipowners and business men. In one of them Fred Parker found a dispatch from St. Johns, N. F., then over two months old. It read as follows:

over two months old. It read as follows:

The Nantucket barkentine Cynthia. Clinhy, master, was abandoned 300 miles off this port February 13th, in a gale. She was waterlogged, with 700 barrels oil loose in the hold. On the night of the 12th, in a storm, the Cynthia was in collision with the British beig Highland Mary, London, from Liverpool for New York. The brig lay by the Cynthia the fellowing day, and, the gale increasing, took the crew off and brought them to this port. The Cynthia was a new vessel. She will probably break up.

was a new vessel. She will probably break up.

Vessel insurance was not popular in those days. There was not a cent on Fred Parker's interest in the Cynthia, and it was with blanched face and reeling brain that he read the tidings which made him worse off than a poor man—a debtor without a cent in the world. People talked about his misfortune, but he said not a word to any one. The next trip of the mail boat carried him to Edgartown, where he at once repaired to the home of his intended bride. He arrived just in season to see a shower of old shoes and rice thrown out of the front door upon a little party that was clustered about a carriage in the street. The carriage drove rapidly away toward the harbor as he went in. He inquired for Mary. Her thin-lipped, gray-eyed mother struck him down

AS WITH A THUNDERBOLT

AS WITH A THUNDERBOLT

By announcing, that she had just been married. Then, while he listened in a dazed sort of way, she told him coldly that the storm which had intercepted Nantucket's mails blew into Edgartown a Bangor ship bound to the East Indies. She halted for repairs and her delay was lengthened, while the Captain wooed and won Mrs. Coffin's daughter. The ship had sailed from New York, but was driven out of her way by the gale. The Captain brought ashore late papers, one of which contained the account of the loss of the Cynthia. By the advice of her mother, Mrs. Coffin coldly said, Mary at once concluded to give up the young grocer, and after a three weeks courtship she became the stranger Captain's wife, and had sailed away with him in his bonnie ship that very day.

stranger Captain's wife, and had sailed away with him in his bonnie ship that very day.

The same norther which bore the false-hearted Edgar own girl out past the painted Edgar own girl out past the painted elay cliffs of Gay Head drove a light fishing dory from the vineyard over to Nantucket. In it was seated the now broken-hearted Parker. He reached Nantucket in the night, and it is said he was never seen there in the daylight again. His disappearance was commented on, but as he had no near relatives no search was made for him. The following Summer, however, he was found installed at Quidnit, in the little house of to-day, one that had been built for wreckers early in the century. There he lived ever after, a silent man. The storms fed him with wreckage, which he pulled up, and which still remains about the castle. Nailed up on the habitation are a score of faded gilt name boards of vessels which have been driven over the treacherous shoals in the last half century. Many lives he saved by burning fires at the head of the sheltering little bay near his door for the guidance of shipwrecked sailors, and many were the blessings and rewards he received. Of blessings and rewards he received. Of

himself, however, he would say nothing, and finally his story became as much of A MYSTERY

To the fresh generation of natives as to the stranger. Twice a year, and always in the night, he would go into town and visit the loft of the old Macy stravisit the loft of the old Macy stors wherein some furniture and papers of his were stowed. He was always away from view before daylight and back to his well-greased little stove and the single shelf which constituted his pantry.

With the influx of Summer visitors the old hermit sprang into a notoriety which yearly increased, until he became one of the modern historical features of the

island. His ancient blue-edged plates, his odd collection of cases, and the curious "art square" in the oaken floor of his bedroom, made by nailing down copper coina caused him to become speedily famous, and he drove a paying trade by pulling up the coins and selling them to his quests.

up the coins and selling them to his guests.

Until the last the old man preserved the sphinklike mystery which hung about him. His dead body was found one bright Summer morning sitting apright in an oaken chair by the fireplace. A ray of light from the single offed paper window shot over his shoulder and fell upon the closed Bible upon his kneed. His bowed head was upon his breast shrouded in white hair, which reached far below his shoulders, and his wonderful, heavy, snowy beard rippled down almost to the floor. He was clad in his customary threadbare coarse garments, the patches on which were piled one above the other, but stitched with the neatness and precision of a woman's land. neatness and precision of a woman's

a above the other, but stitched with the a neatness and precision of a woman's hand.

"That is Fred Parker's romance," said a summerer at the Nantucket as he tossed his/cigar from the verands and prepared to ascend to his room. It was late. "My boy and myself found the manuscript of Mary's letters wrapped in oiled silk under a loose brick over the crockery shelf at the hermitage this Summer, Among the old man's papers at the store, to which reference was made on their wrapper, we found the notice of the loss of the Cynthia. I visited my annt at Edgartown a few weeks ago, and she supplied missing connections in the story, as I have related."

"What became of Mary?"

"No one knows. The ship never came back to this coast and the Captain and his wife were last heard from in Australia. My aunt said it did not prove a happy marriage."

THE NEWSBOY'S CAT.

Want any paper, mister?

Wish you'd buy 'em of me—
Ten years old, an' a fam'ly,
An' bizness dull, you see.
Fact, boss! There's Tom, an' Tibby,
An' dad, an' mam, an' mam's cat,
Noue on 'em earnin' mone—

What do you think of that?

Couldn't dad work! Why yes, boss,
He's working for Gov'ment now—
They give him his board for nothin'—
All adong of a drun en row.
An' mam? Well, she's in the poorhouse—
Been there a year or so;
So I'm takin' care of the others,
Doin' as well as I know.

Oughtn't to live so? Why, mister, What's a feller to do?

Some nights, when I'm tired and hungry, seems as if each on 'em knew—
They'll all three cuddle around me,
Till I get cheery and say:
Well, p'raps' I'll have sisters an' brothers,
An' money an' clothes, too, some day.

But if I do get rich, boss, (An'a lecturn' chap one night
Said newsboys could be Presidents
If only they acted right;
So, if I was President, mister,
The very first I'd do,
I'd buy poor Tom an' Tibby
A dinner—an' mam's cat, tool

None o' your scraps an' leavin's,
But a good square meal for all three;
If you think I'd skimp my friends, boss,
That shows you don't know me.
So'ere's your papers—come, take one,
Gimme a lift if you can—
For now you've heard my story,
You see I'm a fam'ly man!

"Western Phasmage."

- Western Plowman.

FLIES.

Two little flies in my chamber I see— I have killed one and now there are three.

Three little files crawling over my door— I have killed two and now there are four.

Four little flies on the wall still alive— I have killed three and now there are five. Five little flies, but their fate soon I'll fix-I have killed four and now there are six.

Six little flies to torment me have striven-I have killed five and now there are seven.

Seven little flies, buzzing early and late— I have killed six and now there are eight.

Eight little flies, all impatient to dine— I have killed seven and now there are nine. Nine little flies within reach of my pen— I have killed eight and now there are ten.

Oh, good Beelzebub, "Lord of the Fly," Call home thy children who thus multiply

Royal Domitian, I summon thy aid; Teach me thy skill in the fly-killing trade. —New York Tribune.

THE LITTLE MAID'S AMEN.

rustle of robes as the anthem Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When, close in a half-lilum'd corner,
Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,
Asteep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke.
When, at the first word, the small damsel,
With one little gasp straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell,
"I tum tos I've dot a sick mamma
And want'oo to please pray her well."

"Who told you?" began I; she stopped me.
"Don't; nobody told me at all.
And papa can't see tos he's cryin',
And, sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I'se been here before with my mamma;
We tummed when you ringed the big bell.
And ev'ry time I's heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to her mother
And banish bereavement's dark hour;
I finished the simple petition
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest.
She prattled and mimicked and caroled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif—
We found that the dearly loved mother was past the dread crisis—was safe!

Was past the dread arrays of the place of their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother Drew the brave little head to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful They thanked me again and again—Yet I know in my heart that the blessing Was won by that gentle "Amen"

— Utica Observer.

WANTED-A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls, with natural manners and natural ourls? Who love their dollies and like their toys, and talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find, Mature in manners and old of mind; Little old firts who talk of their "beaux" And yie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who at nine and ten, Are sick of pleasure and tired of men, Weary of travel, of balls of fun— And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago, Some dear little children I used to know; Girls who were merry as fambs at play, And laughed and collicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaux"—
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they: Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "fiir" or
"style."

—Ella Wheeler.

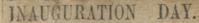
"THE MEANEST THING OF ALL."

Mr. H. C. Harris, the writer of the poem, of which the above is the title, recently saw a father compel his son, a boy of six years of age, to drink a glass of liquor. The child begged his father not to compel him to drink it. The father insisted, and in a few minutes the boy was stupidly drunk. The writer in sheer indignation penued the following lines, conceiving that nothing could be meaner:

That's been nurtured but an hour;
God meant it should bear up the fruit,
Or hold the bud and flower.
It's mean to covet a neighbor's gain,
True riches is contentment;
It's mean to laugh and jest at pain
Or cultivate resentment.

It's mean to pass a poor friend by,
When his seedy garb we note;
Why give pain to the hongst heart
That's under a ragged coat?
It's mean to circulate reports
To wound a neighbor's fame,
To take away man's best estate—
A pure and spotless name.

It's mean to strike a man that's down, It's mean to strike a man that's doy
It's mean to kiss and tell,
It's mean to put the cover on
To keep truth in the well.
It's mean to lie, it's mean to steal,
But meaner far, I think,
Than all mean things I ever knew,
To ask a boy to drink.



History From the Time of Washington.

Se STATELY CEREMONES.

E STATELY CEREMONES.

Into Office—Only Two Discard Pomp.

Sized For the Company of the Company

indeed; and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the General, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say: 'Aye, I am fairly out, and you are fairly in. See which of us will be happiest.' When the ceremony was over he came and made me a visit and cordially congratulated me, and wished my Administration might be happy, successful and honorable. In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. The sight of the sun setting full-orbed and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty. Chief-Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Nelson and Wedeil were present, and many ladies. I had not sleep well the night before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however, All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America."

JEFFERSON'S SIMPLICITY.

Jefferson relected as mongrephical the eth.

get through or not. I did, however. An agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America."

JEFFERSON'S SIMPLICITY.

Jefferson rejected as monarchical the ett-quette which had been observed at the inaugurations of his predecessors. A day or two before his entry into office he wrote a curt note to the Speaker of the House, informing that body through him that he should, at noon on March 4th, take the oath of office in the Senate chamber. The capital had just been established at Washington, which was a mere straggling village, and very difficult of access even from Baltimore, but there was a large number of people to witness the ceremony. Adams and Jefferson did not then speak as they passed by, and the former, in company with Speaker Sedgwick, left the city early in the morning of March 4th for their homes in Massachusetts. Jefferson node on horseback without a single guide or even a servant in his train, dismounted at the Capitol without assistance, hiched his horse to the palisades, and walked unattended into the Senate chamber. His dress was of plain black cloth. Vice-President Burr surrendered his chair to Jefferson and took a soat at his right, Chief-Justice Marshall being seated at the left. The new President was then sworn into office. Several volleys of artillery were fired, and Mr. Jefferson then read his inaugural and quietly withdrew. He went to the Executive mansion on his horse, unattended, and was there assisted by 'Dolly' Madison in receiving the people who flocked to congratulate him. The horse he rode on this occasion was his famous blooded nag known as Wildair. It is worth mentioning that Jefferson owned a team of bright Jays considered the finest team ever seen in Pennsylvania awenue. They cost 31600—then a fabulous sum to be invested in horse-flesh.

Jefferson's second inauguration, March 4, 1805, was also very simple. He went to the

then a fabulous sum to be invested in horse-flesh.

Jefferson's second inauguration, March 4, 1805, was also very simple. He went to the Senate chamber without attendants, took the oath in the presence of a large crowd, read his inaugural, and withdrew. He wore his favorite attire—a black dress-coat, scar-let waistcoat, small clothes, and a red hat.

MADISON'S IMPOSING ENTRY.

When James Madison was inaugurated.

his favorite attire—a black dress-coat, scarlet waistcoat, small clothes, and a red hat.

MADISON'S IMPOSING ENTRY.

When James Madison was inaugurated, March 4, 1809, the customs and formalities discontinued by Jefferson were re-established, mainly, as is supposed, through the influence of his wife, the accomplished 'Dolly' Madison, who was the founder of Presidential levees and the originator of the code of White House etiquette. There was an imposing military procession, and a great display of flags and bunting. The following account of the celebration, which I have copied from the National Intelligence of Monday, March 6, 1809, preserved in the files at the Treasury Library, will be found exceedingly interesting:

"On Saturday James Madison, in obedience to the voice of his country, assumed the duties of President of the United States. The day from its commencement to its close was marked by the liveliest demonstrations of joy. It appeared as if the people, actuated by a generous and spontaneous impulse, determined to manifest in the strongesi manner the interest excited by this great event, and their conviction of the close connection between it and their happiness. For many days before cuizens from the adjacent and even remote States had been pouring into the city, until its capacity of accommodation was strained to the timost. The dawn of day was announced by a Federal salute from the navy yard and Fort Warburton and at an early hour the volunteer corps of militia began to assemble. Such was the interest to be present at the inauguration that the whole area allotted to citizens in Representative Hall was filled and overflowing several hours before noon, the time assigned for that purpose, and it is computed that the number of persons surrounding the Capitol unable to obtain admittance exceeded 10,000. The Senate convened at 11 o'clock in the Chamber of the Representatives on the left, Judges of the Supreme Court on the right of the President of the Senate, members of the House of Representatives on the f

chair and conducted Mr. Madison to It, searing him-elf on the right. Mr. Madison then rose and delivered his speech. The oath of office was then administered to him by Chief-Justice Marshall, on which and as the President retired two rounds of mineter of the property of the District, nine in number and in complete uniform, under the command of Colonel McKinney, drawn up, whose hime he passed in review, when he entered his carriage and was excerted bome in the same way he came. A large concourse of ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Jefferson among the number, immediately waited upon him, among whom refreshments were liberally distributed. The company generally, after calling on the President, waited on Mr. Jefferson to take a last farewell before his departure. In the evening there was a grand manguration ball at long's Hotel, the most brilliant and crowded ever known in Washington, at which the late and present Presidents of the United States and foreign Mm. isters were present by invitation. The company is supposed to have exceeded 400. Thus terminated a day memorable for an important event, and which, we good in store for our country. Mr. Madison was dressed in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture, made of the wool of merinos relied in this country; his coarfrom the manufactory of Colonel Humphreys, and his waistoest and small clothes from the day these gentlemen."

On the 4th of March, 1813, Mr. Madison's second term began and the intelligence reports that the official oath was administered to the Capitol by the cavalry of the District and received on his approach by theseverally presented by these gentlemen. The President was escorted to the Capitol by the cavalry of the District and received on his approach by the averally income the manufactory of Colonel Humphreys, and his waistoest and small clothes and gentlemen. The President was escorted to the Capitol by the cavalry of the District and received on the suppression, feorgetown and Alexandria, drawn up in line for the purpose, "The day," was a love

any former occasion in the history of Washintton, being estimated at from 5000 to 8000.

March 4, 1821, fell on Sunday, and Mr. Monroe was inaugurated, for the second time, on the 5th, which was a cold and welday. He had been re-elected without opposition, and the zest of a party triumph was lacking to excite interest in the inauguration. There was not much form about the ceremony. Two thousand people filled Representative Hall and a large crowd surrounded the building. The President was escorted to and from the Capitol by a procession of citizens on horseback. The Chief-Justice administered the oath on the platform in front of the Speaker's chair, and Mr. Monroe then read his inaugural. "The whole ceremony," says the Intelligence, was characterized by simple grandeur and splendid simplicity."

John QUINCY ADAMS.

A good deal of pomp and parade attended the inauguration of John Quincy Adams on March 4, 1825. Drums were beating, trumpets sounding and cannon booming as Mr. Adams rode on horseback from his residence to the Capitol, preceded by detachments of cavalry and limatiry, accompanied by a mounted oscort and followed by a long procession of citizens. He entered Representative Hall arm in arm with Mr. Monroe. There was a prilliant assemblage in the

hall, the beauty and fashion of Washington and Baltimore being largely represented. The Supreme Judges in their robes, army and navy officers in full uniform, the diplomatic corps in court attire and the marshals of the day wearing large blue scarfs made the scene a lively one, Mr. Adams, who was dressed in a plain suit of black, took the oath amid the plaudits of the spectators and salvos of artillery from the outside and made an address forty minutes in length. General Jackson was one of the first to take the hand of the Presidentelect and there was an affecting meeting between the latter and Mr. Monroe. The Intelligencer reports these inaugural ceremonies as more imposing than any that had preceded them, with the possible exception of those at the beginning of Madison's second term. It also records with great particularity a "curious and interesting spectagle" witnessed while Mr. Adams was reading his address. Four large eagles were seen poising themselves above the Capitol for ten minutes, when one of them, larger than the rest, began to descend, and making a number of circles around the center of the dome, arose in graceful spirals and all wheeled off to the west.

JACKSON IMITATES JEFFERSON.

graceful spirals and all wheeled off to the west.

JACKSON IMITATES JEFFERSON.
On March 4, 1829, Andrew Jackson, saddened by the death of his wife and following the example of Jefferson, declined an escort or procession and rode on horse-back to the Capitol, where he was met, by the Senate Committer of Arrangements. At just noon he entered the Senate chamber arm-in-arm with Vice-President-elect John C. Calhoun, who took the oath of office. A procession was ten formed and General Jackson was escorted to the east portice of the Capitol, where, in the presence of 10,000 people, he took the oath and delivered a brief inaugural. Salutes were fired by the artillery and the President was escorted to the White House by an impromptu procession. The day was one of the brightest and balmiest of spring, and the popular enthusiasm was unbounded. Writing to a friend on the following day. Mr. Webster said: "I never saw such a crowd here before. Persons have come 500 miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." There was very little pump or ceremony attending Jackson's second inauguration, on March 4, 1833. The President went to the Capitol with Mr. Van Buren and proceeded to the Hail of Representatives, where the venerable Chief-Justice Marshell administered the oath. The thaugural address was brief. The weather was not pleasant, the thermometer registering 20 degrees above zero, but there was avast crowd in and about the Capitol. In the evening there was an inauguration ball at Masonic Hall, which was described as a very brilliant affair.

VAN BUREN'S INAUGURATION.

Mr. Van Buren's inauguration on March 4, 1837, attracted thousands of strangers to the city, many of whom were obliged to walk the streets all night, being unable to obtain quarters. The day was beautiful and an imposing military and civic procession escorted Mr. Van Buren and civic procession escorted Mr. Van Buren made of-the wood of the frigate Constitution, which had been presented to Gene

President Van Buren, Vice-President K. M. Johnson of Kentucky (who remembers him new?) and other distinguished personages.

A WHIG JUBILEE OVER OLD THPECA OE.

The inauguration of General Heritan Day March 4, 1841, was a fitting culmification to the ever-memorable log-cabin and hard-cider campaign of 1840. The Whigs, wild with exuitation at their return to power after twelve years of defeat, flocked to Washington from all parts of the country. For days prior to the inauguration the streets were thronged with sight-seers and there were demonstrations of enthusiasm on every side. The morning of the eventful day was cloudy and rain threatened. Soon after 10 o'clock the procession began moving and it eclipsed anything of the kind that had ever been attempted before in this country. General Harrison rode through Pennsylvania a wenue astride a noble white charger, preceded by the chief marshal of the day and aids on fine horses suitably caparlsoned, and followed by officers and soldiers who had fought under him. Many novel features were introduced into the procession. A large body of militia dressed in Revolutionary costumes were in line. The delegates to the convention which nominated Harrison for President marched in a body behind their victorious candidate. The farmers of Prince George county, Md. brought a log cabin, which was mounted on wheels and drawn by a dozen horses with gold-mounted harness. The precedents were all followed in the ceremonless at the Capitol. General Harrison took the oath at the east portico and read a very long inaugural address, after which a salute of twenty gnus—one for each State—was fired. The Intelligence thus described the appearance of the veteran, whose lease of life was so short:

"General Harrison looked cheerful and composed. His bodily health was manitestly perfect, and there was an alertness in his movements which is quite astonishing considering his advanced age and the multiplied hardships through which he has passed and the latigues he has undergone. He took the oath it t

hands with thousands. The Intelligence soberly declared that there were from 50,000 to 60,000 strangers in town—manifestly an absurd estimate.

In the evening there were three inauguration balls. Among the floor managers of the "Tippecance ball" were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Millard Fillmore, John Bell and Lieutenant D. Porter (now Admiral). Tickets were S5. Frosident Harrison received a number of gifts from his admirers. One of them was a "fated cali," five months old and weighing 384 pounds; another a magnificent coach built in Baltimore and presented by the Whigs of that city, and a third a walking cane made of a part of George Washington's coach, presented by Bishop Meade of Virginia.

General Harrison survived his inauguration but a month. The office-seekers filled him. Vice-President John Tyler, when notified of his death, hastened to Washington, where, on April 7, 1841, at a hotel, he was swon into office by Judge Cronch in the presence of the members of the late President's Cabinet. There were no other extended in inaugural address.

POIK'S RAINY INAUGURATION DAY.

The Democrats prepared to "celebrate their restoration to power in 1845 by an imposing inauguration of James K. Polk, but rain, which poured in torrents the entire day of March 4th, materially interfered with the success of the demonstration. The city was thronged and there was a long procession to the Capitol, the famous Empire Club of New York, in gaudy, fiame-colored uniforms, leading the way. The people swarmed in Pennsylvania avenue like bees in a hive, thousauds of umbrellas giving that thoroughtare a somber aspect. There was a crush at the Senate chamber, which Polk and Tyler entered arm in arm. Mr. Dallas, dignified of milen and white of hair, was first sworn in as Vice-President and made a brief address. Thou at the east portice of "in a clear, firm voice," Volleys of artillery were discharged and the President was followed to the white House in the rain by a great multilude. At night there was a long from \$3 to \$5 per day was cha

Johnson. At first inabilities of them.

and General Taylor looked in upon all of them.

General Taylor died on July 10, 1850, and on the same day, Congress being in session, Millard Fillmore proceeded quietly to Representatives' Hall and took his seat-at the clerk's desk. The galleries were packed with spectators. Presently the oath was administered to him and he took it in a clear and distinct voice and atome retired. He made no remarks,

PIERCE'S MILITARY PARADE.

General Frank Pierce was inaugurated March 4, 1853. The weather was raw and impleasant. A cold northwesterly wind prevailed all day, and the streets were in a norrible condition. The Whig estimated the crowd at 20,000 and the Democrats at 75,000. Jesse D. Bright and Hannibs. Hamlin were among the members of the Senate Committee on Arrangements. The Intelligences said there were from 10,000 to 15,000 persons in the procession, which was thirty-five minutes passing a given point. The military features were especially conspicuous. Fillmore and Pierce rode tregether in an open carriage to the White House, where the usual ceremonies were observed. General Pierce delivered his inaugural, which was brief, "without notes but with much energy and considerable rhetorical action, and in a strong, clear voice, which made itself heard."

JAMES BUCHANAN.

The 4th of March, 1857, was mild and

The 4th of March, 1857, was mild and balmy. After three days of wintry weather "the skies were propitious and the atmosphere caim and hazy, like Indian summer." There was certainly nothing in the elemental conditions which attended the birth of President Buchauan's Administration to

And the procession, including a score of military organizations and as many fire companies with their engines. Among the feather with their engines are always yard and a full-right and darwn by six horses, and a full-right and for their with the hands on board and they with the hands on board and they with their with with their with their with their with their with their with their with with their with their with their with their with their with the

GRANT'S TWO INAUGURALS.

Grant's two inaugurals.

General Grant's first inauguration took place on March 4, 1869. The weather was rainy and disagreeable, but the city was, of course, crowded. At 10 o'clock General Grant and family entered at their residence a handsome new park phaeton and were drawn by a pair of splendid bays to army headquarters. There the General was joined by the late Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President-elect, and the procession formed. Company K, Fifth United States Cavalry, acted as a body-guard, and immediately behind the General's carriage followed the members of his staff. At the White House

called, but in a few moments word was received that they were too busy to participate in the ceremonies, and progress was resumed. General Grant's memorable controversy with Johnson and his Cabinet was regarded as the secret of their deep immersion in public affairs at that precise moment. As the procession reached the White House the sun emerged from behind the clouds which had obscured it and shone brightly for a few moments, but soon disappeared again. General Grant nimbly mounted the grand flight of marble stairs leading to the Senate chamber, where Mr. Colfax was sworn in as Vice-President. Among those who viewed the scene from the galleries were Horace Greeley and Samuel J. Tilden, the next two Presidential candidates of the Democratic book place at the east portico. General Grant read his brief address in a voice which was inaudible to many of those nearest him. He was dressed in a brandnew suit of black dothes. When he reached the White House after the ceremonies he found that the rettring President and his family had vacated the premises. There was a great crush at the inauguration ball, beld that night at the new Treasury building, the crowd being so dense that dancing proved well-nigh impossible.

March 4, 1873, when President Grant was inaugurated for the second term, was a cold, raw, windy day. Thousands of strangers filled the city, but the arrangements for the ceremonies were imperfect, and the connision which prevailed rendered the demonstration a partial failure. The oath was administered at the usual time and place, and the President then returned to the White House. The ball at night, ried in a wigwam at Judiclary square, was, like the one four years previous, a "perfect jam."

R. R. RAYES.

wilswam at Judiciary square, was, like the one four years previous, a "perfect jam."

R. R. HAYES.

Circumstances of unusual intorest attended the inauguration of R. B. Hayes on March 4, 1877. It was not until 4:30 o'clock on the morning of March 2d that the joint session of Congress, at which his election was finally declared, adjourned. March 4th fell on Sunday, and on the previous evening, at 7:30 o'clock, at the red parlor in the While House, Mr. Hayes was administered the oath of office by Chiet Justice Waite in the presence of Ulysses S. Grant and Hamilton Fish. No Bible was used, the oath being taken with uplified hand. The fact of this ceremony having been performed did not become known until several days later. Monday, March 5th, was a cold, bleak day. There were 50,000 strangers were very nervous lest the supporters of Mr. Tilden should attempt a coupartent. President Grant and General Sherman had assembled a large military force at the capital and were prepared to promptly suppress any hostile demonstration. The procession was not long, there being no organizations from distant cities in line. At the Capital the demonstration of Cox, Holman and Clymer, were conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Hayes spoke his piece from the east portico and repaired to the White House, where he was duly congratulated.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION.

General Garfield's inauguration four

GENERAL GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION.

General Garfield's inauguration four years ago was celebrated in the midst of a driving storm, which materially interfered with the execution of the very elaborate programme which had been prepared. However, a remarkably fine display was made considering the circumstances, the military features being especially creditable. The crowd which assembled at the east portico of the Capitol, where General Garfield took the oath and read his inaugural, was estimated at 50,000. Among those who took a prominent part in the ceremonies, which were of the usual character, was General Hancock, the defeated candidate. The inauguration ball, held at the National Museum building, was on a grander scale than anything of the kind ever before attempted in America:

General Garfield died at Long Branch, at 10 P. M. on September 19, 1881. At 2:15 o'clock the next morning Chester A. Arthur was administered the oath of office in the parior of his residence, 123 Lexington avenue, New York, by Judge Brady of that city, in the presence of two witnesses, and thus became President of the United States. GENERAL GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION.

INAUGURATION BALLS.

Festivities Which Have Marked Changes of Administration.
The Chaosicle's Washington correspondent recently looked up the records of previous inauguration balls and found the same of considerable interest, growing from Administration to Administration as the country grew. There was no inauguration ball given Washington on the occasion of his first inauguration in the sense the term "ball" is now understood to mean. There was a social gathering to celebrate the was a social gathering to celebrate the event a few days after the inauguration, but it was informal in its character. The second inauguration of Washington, however, made the occasion of an elaborate socia, affair. It took place in Philadelphia if 1793 and was called a dancing assembly The invitations stated that it was in honor of the unanimous re-election of George Washington, and, besides, would give at an opportunity to take a parting leave with members of Congress.

There is some doubt as to when the inauguration balls given in bonor of the election of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were given, though a careful investigation is now being made in regard to them, a task which is an exceedingly difficult one. There is, of course, no official record kept of the inauguration balls. The newspapers of that day were not given to such details as they are now and the few that have been found so far dispose of the subject by saying that there were balls given and that they were pleasant endings to the day.

FROM MADISON TO PIERCS.

The inauguration balls given James Madison in honor of his election and re-election were given at Long's Hotel. This hotel has long since disappeared and even the oldest inhabitants have but a faint recodjection of it. It was said of the first ball given Madison (1809) that it was the "most brilliant and crowded ever known in Washington." There were, however, but 400 in attendance.

ball given Madison (1.00), the war in washington." There were, however, but 400 in attendance.

Both of the balls given Monroe were given him under the auspices of the Washington Assemblies, a local social organization of prominence in those days.

The John Quincy Adams ball was held at Carusi's Dancing Saloon, a public hail which had been famous in the days of Madison, in 15 the celebration of the treaty of Ghent took place, at the conclusion of the war of 1812. This saloon was originally the first theater in this city, where a performance was given in 1800, four years after the city was established. After being used as a dancing hall for thirty years it was changed into a theater again. About twelve years afterwards it became a variety theater. It was in this bullding that Andrew Jackson's inauguration ball was held, though the ball celebrating his election was held in the Central Masonic Hall, then on Louisiana avenue.

Those who had charge of Van Buren's in-

avenue.

Those who had charge of Van Buren's inauguration ball made it very select, and Carus's Hall was again selected, but it proved to be much too small for the purpose. Taking advantage of this fact, the Harrison inauguration ball was held in the old Assembly Fooms, afterwards the Cauter-Bury, a variety theater.

old Assembly Pooms, afterwards the Cauterbury, a variety theater. After paying all
expenses, there was \$2000 left, which was
divided among the orphan asylums. There
was a people's Tippecanoe ball given at
Carusi's Hall and a "native-American" ball
given at Masonic Hall the same night.
Carusi's Hall was selected for Polk's ball
in 1845, the tickets for which were limited
to 600. Though there was another crush,
it proved to be a success, socially as well as
financially. Then came Zachary Taylor's
inauguration, and a special temporary
building was put up on Judiciary square.
The great feature of the ball was the playing of the celebrated Austrian Band, which,
came to this country for the purpose. There
were "overflow" balls the same night at
Jackson and Carusi's halls. President Taylor visited them all, dividing the evening
between them.

were "overlow" balls the same night at Jackson and Carusi's halls. President Taylor visited them all, dividing the evening between them.

A FINANCIAL FAILURE.

Pierce's inauguration bail took place in a similar building erected for the purpose. The receipts fell short of paying the expenses and the committee having the ball in charge levied an assessment on themselves to make up the deficiency.

Buchanan's ball was like it in every respect, even in regard to the deficiency, which was made up in the same way. Lincoin's ball shared the same fate, the loss being, however, considerably heavier. There was extravagance in the preparations, the chandellers for the ball coming from Jayne's Hail, in Philadelphia, while there were pienty of handsomer chandellers already in the city.

Lincoin's second inauguration ball was given in the north wing of the Patent Office, which had then just been completed. Financially it was a success, as it was socially, but it will be best remembered by the confusion which took place. The place was not large enough for the crowd, and the men in charge of the cloakrooms got things mixed. Over 200 men lost their hats. The ladies was read to the supper-room, though though though though though though though though though thousands used for it. It was entirely unsultable for such a crowd. John Gray, the caterer, who supplied the supper- said the day after the ball that he had more stuff left over than he had served out, though thousands went away unied. The arrangements were spelendid to get into the supper-room, but those who got in could not get out again. There was only one door. Those, who did get substantial that he had more stuff left over than he had served out, though thousands on the outside fought to get in. It was at this said the sappeared. She wore diamonds valued at \$35,000. Three detectives were employed to follow her about the baliroom to keep the outside fought to get in. It was at this ball that he had more stuff left over than he had served out, while though thousands on the

nurpose on Judiciary square. The cold was simply terrific and the neating apparatus failed to act. Three hundred canary birds were to sing in the ballroom, but their notes froze in their throats and the singing was postponed. Some ladies walked about the ballroom in full dress, with low neck and bare arms. Their escorts were overcoats and still were cold. The supper-room was decorated with four miles of laurel-leaf rope. General Grant was so cold that he could not remember the figures in the Presidential quadrille that he had to lead and General Sherman had to push him through the dance. There was a great supper provided but little of it could be thawed out sufficiently to be esten. The coffee was warm and it was the only thing that was warm. The caterer, a New York man, had on hand before the ball opened, among other things, 10,000 fried oysters, 2500 loaves of bread, 200 hams decorated with jelly, 8000 sandwiches, 150 baked capons, 200 dozen quail, 400 partridges, 300 pails of Charlotte Russe, 300 gallons claret punch, 200 gallons assorted lees, 200 gallons of tea, 100 gallons of chocolate, 300 barrels of salads, 25 barrels of Malaga grapes. Everything had been cooked in New York. The receipts fell short over \$15,000 in paying the expenses, and though there was no law for it the amount was appropriated out of the city taxes and paid by the District Legislature, and which, by the way, was afterwards abolished by Congress. There was no inauguration ball given Hayes, owing to the delay of the Electoral Commission in deciding who had been elected President, but the Garfield inauguration ball, which came next, was a very successful event. It took place at the new National Marchant and the city taxes and paid by the District Legislature and which, be the way, was afterwards abolished by Congress.

elected President, but the Garfield inaugura-tion ball, which came next, was a very suc-cessful event. It took place at the new Na-tional Museum building, just then com-pleted. Like the Cleveland ball the tickets were \$5 a head with no free list. There was a supper-room on the European plan which worked admirably. The ball paid all its expenses and all the guaranty sub-scriptions were returned.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Reminiscences of His Early Manhood

—A Studious Lawyer. Buffalo Courier.

Twenty years ago two struggling attorneys, both youthful and as yet unknown to fame, fitted up an unpretentious room, for their occupancy on the third floor of the Hollster building, now known as the Lehigh Valley building, on the southeast corner of Seneca and Main streets, and there continued to dwell for nearly sicht. ner of Seneca and Main streets, and there continued to dwell for nearly eight years. One of these, Edward C. Robbins, by honest industry and a careful study of the law, has won for himself so great a degree of public confidence that he now holds the important position of associate and legal advisor to the Mayor of the city, while the other, favored he fortune for the strength of the city. other, favored by fortune beyond the limit of his most exalted dreams, has gone on-ward and upward from one station of honor to another, until now he writes as his autograph "Grover Cleveland, President-elect of the United States," Desirons of learning some of the incidents of the early manhood

graph "Grover Cleverand, Fresident-elect of the United States." Desirons of learning some of the incidents of the early manhood of one who has conferred so distinguished an honor upon this city, a Courier representative called upon Mr. Robbins the other afternoon and requested from him a chapter of personal reminiscences covering the period of his association with Mr. Cleveland.

"My first acquaintance with the President-elect," said Mr. Robbins, "began in 1860. At that time, like myself, he was a fleedging attorney, and although regarded as a young man of promise, ga. e no indication of the brilliant future which has since fallen to his lot. Somewhat later he became the Assistant District-Attorney under C. C. Torrence, now of Gowanda, and was regarded by the public as the bone and sinew of that office, at the close of Mr. Torrence's term, in the fall of 1865, Mr. Cleveland was nominated to the office of District-Attorney on the Democratic ticket, and ran against Lyman K. Bass. After a long and bitter campaign, when the results from the rural districts came in, it was found that Mr. Bass was elected by less than 100 majority. Subsequently it was learned that a Democratic leader in Alden had surreptituously procured a set of Democratic ticket, on which the name of Mr. Bass was substituted for that of Grover Cleveland, and over 100 of these counterfeit ballots had been unwittingly deposited by the Alden Democrats. Mr. Cleveland felt very sore over being thus cheated out of his office, but unlike some disappointed office-seek. ers, he did not hold the party responsible for the black sheep in the flock nor lessen his zeal in the advocacy of the principles of Democraty. Shortly after his defeat at the ballot-box Mr. Cleveland entered into a law partnership with Isaac V. Vanderpool, a leading lawyer and politician, and about this time we began to room together in the Hollister building.

SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CHARACTERISTICS.

"As a young man, Mr. Cleveland was very popular, and our room was a favorite resort of the yo

social and business characteristics.

"As a young man, Mr. Cleveland was very popular, and our room was a favorite resort of the youthful attorneys of the town, Grover was a brilliant conversationslist, free and easy in style, deliberate in delivery, with a fine run of rich bumor and a stock of good stories. He always talked to the point, starting out with a purpose and arriving at some definite conclusion. His ideas were always clearly expressed and were usually logical rather than strikingly original. He never cared for story-teiling as a pastime, but delighted in anecdotes when they helped to enforce a point. His sociability, however, was much septimed.

to a number carcle, and although frequently a tonored with invitations from the best families, he seldom went into society. It believe that the formalities and ostentation attending social life in the higher circles were so at variance with his natural sincerity and inherent simplicity that he found polite society repulsive, and greatly preferred a genial chat with the boys amid surroundings not calculated to impose any restraint.

"He was an enthusiast in his profession, and when we were alone the staple of our conversation was the law as applicable to the cases we had on hand. I have known him when engaged in legal business of more than ordinary importance to sit up all right with hit books and, papers, and walk into court the next morning looking as fresh as though he had slept ten hours. He was a great nand to think in bed and lay out his work for the following day before diopping to sleep.

"This was before the days of water works, and every morning a negro would bring a pail of cold water to our door. As soon as drover arose he would go to the door and bring in this pail of water, and no matter what the temperature would indulge in a thorough spouge bath. Some men always get up stupid or grumpy, but Grover never did. The moment his feet touched the floor he would begin to whistle or sing, usually selecting the air of some religious hymn, and by the time he was dressed for breakfast every evidence of languor had vanished. We took our meals for a long time at the United States Hotel and later at a boarding-house on Swan street, next to St. John's Church, Grover did not seem to care much for delicacies, but he never failed to do his duty by the substantial articles of food. He never complained of the quality of the board, or seemed dissattisfied with the selection set before him. Mr. Cleveland was a most excellent singer and very fond of music. Previous to rooming with me he chummed with a young man by the name of Dunnar, then in the employ of Sherman S. Jewett & Co., and the two made melody of ho mean order

Defamed by every charlatan
And soiled by all ignoble use.

A SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

"I had in my library at that time a twovolume work entitled "The British Drama,"
and these books were frequently conned by
my room-mate with evident relish. He was
likewise very fond of attending the theater
when tragedians of the higher order presented the Shakspearean plays. Booth,
Forrest and Hackett were his favorite
actors, and he never missed an opportunity
of seeing them. He likewise attended a
good many concerts. One could not persuade him into visiting a second-rate performance, however, for he grudged the
time thus spent, and evidently regarded it
as an evening wasted. Mr. Cleveland was
very fond of some games, particularly whist
and cribbage. In both of these he was an
expert and played with a spirit and concentration which made him a delightful
companion at the table. I think he also
played chess. At any rate, I remember that
he waiched with deep interest a game of
blindfold chess played in our room by
Henry A. Richmond and Robert Newell, in
which Mr. Richmond turned his back to the
board, yet, despite the necessity of carrying
the entire situation in his head, so directed
the move as to win a victory. This feat won
Mr. Cleveland's admiration. He cared very
little, however, for games of chance or dexterrity in which the element of judgment is
wanting.

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"test of the cared very
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Mr. Cleveland's admiration.

little, however, for games of chance or dexterity in which the element of judgment is wanting.

"Mr. Cleveland was likewise an enthusiastic fisherman, but neverfamed for remarkable success in his dealings with the finny tribe. There was enough of the sportsman element in his nature to make him refuetant to return home after a day on the river without a string. I remember well a trip which he, Oscar Folsom and myself took to Black rock in quest of brain food and the extravagant boasts made by both as to what dire disaster would overtake the river demzens when they threw in their lines. On our return about nightfall Folsom and Cleveland carried a fish apiece, while I had ten or twelve on my string. Both looked as dejected as though they lost a case in which their fees depended on the verdict. Birds have a strong fascination for Mr. Cleveland and at time he kept as many as half a dozen canaries in our room. He cared nothing for the common birds, however, and all or his possessions were either rare singers or conspicuous for beauty of plumage. He likewise delighted in Jovers and plants and through the window into a conservatory. Shortly after we ceased to room together Grover in some way became the possessor of a bull-terrier, in which he took considerable pride. The intelligent animal was a splendid imper and at the command of his master would snatch an article from a book-case as high as the door. I never learned the canine's end. Children aiways took to Mr. Cleveland and he always had a kindly word and a smile for every little one who

"If during the long term of our intimacy, at any time Mr. Cleveland suffered from cupid's darts, he resolutely scaled his lips upon the secret. To womankind in general he was counteous and considerate, but no fair one could boast any special mark of favor at his hands. He seemed pledged to bachelordom and content with his lot. Frequently he dined with his law partner, Mr. vanderpool, on Sunday, at Mrs. Morton's, on Mohawk street, opposite Trinity Chutch, but this seemed to be the limit and som total of his social experience. In dress he was neat and careful, but not fastidious. Black and white were his favorite colors. Nothing could have persuaded him to wear anything kat ly. His jewelry was confined to a single plain gold ring and a gold watch.

"While his interest in politics was deen." NEXPECTED PROGRESS IN POLITICAL LIFE

to a single plain gold ring and a gold watch.

"While his interest in politics was deep and absorbing, he could seldom be induced to speak at public meetings. If called upon at some ward gathering he would always respond oriefly, and in these addresses gave evidence of forensic ability of the highest order, but he could not be persuaded to cultivate his talent in that direction. The only elaborate public address delivered previous to the time he was elected Sheriff, which I can now recall, was a lecture in the Law Club course at Hersee Hall. Mr. Cleveland seldom went out of town, but once a year he made it a practice to visit his mother at Holland Patent, near Syracuse.

once a year he made it a practice to visit his mother at Holland Patent, near Syracuse.

"Although not a member of any church, nor a regular attendant at divine worship, he entertained the deepest respect for the orthodox belief and never falled to take immediate issue with any one who ventured to make light of sacred things. He read the Bible frequently and carefully studied religious books pertaining thereto. He received Presbyterian tendencies from his early training and is, I believe, still a firm adherer to that faith.

"Taken as a whole, Mr. Cleveland's career during the eight years we made our home in the Hollister building was singularly uneventful and periectly in harmony with the modest nature and even temper of the man. While it was generally conceded that newald achieve success in the profession, no one of us in those days even dreamed that he would sit in the Governor's chair, much less attain to that supreme place in the nation which he will soon hold."

PASS HER NOT BY WITH SNEER AND SCORN!

BY A MOTHER.

On! pass not by with bitter hate That gullty, erring one,
Whose heart e'en now is desolate
For what her sin has done.

Oh | pass her not with sneer and scom, A zind word yet may says And cause to virtue's path to turn And Heaven's rich blessing crave,

Perhaps e'en now a mother's prayer Is waited up on high; And He who sits in judgment there Will hear that mother's cry.

E'en now the Holy Spirit's sent, To touch that sinful heart; And now a weeping penitent, She would from sin depart.

Though sin has deep its furrows laid, And scarred that visage o'er; Remember, Jesus kindly said, Go, daughter, sin no more.

Then to the erring one be kind, And tell of Him who bore The weight of sin for lost mankind, And said, "Go, sin no more."

"Let me go, the day is breaking, Earthly scenes are fading fast; Joys that were my heart awaking, Hopes and fears are with the past, Earthly visions now are darkling,
And the city's golden glow
Gleams before me, pure and sparkling,
In the distance—let me go.

Friends the early loved, the cherished, Friends the early loved, the cheristic Parted from our paths like dew, With the mortal have not perished, I behold them warm and true; Lovlier in that far dominion E'en than when we loved them so. And they stand with drooping pinion To enfold me—let me go!

Lay me gently on my pillow,
Weary are thy thorn-pierced feet;
Choist has calmed that boisterous billow
And the rest beyond is sweet.
Could ye share that glorious vision
Ye would not detain me so;
Now the homeward gales Elysian
Woo my spirit—Let me go!"
S. M. B S. M. B.



In this town, Jan. 16, Effic Fisher, a lighter of Henry F. and Elizabeth Fisher, ag. 16 years. 7 months,
In this town, Jab. 15, James S. Catheart, aged 70 years, 1 month, 15 days,

AND

In this town 21st inst., Caroline C. wife of George H. Gardner, aged 53 years, 10 months.

DIED MARCH 24, 1882.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

Gathered his harvest and the "aftermath," The reaper laid his ringing scythe aside; His feet forsook their long accustomed path
And, for his one sad task, he died! —In any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it is as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.

GRAND OLD MAID.

THE GLORIOUS LIFE OF PROFESSOR MARIA MITCHELL.

HER EMINENCE IN MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMY.

Vassar College Trustees Refuse to Accept Her Resignation After Two Decades of Loving Labor, and Grant Her Indefinite Leave of Absence With Salary Continued.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 12.—Professor Maria Mitchell has resianed the professorship of astronomy in Vassar college, nsisting that she needed rest. The execu tive committee of the board of trustees laid the resignation on the table and gave Miss Mitchell indefinite leave of absence, her salary to continue till the trustees meet in June when further action will be taken.



MARIA MITCHELL

Miss Mitchell is the only American woman who has attained eminence as a mathematician and astronomer. In fact, she is our most distinguished living astronomer of either sex. She was born in 1818. To the best of one's knowledge, she has never in a single instance refused to tell her age, which is the severest possible test of intellectual strength. In a Women More relectual strength in a woman. More re-markable still is the mental power and enthusiasm the lady retains to near the age of 70. In the full flower of her intellectual vigor, she attacks the calculation of an eclipse, the sighting of a comet, or oversees astronomical photograph-making. Her hat is white, but her black eyes sparkle with all the fire of youth. Intellectual people never grow old. She says she does not sit up nights as late as she used to do but sit up nights as late as she used to do, but otherwise, as far as her work is concerned, she notices no difference between new and forty years ago.

Her mother was very fond of books, her father was a teacher. It was their theory that children should be kept busy. Theirs were accordingly taught to work, and made to do it. Whether at study or engaged with their hands, they had to put their minds to it and keep at it. This mental and physical discipline was invaluable. Maria Mitchell shows evidence of it.

Maria Mitchell shows evidence of it.

The girl inherited her father's passion for mathematics. She has his mind and brain over again. Very early, when most girls are in the candy-eating and tear-shedding age, she became her father's assistant in her father's little private observatory he had fitted up. One of the first things that she learned was the use of the sextant. She took the altitudes of the heavenly bodies. took the altitudes of the heavenly bodies, from which to compute the local time, Later she was employed to make calcula-tions for The Jantical Almanac. The one fast which brought her into fame, however, was her discovery of the great comet in 1847. There was no daubt of the priority

of her claim, and this young woman of 29 received a gold medal from the king of Denmark for her comet. She made a mathematical calculation of its course, and the paper is now in the Smithsonian insti-

The girl astronomer led a single life. In a confidential moment one day she confessed that it was much harder for girls to keep from getting married than to marry. It requires far more heroism.

Miss Mitchell is a member of the Ameri-

can Academy of Arts and Sciences. She was the first woman elected to membership. She also belongs to the American Association for the Promotion of Science. Moreover, she has been working regularly on a salary about fifty years, without a break. Few persons, man or woman, can say as Few persons, man or woman, can say as much. She began as librarian of the old town of Nantucket, and her pay at first was very small. But she filled every office and performed every duty, however trifling, in the best manner. So small things led to large ones. The past twenty years or so she has been professor of mathematics at Vassar college. She has an sistant, a woman whom she herself trained to aid in the college observatory. This assistant is a lady of wealth who gives her time to the work from love of science. She took fifty-eight photographs of the last visible eclipse of the sun. Probably it would be hard to Probably it would be hard to convince either the indomitable woman astronomer or her assistant that work was other than an honor and a glory.

Miss Mitchell has saved from her salary a comfortable competency to support her if she should retire. But that she will not do. she should retire. But that she will not do. She is not that kind of an astronomer. Her heart is in her science and with her Vassar girls. She says they have given her vassar giris. She says they have given her a nobler view of womankind than she has had before. She has found out what girls are capable of. She is heart and soul with every movement for the educational and industrial progress of women, and full of hope and enthysiasm for their future. She hope and enthusiasm for their future. She says: "I believe in women even more than I do in astronomy."

Orange Street Whaling Masters. LIST OF WHALING MASTERS WHO HAVE LIVED ON ORANGE STREET WITHIN THE MEMORY OF PEOPLE NOW LIVING.

East Side.

Edward McCleave, Sylvanus Russell, Wm. Worth, Obed Ramsdell, Wyer Swain, Alex. Coffin, Benj'n. Goggeshall, Charles McCleave, Nathaniel C. Cary, Peter Smith. Francis Smith, Geo. B. Chase. James Codd. Geo. Sprague, Andrew Myrick, David Sprague, George Joy, Alex. Myrick, Hezekiah Barnard. William Cash, Seth Folger, Geo. Palmer, Capt. Gardner, Shubael Brown, Abisha Bunker, Charles Grant, Isaac Chase, David Bunker, Charles Smith. Prince Coleman, Christopher Wyer, Thomas Folger. John Murray, Zebdial Coffin, Hiram Coffin, Joseph Weeks Reuben Sayer Richard Bailey, John Maxey, Shubae! Hussey, Geo. Hoeg, Sabar Cottle, Abraham Swain, Charles Swain, Zenas Coleman, Owen Chase, Obed Swain, Wm. Swain, Charles Swain, Geo. Chase, Nat'l Fitzgerald. Wm. Chase.

West Side.

Henry Colesworthy, Frederick Arthur, Thomas Gardner, Stephen West, Seth Coffin, Charles Arthur, Eliakim Coffin. Job Smith, Peleg Ray, Benjamin Worth, Thomas Russell, Stephen Bailey, Cromwell Bunker, James Wyer, Joshua Bunker, seth Cathcart. Tradeus Coffin, 2d, Wm. Keene, ranklin Chase, George Kelley, Edward Ray, Charles Abrams, Thadeus Coffin, Sr. John J. Gardner, Prince W. Ewer, Eben Baker, George Pollard, Geo. Russell, Jared Tracy, Obed Wyer, Solomon Folger, Peter Chase, John Howe, Rueben Siyer, Isaac Smith, Gardner Swain, Charles Chase. John Upham, William Fuller, Wm. Cash, Sr. Peter Veeder. Reuben Cleveland, Charles Veeder, George Cash, Moses Brown, Valentine Long, Wm. Brown, Timothy Upham, Edward Austin, David Barnard, Henry Cleveland, Wm. Mooers, Solomon Smith, Nathan Manter, Moses Smith, Edward Clark,

Peter Coffin, Jonathan Swain, Samuel Harris, Joseph Chase, Samuel Meader, Richard Gardner, Euch Ackley, William Coleman, George Catheart, Cu eries Pitman, e Pitman. Georgia John Cr William J.

William H. Tice, George Allen, Obed Smith, Peter Chase, Laban Cottle, Shabael Cottle, Jonathan Coffin, Charles Harray, Timothy Wyer, William Slade, Howes Swain, Paul Pease. Wyer, John Meader. James Alley.

C.

For the Inquirer and kerro Mr. Editor:

I do not wish to be irreverent, but would like to ask, what and our for fathers know compared with the men the present age? What, for instance did George Washington know? never saw a steamboat; he never saw fast mail train; he never sat for his pict ure in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he neve sighted a Krupp gun; he never listened to the fizz of an electric pen; he neve saw a pretty girl running a sewing machine; he never saw a steam engine go down the street to a fire; he never took laughing gas; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an international exposition; he never owned bonanza mine; he never knew Old Prohe never-but why go on? No, when he took an excursion, it was on a flat-boat when he went off on a train, it was mule-train; when he wanted to talk win a man in Milwaukee, he had to go there when he had his picture taken, it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of scissors; when he got the returns from back counties, they had to be brought to him by a man with an ox-cart; when he took aim at the enemy, he had to trust to a crooked barreled old flint-lock; when he wrote, was with a goose-quill; when hehad any thing to mend, his grandmother did i with a darning needle; when he went to a fire, he stood in line and passed buckets; when he looked at a clam, he never dreamed it was any relation of his; when he had a tooth pulled, he sat down and never stopped yelling; when he got out of teeth, he mummed his victuals; when he wanted an international show, he sent for Lafayette, and ordered his friends up from Old Virginia with the specimen carefully labelled in bottles; when he wanted to know anything about the weather, he consulted the ground-hog or goose-bone; whenbut why go on? What did such a man know? Who was he, anyway?

Closing Hymn.

Nantucket 'tis of Thee, Dear Island of the sea, Of thee we sing. Isle of our fathers' pride, From 'Sconset to Surfside O'er all thy commons wide, Thy praises ring.

Nantucket's schools we sing, Loud let their praises ring, Now evermore! Her sons gove forth in might, Her daughters taught arigi Would greeting send to-night,

From shore to shore.

Blest island of the sea, Home of the brave and free, Once more to you, Come greetings glad and bright, From hearts both gay and light, That throb with hope to-night,

Fair Ninety Two! Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,

Nantucket's praise Let pines their odors fling Let winds their echoes bring Let waves her praises sing Through endless days!

Percha As thou Wilt t

Perchan lif Has b Yet jud str Is he wil And li



THE HERMIT OF QUIDNIT.

OUT OF TOWN.

erent, but hd our for h the men for instance know? He never saw t for his pict. ry; he never ch; he never ever listened n; he never a sewin eam engine e; he never had a set of ed an interer owned w Old Prob No, when he a flat-boat 1, it was a to talk with

to go there ken, it was e of black ; when he inties, they a man with im at the a crooked he wrote, i hehad anv her did i he went to id passed clam, he d, he sat ing; when mmed his

an interyette, and d Virginia abelled in now any-

consulted e; whenh a man

X.

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е,

Blinds are closing, curtains falling, And a silence quite appalling Settles on the house stone fronted, Whence the family is shunted, Side tracked at a rural station In a jumbled aggregation.

Now are living rooms commodious Changed for barracks small and odious, Which you scarce could swing a cat in. Cotton spreads in place of satin, Slats with scanty feathers over, And the roughest sheets for cover.

Now the folks are brought to book at Meals that they would never look at On a table in the city—
Eggs and bacon old and gritty,
Poultry lean and antiquated,
Butter from the city freighted.

Should they want a morning canter, Or a cool and shady saunter, Then a farm horse, slow and bony, Roads all treeless, dusty, stony, Send the country-loving martyrs Back to their unpleasant quarters.

Catching trains is such a bother
To the brother and the father,
That 'tis not a bit of wonder
When by accident or blunder
One or t'other is left over
In the city's fields of clover.

—New York Sun.

JUDGE NOT.

Perchance the friend who cheered thy
early years
Has yielded to the tempter's power,
Yet why shrink back and draw away thy
skirt,
As though her very touch would do thee
hurt?
Wilt thou prove stronger in temptation's
hour?

Perchance the one thou trustedst more than life

Has broken love's most sacred vow;
Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife
Is he who beareth best the burden of life, and leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.

sing the great song of love to all, and not
The wailing anthem of thy woes:
The wailing anthem of thy woes:
So live thy life that thou mayest never feel
So live thy life that thou mayest never feel
Araid to say as at his throne you kneel,
Forgive me, God, as I forsive my foes."
—Chambers' Journal.



THE WRECK, NANTUCKET



LOW BEACH, NANTUCKET.

OBITUARY.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A WORTHY SHIP-MASTER.—Capt. George H. Cash was stricken with paralysis during the night of Thursday of last week, and remained in a speechless and apparently unconscious condition until his death, which occurred about noon of Monday last. He was universally known and highly esteemed among his fellowtownsmen, and the announcement that he had been thus suddenly called from active life has caused a general feeling of regret and sympathy for the bereaved widow, who has been herself an invalid for several years, and to whom the shock must be a very severe one. Capt. Cash was about 65 years of age, and up to the moment of the fatal paralytic stroke, had appeared to be in vigorous health for his years. His young manhood was spent on the ocean, and he rose through all the steps of promotion, until in 1852 he sailed in command of ship Addison, of New Bedford, making a successful voyage, and in 1857 sailed again in the Herald, from the same port. He afterwards commanded a ship owned and fitted in a Chilian port, but about twelve years ago, he retired from the sea, and settled down in his old home. He was of a genial, jolly disposition, fond of outdoor, athletic pursuits, and had made his usual arrangements last week for going to 'Sconset to stay through the fishing season, as had been his wont for several years past. It is difficult to realize that his busy career has been thus suddenly cut short without a note of warning. He leaves two sons, both now in California.

Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks conducting them. His remarks were beautiful and impressive. He spoke as follows, supplementing his remarks with reading the Episcopal prayer for persons under affliction:

"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Of no one more truly than our lamented-brother, can these words be uttered. Like some star, that, dropping below the horizon, illumines the sky, so our brother's cherished memory lights up the cloud of present grief, and we recall him as one who wrought faithfully, and so well. I can bear honest personal tribute to my deceased friend. There was a manilness, and a force of character in his daily life that was invigorating. But sweet rest is his—test for those ever-watchful eyes; rest for those tireless hands that never were weary in well-doing. We may tenderly speak of him as the devoted husband; the fond father; the good citizen; a tried and true friend. Who so gentle and considerate to the bereaved widow, as he? The Lord's blessing comfort her, and sustain her, as also, the two absent same. as he? The Lord's blessing comfort her, and sustain her, as also, the two absent sons. May the surviving brother and sister became reconciled to their so great loss, with all relatives and friends.

I recollect that he was one of that brave com-I recollect that he was one of that brave company of Nantucket men of early time—an honored remnant only now remains—who went down to the sea in ships, and whose business was on the great waters. Ah, how these will miss his daily greeting, his cheerful, generous words and ways! But we shall meet again. I can only say reverently, now, "Noble and control to the season of the seas words and ways! But we shall meet again. I can only say reverently, now, "Noble and patient heart, never complaining; always so thoughtful of others; so honest; considerate to the very last beat—we leave thee with nature, with memory, with God." A life like unto thine is never lost; it will be an example to us daily; and those of us who knew him heart-deep, will silently bear a grief

That slowly forms the firmer mind, Treasuring the look it cannot find—
The words that are not heard again!"

Capt. Oliver S. Cleveland, a native and former resident of this town, died at South Dartmouth, Mass, on the 31st ult., at the age of 66 years, after a chequered life of adventure and active service, both at sea and in the army. In 1837, at the age of 15 years, he sailed on his first voyage in the ship Charles, of New Bedford, with Capt. Barzillai Morseiander, who was killed by an accident at sea; but the voyage was successfully completed under the command of her first officer, the late Capt. Richard Gardner. Young Cleveland continued to follow the whaling business, rising through all the grades, and from 1857 to 1861 commanded the ship Margaret Scott, of New Bedford. Returning home from this voyage during the war, he enlisted in 1862 for nine month's service, and was appointed orderly sergeant of company H, 45th Mass. Regiment.

He served with credit, returning with the regiment in July, 1863., and soon after re-entisted in the 16th Mass. Battery Light Artillery, with the rank of sergeant. He served until near the close of the war, when he was invalided and sent home, having been reduced very low by disease contracted in the service, from which he never recovered. For many months after his return to Boston, he hung between life and death; but partially rallied and has tried several kinds of husiness since, without success, for his maiady was deeply seated, and for several years past he has been entirely helpless, his principal support being pension money, which he had fairly carned in the service of his country. The leaves a widow and three children residing in Egyth Dartmouth.

ONE LESS AT HOME.

S. G. STOCK.

One less at home The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;
But, cleansed and saved, and perfected by grace,
One more in heaven!

One less at home; One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore One farewell word unspoken; on the shore Where parting comes not, one soul landed more, One more in heaven!

One less at home A sense of loss that meets us at the gate; Within, a place unfilled and desolate; And far away, our coming to await, One more in heaven!

One less at home!
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise,
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies,
One more in heaven!

One more at home!
This is not home, where cramped in earthly mould,
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and heaven!

One more at home That home where separation cannot be.
That home whence none are missed eternally.
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in heaven.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

Day is dead, and blent in shadow
Lifts the ridge that crowns his tomb,
Mists are ris ng from the meadow,
And the woods are massed in gloom.
Homeward belis of lowing eattle
Sound along the village street,
And the gossips' shrilling prattle,
And the children's running feet.

Cool the fountain water splashes,
And the lights show one by one,
While the first star faintly flashes
In the gold wake of the sun.
Silent groups return from reaping
With a reverence past the shrine—
Hold you God in his good keeping,
Give you lighter hearts than mine.

Out beyond the hills that bound you Deeds are done and thoughts are thought—
Such a battle ranges round you,

But it vexes you in naught; Evening air a-scent with clover, And the peat smoke softly curled Up the dark hillside and over— This is all your little world!

Have ye other lives to travel,
Quiet dwellers in the trees,
Deeper problems to unravel
Than the darkest drift of these?
Loftier aims in other ages,
Wider orbits, keener fears?
Rest you, now, for labor's wage is
Dreamless s.eep and quick-dried tears.

Here men change not, men desire not,
Here men wander not away;
Here they fail not, who aspire not,
Here are still content to pray.
Such a rest from all the riot!
Fairest valley that thou art,
This contagion of thy quiet
Spreads its twilight on my heart.

Now the mountains lie in trances. All the mountains lie in trances, All the forests sway in dreams, And the moon with silver lances Strikes the ever-waking streams; Waking stream, we race together, Rush and swirl and even flow, Breasting crags or skirting heather To a sea we neither know.

Your swift eddies envy surely,
As they near the rocky leap,
You also have the rocky leap,
You are lake, that lies so purely,
Hardly rippled in its sleep;
So, half-envious, I too linger,
Pace the village to and fro,
While you peak gleams like a finger
Pointing skyward through the snow—

Then away—and no returning!
Whirls the eddy down the gorge,
Where, night through, the fires are burning.
And the sparks fly from the forge.
On, till these blue stars are setting.
And fhe dawn unrobes the sky!
Such an Eden of forgetting
I would ask for when I die!

- Republikated in The Weet.

-Rennell Rodd, in The Magazine of Art for May.

THE MUMMY.

In these dim galleries of the world, Where bits of battered greatness lie, Lo! here, with eyes long sealed, am I, With blackened lips once proudly curled-Bound down and swathed, who was

queen, Gazed idly on by all who pass, All shrivelled, shrunk, and put between These four walls of clear glass.

Three thousand years since that dark day, With sad chants flung on the red air, When the great bull Apis bare Beyond the western hills away. That which ye see uncoffined here Whose coffin painted was, and sweet With perfumes spilling from the bier Of scents sewn in my sheet.

Great pomp there was that buried me:
The boat that carried me by night
Was hung with trappings gold and white,
Had muffled oars that dipped the sea,
Broad oars that swung out measuredly,
And swept my silent state along
Beneath its shadowed canopy,
With sounds of sullen song.

With funeral jars and offerings Engraved with long-forgotten signs Put in the stone with curious lines, And blazoned with strange-patterned

things
Like unto those that banded me
Above the place where I was hid,
Red painted on my canopy,
Gold on my coffin lid.

So to my sepulture I went, With dull-winged scarabei dried Laid in the hollow of my side, Fragrant with the myrrhs and borrowed

scent, Hedged from Ambition's tireless strife, Out of the palace put away, From languid loves that weary life, I, who was yesterday.

I, who was, am not, yet shall be, Lie straitly here, who reigned a queen, A handful of fine dust between Four walls of glass for all to see, With bits of battered greatness near. Dwell on it, ye who idly pass My body's shell uncoffined here; Behind these walls of glass.

THE LAST CASAR.

Now there was one who came in laterdays. To play at Emperor: in the dead of night Stole crown and sceptre, and stood forth

light In sudden purple. The dawn's straggling

rays Showed Paris fettered, murmuring in amaze, With red hands at her throat-a pitcon-

sight.
Then the new Cæsar, stricken with at fright
At his own daring, shrunk from public gaze

In the Elysee, and had lost the day But that around him flocked his birds o

prey, Sharp-beaked, voracious, hungry for the

Twixt hope and fear behold great Casar hang! Meanwhile, methinks, a ghostly hughter

Through the rotunda of the Invalides.

I see him as men saw him once—a face Of true Napoleon pallor; round the cres The wrinkled care; mustache spread pindon-wise, Pointing his smile with odd sardonie

grace
As wearily he turns him in his place.
And bends before the shrill Parisacries—
Then vanishes, with glitter of gold ace
And trumpets blaring to the patient skies

Not thus he vanished later! On his path The Furies waited for the hour and man, Foreknowing that they waited not in vain.

Then fell the day, O day of dreadful wrath Bow down in shame, O orfuson-zirtSedan Weep, fair Alsace! weep, lovellest Lor-raine!

So mused I, sitting underneath the trees
In that old garden of the Tulieries,
Watching the dust of twilight sitting down
Through chestmit boughs just touched
with antumn's brown—
Not twilight yet, but that ineffable bloom
Which holds before the deep-etched
shadows come;
For still the garden stood in golden mist,
Still, like a river of mollen ameturst.
The Seine slight through its spans of fretted
stone.

stone. And, near the grille that once fenced in a throne.
The fountains still unbraided to the day
The unsubstantial silver of that spray.

A spot to dream in, love in, waste one's

hours!
Temples and palaces, and gilded towers.
And fairy terraces:—and yet, and yet,
Here in her woe came Marie Antoinette,
Came sweet Corday, Du Barry with shill

Not learning from her betters how to del Here, while the nations watched with bated breath. Was held the saturnalia of Red Death! For where that shim Egyptian shall uplifus drifts.

Of various gold, the busy Headsman stood—
Place de la Concorde—no, the Place of
Blood!

And all so peaceful now! One cannot bring
Imagination to accept the thing.
Lies, all of it! Some dreamer's wild romance—
High hearted, witty, laughter loving
France!
In whose orain was it that the legend grew
Of Mænaos shrieking in this avenue,
Of watch-fires burning, Famine standing
guard,

Of long-speared Uhlans on that esplanade What ruder sound this soft air el Than a bird's twitter or a bugle's What darker crimson ever splasi

What darker crimson ever splassed new walks.

Than that of rose leaves dropping from the stalks?

And yet—what means that windowless facade,

That sculpt.rred marble, splintered so and charred,

Looming among the trees there?

This happened, as it were, but yesterlay to be a superior of the control of the

We sleep and dream. Who has not seen and met His heart's desire in that charmed palace-

And hugged the happiness he could not

keep. Or kissed an ideal he could never set In place of waking facts? Thus from the

fret
And toil of life, we enter, wanderiar deep
Through the long corridors, where dreams,
that steep
Our souls with gladness, wile us to first
That they are dreams. Here is the eseping-place
We come into the presence, face to face,
of longings realized; here stream our
hands
To touch some well-remembered formed
yore,

And speak the words we should have Spoke before
Our friends passed from us into dear

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Park Benjamin's Poem.

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Sometime in the early fifties the Nantucket Atheneum was honored by the appearance on its platform of Park Benjamin, who delivered his celebrated lecture-poem on the "Age of Gold." The lecture had been elsewhere delivered a number of times and committed to memory, but the preface to it was written here and adapted to the peculiar condition of our people at that time. Andrew M. Macy, Esq., one of the most brilliant journalists of that period, was editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, and a friendship was formed between them intensified, prehaps, from the fact that both were aicfflted with physical infirmities endured from their births. Mr. Benjamin, with the assistance of friends, ascended the ofice stairs to the very room now o cupied by the Journal to return a visit to the editor. Mr. Macy solicited his manuscript for publication and it was printed in the Inquirer of that date. Mr. Josiah Folger, who was then buisness manager of the paper during the temporary absence of Mr. E. W. Cobb, the publisher, on Legislative duty, secured the manuscript, after it had been placed in type, as a memouto of the destinguished poet and lecturer. He has preserved it in his library ever since, and has kindly loaned it to us for a production. To those who listened in rapi attention to its that delivery, and all others who realize delivery, and all others who realize how many of the bread-winners of families were then absent from home on whaling voyages and in California, it will have a historical as well as poetic interest.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

Oh tell me, ye who stay in Home's warm fold, Do your affections wither or grow cold? Dwell not your thoughts on morning, noon and

Owell not your languages or achieve?
On what the absent purpose or achieve?
As in stout ships they dash along the brine,
Ir deve for wealth in some prolific mine?
One they not back in dreams, familiar, bright,
Yith the soft rays of Memory's tender light?
Yes—not one look is unreflected; not
One word that blessed the parting hour forgot,
It seems but yesterday, though months have
flown.

One word that blessed the parting hour forgot, it seems but yesterday, though months have flown, since last you listened to their voice's tone-tresh as this morning's dawn the time appears when you beheld them through your binding tears, 'Mae' my husband,' sighs the youthful bride, 'How can wealth tempt thee from thy fond one's side! an gold compensate for this aching void, these vacant wishes, teeling's unemployed? on not to me! for thou art all my store, and, blest with thee, I would not ask for more.' so too the matron, as, with anxious mind, she contemplates her children, strives to bind for closely still the bonds of duty, when he bids them maitate the best of men—who for their sakes has left his place of birth To gather riches from the hap of Eighth, that quiet comfort, luxury, might be theirs, who now can give him but their hopes and prayers.

And so the mother of some noble son weeps when she ponders on her cherished one—

weeps when she ponders on her cherished onc—
weeps as she dwells on evils that surround, fears that infest and dangers that confound, the pears that the consent she mishly gave for one so young to date the tempest wave, and in strange climes without a friend to roam;—
what ley were her's af she could win him home, that weep not, mother, Providence will keep that working steps and guarri his moveless sleep, and your remembrance, like as angel, stray about his dwelling and illumine his way, tome wife! find thou the fiame of hope, twill burn

bout his dwelling and the flame of hope, twill burn burn brighter till his glad refurn. Induction of hope, twill burn brighter till his glad refurn. Induction of the flame of hope, twill burn brighter and in grace.

For ye shall surely see your parent's face. From Holy Writ such words of schace flow-go, read the volume, and you shall know go, read the volume, and you shall know to restrict the sublime—that perfect peace is given this truth sublime—that perfect peace is given to those who part and put their trust in Heaven. To those who part and put their trust in Heaven. from you, oh friend, a host of dear ones stray.

Leaves many a household darkened by a shade.
Not now the sunbeams of their clances fall;
Not new your names their accents kindly call;
Not remod your fregites do their figures come;
icho, which answered to their tones, is dumb;
Places that knew them, know them now no
more.

Pieces that knew them, know more, more, the busy street, the occan's lonely shore, Nor yet the temple, where they went to praise Their days of their days.

days.

But be consoled: though coming time appears fonger by far than retrospective years, Yet days, weeks, months and years shall swiftly glide
Upon Eternity's unchanging tide,
And on some future height, your eyes shall

And on some fature height, your eyes shall hail
In blets horizon. Friendship nomeward Sail—
A ship well latten with deep trust and joy.
Affection's Gold, debased by no alloy.
Oh, be submissive to his just command,
Who holds the waters in his hollow hamd;
Who, though revealed not in his awful form,
Rides on the whir livined and directs the storm,
But, who still temperate the lamb that's shorn,
The keen, bleak wind from wintry climate
harms.
And without whom there never yet were found
One Bittle swallow fallen to the ground.
Upon his care your constant soul repose
Who sends a baim for all our human woes,
And be consoled to think that thus hereft

And be consoled to think that thus bereft, Thoughts, dreams, emotions from the Past are

left; And that dear Memory with magic girll Can make them your beloved companiens still, Put lands and sens b tween the loved and dear, The heart's strong terescripe still brings them near;

The heard's strong tenecope still brings the near;
Love, like a master of that mimic trade, By which the form and features are displayed By the san's pencil in an instanc's space, Draws the expression of a darling face. And, when it will, though regions interpose of dark sterras and introduce shows.

Can, though its strince be the empty air, Daguerrotype a faithful likeness there.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY EDWARD H. DAVIS.



TRAV'LER from the moon once came Is it no more, my heart, for thee Life's one unquestioned eestasy? Down to our earth to view the same; For, having heard of wonders here, He wished to know how they'd appear For trav'lers from the moon declare That in the moon no wonders are.

He'd heard of man, a creature wise, Who had two hands, two legs, two eyes; Of cattle, horses, and such things As birds with feathers, beaks, and wings. He thought the sight the journey worth, And so came sailing down to earth.

He saw with great astonishment, The pretty things where'er he went; He viewed the flowers, great and small, The little shrubs, and trees so tall; He saw the sea and ocean great, But man the creature saw not yet.

So now another course he took, Twas not at natural things to look. He wished to see the works of men, Admire their wisdom, arts, and then To make his journey backward soon Unto his home that's in the moon.

A house he saw-a grog-shop where He paused to see what new thing there; A sight more strange he had not seen, He could not think what it did mean, But guessed at last it was the place Where God confined the wicked race.

Here men with faces, bloated, red, With glaring eyes all fierce and dread Were uttering oaths and language vile And reeling, stagg'ring round the while. Some lay as dead upon the floor; Some ghastly grinned at the uproar.

In garments tattered, shoeless feet, The beggar children did he meet Forlorn, half-starved, and cold, and pale, In bitter cries they tell their tale; Some weeping o'er their brutish sire Who lay prostrated in the mire.

"This may be hell ar aught I know," Said he; "I will no farther go," For sights like these ne'er met his eyes. He gazed around then at the skies, And quite affrighted soared away, Nor has been heard from to this day.

Why Women Marry.

Detroit Free Press.

An article has been going the rounds of the press entitled, "Reason Why Men Marry." So I have begun to make inquiries why women marry. I began first on my landlady at dinner time, but she answered me so southy, "Because I didn't stay single!" with a look that added "you idiot" plainly as words could have done, that I tremblingly made up my mind to lay up my last month's board bill and pursue further inquiries by post.

"So, to the question, "Why did you marry?" the following answers were received:

"Because all fools weren't dead yet."

"Because all fools weren't dead yet."

"Because I had the chance."

"Because I had the chance."

"Because I had the chance."

"Because I had the wouldn't."

"Because I was on much store hair and bought my complexion he thought I was 24 instead of 42."

"Because I was as big a fool as most other irifs are."

"Because he always said I was an angel. Now he always says he wishers I was other jirls are."

"Ont of pride for my sex. He had already outlived three women. I have brought back the palm to mysex. He was my first husband and I am looking for my sixth."

If there is any woman who reads this paper who married for love, money or spite, write quickly and let me know, or if any such case has come under your notice please inform me and you will be suitably rewarded.

IN THE LANE.

IN THE LANE.

And art thou then, my heart, too old, Ever to leap with love again, To feel the strong blood-torrent rolled Through heaving breast and teeming brain?

Are faded quite those dim, far days When music mothered every sound, When up and down youth's happy ways Fared giories on eternal round? Has chill of years killed every joy That blossomed for the wandering boy?

These are the trees once known so well We felt to them all but beknown; Their very shadow we could tell From others by the forest thrown. The same glad songs from bush and bough— As once we heard, we hear them now.

And these sweet flowers beneath my feet, Their young eyes greet us as of yore. The hope, there! Still they think to meet Her glance that shall not answer more; To us aloue it cannot be They're looking up so tenderly.

This is the same gray path we took Behind the slowly going day; As they do now, the light leaves shook When evening breezes blew this Yay; And theres' the glow upon the dome, And here the cows are coming home.

Ah, no, good heart, thou still canst stir, still lives the love first bid thee leap; still are we at the side of her They laid away 'neath yonder steep. Though clods be on her and a stone, In the dear old lane we're not alone.

J. V. Cheney, in the Century.

NOT BAD TO TAKE THAT WAY.

Sulphur in the Stockings Said to Re a

Preventive of the Grip.

Mr. George T. Angell, president of the humane society with a long name, said yes-

"A gentleman calling on me today tells me that he has seen in one of the Boston dailies a letter from a physician recommending as a preventive of grip the putting of powdered sulphur in the stockings, so as

mending as a preventive of grip the putting of powdered sulphur in the stockings, so as to be constantly walking on sulphur.

"Some years ago Casey Young, member of Congress from Memphis, Tenn., told me that, during the great yellow fever epidemic at Memphis, in which I believe thousands died, he and various other gentlemen of his acquaintance saved their lives by constantly wearing powdered sulphur in their stockings, while others of his acquaintance who refused to use it died.

"In one instance he stated that out of a considerable number of gentlemen assembled in his office, who discussed the sulphur escaped, and every one who did not had the fever. It is well known that a few doses of sulphur taken internally will pass through the body, clothing and pocketbook, and so blacken the silver in the pocketbook as to make its reception doubtful. It is also equally well known that men working in malarial districts in sulphur escape malaria. I think it my duty to state these facts, which may be of value in preventing sickness and saving life."

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air! and your mother—Where is she?

You look lots like your mother: Purty much the same in size;
And about the same complected, and favor about the eyes.
Like her, too, about livin' here, secause she couldn't stay;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!
—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the page—
And left her ear-bobs for you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyaurded' em, but if yer go'n' away—
Nothin' to 'y, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don'trikollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year old, then!
And now yer—how old air you? Why, child, not "twenty!" When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git married that day?

* * Lwisht yer mother was livin'!—but
—I ain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched on to yerdress there—I'll bresh it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run sway!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!
—James Whilcomb Riley in the Century.

FROWNS AND TEARS.

Before the days of clock in hall,
Or watch in pocket or on wall,
The ancients told the time of day
By measurement of sun and shade,
Just as you do, you froward jade,
Who can be everything but gay.
They set up in a public place
A dial, with a painted face,
Whereon a figure like your nose,
Or like your threatening finger, rose;
And, when the sun went up and down,
Pointed the hours, as you do now,
With sullen humors on your brow,
For every hour a different frown.

For every hour a different frown.

When the sun set or hid his light
In cloudy days, and in the night,
They told the time another way.
By water, which from vessels dropped,
Till they were emptied, when it stopped;
And this they called the clepsydra.
You use the same old measure yet,
For evermore your eyes are wet,
You leaky creature, old and sour,
Whose life is a perpetual shower!
Strong should he be, and in his prime,
To whom, as wife, you measure time.
How he can tell, with you in sight,
Whether it be the day or night,
Has puzzled me. I own, for years,
Your peevish tempers change so soon;
Your frown, as now, proclaims it noon,
And now 'its midnight—by your tears!

—R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine.

"Julius Cæsar!" said the Eastern man to the Californian, as they stood beside the thermometer in the shade, "but this is a most wonderful climate!"

"You bet; the greatest in the world."

"It is hot, but, I don't see that you can't stand boiling point out here."

"Oh, heat doesn't count in California."

"Now, in New York, we melt with 103 in the shade; melt; you can't get anything but heat."

"That's a fact."

"But look at this! Holy smoke! 185 de-

"But look at this! Holy smoke! 185 de-grees in the shade, and thick woolen clothes, and we're only kind of perspir-

clothes, and we're ing."

"That's nothing. Water don't boil in California until about 600 degrees."

"One hundred and eighty-five degrees. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn', have believed it."

Then the Californian book away the lighted end of his cigar from the mercury bulb, and they sat down to finish their heer.

ENLISTED FOR THE WAR.

Miss Harriet Dame, Veteran Army Nurse.

She Followed the Second N. H. Volunteers in All Its Campaigns.

With Her Pension She Built a House at the Weirs for Her Regiment.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 18. — When the statue of John P. Hale was unveiled in this city last month, among the interested spec tators who viewed the scene from the State House balcony stood a woman whose army record has probably no equal in this

For four years and eight months Miss Harriet P. Dame served as war nurse, tenting in the field nearly all that time, some times exposed to shot and shell, repeatedly caring for smallpox patients, enduring more than the privations of the solders, often the only woman for miles around, and throughout woman for lines around, and shroughout the war acting as comrade, nurse and guardian angel for the 2d New Hampshire Volunteers. No one looking at her upright figure,

bright, dark eyes and strong, kindly features, the picture of cheerful self-reliance, would imagine that Miss Dame could be in her 78th year. Nor would he think that after her extraordinary war

think that after her extraordinary war record that she could serve 25 years in the treasury department at Washington with no thought as yet of giving up active work. Among the many distinguished people who had come to attend unveiling of the statue, Miss Dame met the venerable ex-Gov. Berry of Bristol, now in his 94th year, the famous war governor of New Hampshire.

the famous war governor of New Hampshire.

"Do you remember, Governor," said Miss Dame, "that when I wanted to go to the front at the beginning of the war you would not give me a pass because you said it was no place for women?"

"I do," said the ex-governor, "but you knew better than I. The Lord had called you."

you."
Meeting an old soldier later in the day,
Miss Dame said:
"This does not seem much like the time

When I Marched all Night,

when the way was so bad that FitzJohn Porter would not take his army out, and when morning dawned I felt as if I didn't

Miss Dame's exceeding modesty and re-luctance to talk about herself have always

luctance to talk about herself have always preventediany sketch of her life from being published, but the following facts are now given for the benefit of that younger generation to whom the great events of '61-'65 are but a tradition.

Harriet Patience Dame was born in North Barnstead, N. H., Jan. 5, 1815. She was the youngest of six children, of whom but one beside herself survives. This is an elder sister, Mrs. Shackford, 82 years of age, who has been totally blind for several years. She lives near Concord and with her Miss Dame spends her summers. Their parents were James Chadbourne and Phebe (Ayers) Dame.

Miss Dame early showed a helpful and self-reliant spirit, and after receiving a good education in her native town, she worked at dressmaking in Boston and vicinity for many years.

at dressmaking in Boston and vicinity for many years.

After the death of her mother she came to Concord, N. H., in 1856, and with her aged father took a house on the corner of Main and Montgomery sts. Here she was living when the war broke out.

She began to care for the troops as soon as they were mustered on the camp ground near Concord. She received sick soldiers into her house, and at one time it was filled with patients, suffering with the measles, It was when the 2d Regiment was about leaving for Washington, in June, 1861, that Miss Dame resolved to go to the front.

Her services were at first declined. Many of the officers, among them gallant old Gen. Marston, then colonel of the regiment, and afterwards one of her warmest friends, looked with great disfavor upon

Women Entering the Army.

Women Entering the Army.

But Miss Dame talked with the head surgeon, Dr. Hubbard of Manchester, and with the chaplain, Rev. Henry E. Parker, now one of the oldest professors at Dartmouth College, and she was finally permitted to go. She went alone, a day or two after the regiment, finding great difficulty in reaching Washington, and she paid her lare a part of the way.

Somebody once asked her when she was enlisted, and when mustered out.

"I enlisted at the beginning of the war," said Miss Dame, "and I can't say that I have ever been mustered out."

This is quite true, for not a month goes by now that she does not render some help, pecuniary or otherwise, to a soldier or a soldier's widow.

Miss Dame went directly into camp, and at once began work for the sick and wounded. At first she had one woman companion, Mrs. Mary Marden of Windham, but after six months' service Mrs. Marden was obliged to leave on account of illness, and during the remainder of the war Miss Dame was the only woman in the regiment, which numbered at the outset 1000 men.

regiment, which numbered at the outset 1000 men.

Miss Dame was always a field nurse, which means that she did not spend her time in a comparatively comfortable hospital, but went directly to the front.

"It is never quite true," said Miss Dame, "to say that a woman is in a battle. She can do nothing there. Her place is to take care of the men as they are brought in; but my tent was always pitched within the lines, and often I have worked all night on the field, helping to carry off the sick and wounded, and burying the dead."

"Did you ever sleep in the open air?"

"Yes, for several weeks I had

No Protection but Some Blankets

No Protection but Some Blankets

pinned about the trees. I slept on a stretcher near a tent full of smallpox patients, and there I lived without a single convenience,

near a tent full of smallpox patients, and there I lived without a single convenience, one woman amid an army of men.

"I have often dodged the shells when out on the field, and once, at Fair Oaks, Va., a shell struck my tent. I happened to be outside at the time with Dr. Janvrin making some gruel over the camp fire.

"Not long afterward we heard another shell scream over us. You can never tell where the fragments will fall when they burst. Dr. Janvrin and I dodged at the same time, and we hit our heads together so hard that each of us thought the shell had struck us.

"Some times I would go several weeks without any clothes but those I had on. When we were marching, I could carry nothing but a haversack. When I could get a chance, I would go down to the creek, wash the clothes I was wearing, and put them right on again without drying. There was no other way.

"Once I went for a long time without any head covering. I had left my bonnet in an ambulance, and one of the officers, fearing that it would get wet, rolled it up in a horse blanket. It was a frame bonnet. I did not see it for several days, and when it was returned to me, it would never go on anybody's head again.

"I found a piece of green mosquito netting which I tied over my hair. This was what I wore when I was ordered to go down to the Potomac, and put some of the wounded ahoard the boats. We thought we were going to Fortress Monroe, but we sailed under sealed orders, and we found after awhile we were bound for New York.

"There were some women of the sanitary commission on board, and they

Looked at Me Rather suspiciously at first, for I was both ragged and dirty,

Looked at Me Rather Suspiciously

at first, for I was both ragged and dirty, having been on the field for several weeks without change of clothes, but one of them lent me a hat, and the boat stopped long enough in New York for me to go out and

enough in New York for me to go out and buy one.

"I was taken prisoner, after the second battle of Bull Run, and was ordered into the guard house. That place was full of drunken men, for a store of whiskey and other supplies had just been captured. I refused to go into the guard house, and in a day or two they sent me with a lot of officers on parole and wounded men up to Stonewall Jackson's headquarters.

"They packed us into ambulances, and the road was so rough—in fact there was no road at all—that some of the men died on the way. When we reached Jackson's army we found the men sleeping out of doors as close as sardines.

"The recels were more cunning than our men. They sleot so closely that you would never suspect how large a number they had until you came upon them, and then they avoided big camp-iries or enything that would attract attention.

"I believe Gen. Lee was in the camp at the time, but I didn't take much pains to look at him.

"They had no place to put us after we got there, and they sent us back to Centreville. Gen. Jackson came out and read the order, and the men were released on parole. They didn't say much to me, and I went right on caring for the wounded as soon as I got back to our lines."

It was after the Peninsular campaign that Miss Dame marched all night trom Centreville in Fairfax county. Va., to Er stol in Prince William. The railroad had been torn up and

Trees Cut Down to Block the Eoads so that the ambulances and supply wagons

Trees Cut Down to Block the Roads so that the ambulances and supply wagons

could not get by. The troops used to send ahead pioneers to clear the way.

The regiment to which Miss Dame belonged had been ordered to march, and she was left behind with a cook and one or two other men engaged in caring for the sick. They started at night to catch up with the army, which was several hours ahead.

They marched till the men declared they could go no longer, and they laid down in their rubber blankets. Miss Danie sat down and leaned against a telegraph pole.

"It was then, for the first time," she said,
"I nonced that beautiful music, the singing of the wires. We rested there a little
time till I saw the sky blaze with the fires
at Manassas, where they were burning the
supplies, and I told the men we must move

at Manassas, where they were burning the supplies, and I told the men we must move on."

"What were the most dreadful scenes you ever saw, Miss Dame?"

"Oh, I can't tell. Gettysburg was the worst in some respects, but then Cold Harbor was just as bad. Our regiment was cut all to pieces there. I have been through so much I cannot tell. I have worked over the wounded till my clothes and arms were covered with blood, and I have gone so long without sleep that I nearly tumbled into the fire from sheer exhaust.on.

"I never came home but once from '61 to '65, and that was when my brother died, just after Gettysburg.

"Many people think the war was over when Lee's army surrendered, but our regiment was not mustered out till Christmas day, 1865. We were on guard at different places during that time, and there was a dreadful amount of sickness, fever, dysentery, pneumonia, diphtheria, and every kind of disease. It was harder if anything to care for the sick than the wounded, because they were so long in getting up."

For the privations and labors of more than

Four Years' Army Service

than Four Years' Army Service Miss Dame received the munificent salary of \$6 a month.

"The most they ever pretended to pay me," she said, "was \$10 a month, near the

"The most they ever pretended to pay me." she said, "was \$10 a month, near the close of the war, and some of that is owing to me now. But no matter," she added, with her jusual cheerful smile, "I didn't want the money for myself."

A relative says that every cent of money Miss Dame received for her army services, as well as much of her former savungs, went to caring for her "boys." She spent it in buying food for the sick ones and in sending home the disa'led and dead.

In 1867, when Miss Dame was 52 years old, William E. Chandler, now the senior senator from New Hampshire, offered her a place in the Treasury Department, which she still holds.

"I suppose I am growing old now." she said, "and every year I go back I think I will take it easy, just as so many of the clerks do. But then, it's no use. First I know I get mad at myself and go to work harder than ever."

Miss Dame did not receive a pension till very recently. Like many other veterans, she retused to apply for one, and it was only when convinced that she was doing injustice to others that she consented to waive her scruples.

With her pension money she has built a house for the 2d Regiment at the Weirs, where the annual reunions of the New Hampshire G. A. R. are held, and every year during the last week in August Miss Dame receives the loving greetings of the old army men on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee.

THE PRESIDENTS.

An Historical Review-Facts New and Old-Queer Superstitions and Happenings,

The close of President Arthur's term of office on the 4th of March next will complete the twenty-fourth Presidential term of four years each since the adoption of the Pederal Constitution. During this period of minety-six years, twenty-one different persons have neen were elected and four succeeded to its honors from the Vice-Presidency upon the death of the President. Of these seventeen elected, two—viz., Thomas Jefferson (for his first term) and John Quiney Adams—were elected by the House of Representatives in accordance with the Constitution, the Electoral Colleges in these two instances having failed to make a choice, and one—viz. Authorities and colleges in these two instances having failed to make a choice, and one—viz. Muherford B. Hayes—was declared elected upon the ascertained resuits as declared by an Electoral Commission specially created to adjudicate the disputed and memorable election of 1876. Seven Presidents were relected to a second term—viz., Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—and ten to but a single term—viz.; John Adams, his son, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Hayes and Garfield. The contingent Presidents have been John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Jackson and Chester A. Arthur, they succeeding to the Presidency upon the death of Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Garfield, respectively. But two ex-Presidents are now living—Gen. U. S. Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes. When the next President is inaugurated March 4th next, Chester A. Arthur will make the third, should neither be removed by death before that time. During the eight years of Gen. Grant's Presidents Fierce, Fillmore and Johnson died in the order named. Gen. Grant was therefore, upon his retirement from the Wholey Hayes of the President finaugurated being the only instance of the kind since President Washington retired to private life in 1797.

Washington's first inauguration have taken place—with the possible exception of President Arthur. The Vice-President Scan

Tennessee.
New York..

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A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE SITU-ATION OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET,

Previous to the War, and at the Present time, December, 1813.

O! thou Isle of fond remembrance, Once the fairest spot of earth: Now how chang'd how lost the semblance, To the Isle that gave me birth.

Retrospection of treminds me
Of the blissful days of yore;
Then I think of scenes that bind me
To my lost, my native shore:

This affords me sweet reflection,
These were times of honest peace;
Commerce, then, from ev'ry section,
Saw our wealth, our joy's increase.

Health and plenty crown'd our labors, And contentment smil'd around; Each were blest with kindest neighbors, All in friendship firm were bound.

Nautic skill was our profession, And, amid the foaming tide, The bark t'manage with discretion Was indeed our chiefest pride:

Sailing over the vast ocean, Searching for its richest prize, Where the billows' dread commotion In convalsion rend the skies:

There we find the wish'd for treasure, Sporting in the briny flood; Then all hardships are but pleasure, And all dangers firm withstood.

View us then, from sea returning, Laden with advent rous toil, Ev'ry heart with gladness burning, When he views his native Isle.

And on shore, when we were landing, Num'rous friends are crowding round; Each the privilege demanding, First to welcome our return.

Then our homes we next are seeking,
There to meet a partner dear,
While each other fondly greeting,
See the joyous sparkling tear:

to pri-

Now, perhaps, some tender pledges Of our constant, mutual love, Will surround us with sweet kisses, Nature's dictates thus to prove.

Scenes like these defy description, But conception can pourtray; Well we know it is no fiction, Who have sail'd thus far away.

Scenes there are, still more affecting, Scenes of purer, sweeter joy; Fondly is the Maid expecting Her returning Sailor Boy:

Swift he hies him to the mansion
That contains his only dear,
His bosom beating with a passion
Such as angels all revere.

One fond moment, fix'd he gazes
On her undiminish'd charms;
Then his soul, enraptur'd, raises,
And he flies into her arms.

Her arms she opens to receive him, Thus imparts a thrilling bliss; In unison their hearts are beating, As they seal the mutual kiss.

Swift the moments sweetly flying, Unperceived the fleeting time, On her fragrant bosom lying, Lost in exstacy sublime.

Recollection now obtruding,
Shows the silent midnight hour;
Prudence, then, the reins assuming,
Bursts the sweet enchanting pow'r.

Nor was this the only season
For our pleasures to abound;
Flow of soul and feast of reason
Circled all the Island round;

Animated ev'ry breast;
Each his source of joy revealing,
Strove to make each other blest.

Seated by the chimney-corner, See the aged matron smile; While you, anxious, gaze upon her, List, attentive; for awhile:

Hear her tell of happy matches, Coylish maids and sighing swains; Hymen all their sighing watches, And rewards them all their pains.

Then go list with admiration
To the venerable sire;
Hear his plan, but true relation.
And his eloquence admire.

He has view'd each foreign nation— Christian, Savage, Turk and Jew; And can give a full relation Of their customs, manners too. He has seen their sports and pleasures And their anecdotes can tell, Well he knows their artful measures, Dupes to which full many fell:

And telates with more precision,
Than e'en history's faithful page,
Curious traits of ev'ry nation,
With improvements of the age.

Oft have I, at such narration,
Felt my bosom beating high,
And the glow of emulation
Prompting of the manly sigh.

That for which my soul then sigh'd for, Was to see what he had seen; I resolved the same to try for, And to be what he had been.

Thus was virtu's fair foundation
In our youthful hearts begun
By the pride of emulation,
Which descends from sire to son.

With this laudable ambition
To excel in virtue's deeds,
Our sisters strove in competition
And full oft obtained the meed.

Observe their plain, but neat attire,
Unaffected modest mien;
In proper sphere their thoughts aspire,
This their mothers' pride has been.

Domestic cares their minds employ,
With other useful learning;
Proud science too, their souls enjoy,
In all its various turning.
Here we find, thus haply blended,

Here we find, thus haply blended, Ev'ry pleasing, winning grace; Sure such goodness was intended In our hearts to find a place.

Spite of all our distant sailings,
Spite of all the foreign fair,
Midst their charms we see their failings,
When their merits we compare.

Thus comparing, we're convinced
Of superior worth at home;
And returning, we're contented
Here to fix our final doom.

Then selecting from the daughters Of our Isle, some favorite fair, Quick to Hymen's sacred altar, We with ardent joy repair.

Thus were we, by love and duty, Intermarrying here and there, To each other strict and truly Bound together ev'rywhere:

And connexion thus extended Over all our happy Isle, All reservedness was ended, Every face then wore a smile.

Are enjoyments here below;
From the zenith of his glory,
Man is hurled to wretched woe.

From its envied happy station,
Has our Island quickly pass'd;
Now in sighs and lamentation,
Mournful views War's deadly blast—

Sees her commerce now destroyed, Her dependence swept away, Britain's thousand ships employed But to seize defenceless prey—

True, she mourns the many losses
Of her hard earn'd treasure stole,
Yet she'd count them trifling crosses
If spoliation was the whole—

But she mourns (and well she may, too)
For her sons in fetters bound;
And the God whom oft she prays to,
Will in mercy heal the wound;

'Tis a wound most deep inflicted In the spirits of the brave; See it mournfully depicted Over Lawrence, Ludlow's grave.

Now, e'en now, thy sons are mourning In some loathsome dungeon deep; Hark! I hear their hollow groaning— Now in death's cold arms they sleep.

Say, O say, why thus exciting Widows' grief and orphans' woe: Tell me, Britons, ve delight in Dealing carnage where ye go.

Call them christians, thus descending To such dark, such savage deeds? Direful vengeance is impending On its authors' guilty heads.

O'er these scenes of deepest horror, Now the muse will draw the veil, For she feels the keenest sorrow While relating such a tale

Since no more of joy is left you, In that once happier Isle. Your dependence now bereft you. Seek ye state more gental soil.

Should the muse but be permitted To invite you to be blest, Ere her darling theme she quitted, She would point you to the west; Where Ohie's limpid current
In meand'rings sweetly glide,
Seated on some gentle turret.
You might view its rolling tide:

In this section of the union, Peace and plenty now abound; And the soil in rich profusion Spreads abundance all around:

Here the arts and trades do flourish, Sure promotion always find; Science 'tis their pride to cherish, And the muse is often kind.

War's dire clarion now no longer Sounding in our frightened ears, Nor the savage yell yet stronger, Shall again excite our fears.

Britain's host is now deteated, Her red allies all have fied; With brave Harrison they've treated, Whose consummate skill they dread.

Our frontiers no more exposed
To the tomahawk and knife,
In sweet sleep each night reposed,
Safe in property and life.

Now the bard once more invites you To these peaceful tranquil plains; Sure the scene will much delight you, And reward me for these strains.

